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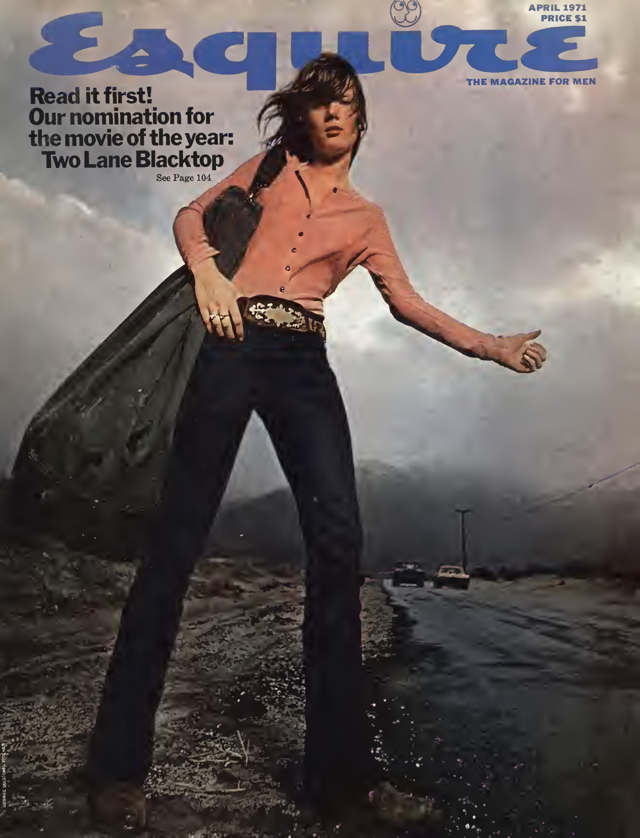

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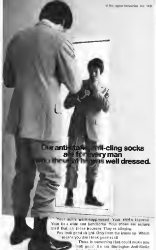

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Betterments of cruising
including the Scandinavian

For a long time now we've been in general agreement with an old publisher friend who holds that nothing is as good as it used to be, but at the moment of writing we are in the throes of recognizing an exception to this otherwise almost self-evident tenet.

It has often been claimed that certain things—movies for one celebrated instance—are better than ever but the boast has in every case been perceptibly hollow. The only claim that can be advanced for the movies with no fear of contradiction is that they are barer than ever.

One thing does seem to be getting better and that's cruising. From a log of experience averaging out to better than two a year over the past half decade, we have come to the realization that the last three have been a lot better than the previous ten, and that the current one, which is now past its midpoint, is shaping up as a clear-cut case of the last the best of all the rest.

This is written from the Upper Deck of the *M.S Gripsholm* which is getting on as cruise ships go, having been laid down in 1957, although from the looks of every last least bit of it inside and out you'd swear it couldn't be any more than its second voyage since leaving the Genoa shipyard where it was built. Never have we seen a ship more pristine, better sailed or more nicely served. Passengers are pampered and coddled to a degree that no longer exists anywhere on shore, except perhaps in the pages of historical novels. The service is of a standard of promptness, efficiency and downright geniality that seems to belong to an era that is so long gone as to be tinged with legend. Nowhere is there any unseemly herding or crowding or queuing up of any kind nor any sort of standing around waiting to find out what's supposed to happen next. Needs are outguessed, whims are anticipated. If through the ardors of enduring contemporary metropolitan existence you have either forgotten or never known what it is to be treated like a lady or a gentleman, then take to the sea on a cruise ship, and learn to your astonishment that there is yet one corner left in this over-automated and computerized world where things are still done graciously and with a flair.

The Swedish American Line obviously has no monopoly on service of this kind, though it is equally obvious that where perfection exists it cannot be excelled. But since one cannot be on all lines at once, despite a conscientious effort to date to try them all in turn, one can only conclude that the art of cruising is being better perfected all the time, since each cruise seems successively freer of all sorts of small bothers and annoyances than the last one. Certainly Cunard need take a backseat to nobody in standards of either service or seamanship and you must also get up very early to steal any kind of march on the indomitable Dutch (the *Rotterdam* just nosed us out of the first berth at the St. Thomas dock though she was well abaft of us on the approach this morning). And though Caribbean cruising is most suited to ships of middling tonnage like the *Gripsholm* and the *Carmania*, which can dock more places than they need tenders, still the *Raffaello* and the *France* are ships it is easy to learn to love.

So choose your cruise, this year and next, with a greater range of choice than there has ever been before, and secure in the knowledge that you will be better treated at sea than anywhere you could go on land. There are more cruises out of Port Everglades than ever; the last couple of years the port of Greater Miami has got into the cruise business with a bang. There are also some nice Italian ships, like the *Carla C*, cruising out of Puerto Rico. If you have a well developed allergy to those first and last days of winter sailing above Cape Hatteras, there is a lot to be said for starting and ending a cruise at a Southern port. But some of us still can't quite believe we're cruising unless and until we've bade a glad good-bye to Miss Liberty, standing in the dirty water below the Hudson, and said hello again, all too soon, to the Verrazano Bridge where it girdles the Narrows, on the way back into Fun City.

Home used to be known as the place where we were treated the best and grumbled the most, but New Yorkers have had to learn to update that with reverse English. Back home where the subways now cost six times as much to get you there half as fast and one third as often and the phones at only twice the price don't work at all—that's where you have to be to appreciate what a tremendous bargain a cruise is, where everything and everybody works but you. You just sit around all day living it up and lapping it up and realizing that home was never like this.

With the way things are, who knows how long this will be? Probably you'd be well advised to get a cruise in before somebody figures out how to louse that up too.

—A. G

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

AUBERON WAUGH

France of course will never recover from the loss of General de Gaulle just as it never really recovered from the death of Napoleon. Smart Parisian friends who would never speak of the old General, either in office or out of it, as anything except a grotesque, a buffoon, a relic from the past—suddenly these people look rather sheepish and forlorn. But the loss is not confined to Frenchmen. If de Gaulle was the man who put France back on the political map of the world, he also made a last determined effort to reassert the dignity and self-sufficiency of Western Europe's nation states. After Churchill and Adenauer he was the last of the giants. The circumstances of the time are not geared to producing another, but a glance around the faces of Europe's present leaders, assembled together in Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris for the old man's Requiem, was enough to make the stone gargoyles weep. Never surely in human history had so much mediocrity been gathered together in one space—unless perhaps on those rare occasions when Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the British Foreign Secretary, sits down to supper alone, if I might paraphrase President Kennedy's famous wisecrack about Jefferson at the White House. The sad result now that the last of the giants has passed away is that Europe lives more in the past, not less so. Nobody really knows what the future holds for our politicians in their deeply beloved role of world statesmen and few people care much, but there is an uneasy awareness that the only person who seems to have found a role for himself so far is Mr. Olof Palme, the repulsive pasty-faced Prime Minister of Sweden. Some measure of the horror he conjures among the more traditional Europeans is shown when they describe him as Europe's Mr. Trudeau, but there can be no doubt that there is a hint of envy too. De Gaulle showed how a European statesman could have influence in the world simply by making himself awkward to the United States. None of the present crew quite dares to do that. Palme, by contrast, has shown how self-importance can be maintained (and this, of course, is the purpose of the whole exercise) by striking attitudes on every subject and doing nothing about any of them. Neutrality has acquired a new flavor and hypocrisy a new dimension since the days of Pandit Nehru. Western Europe, for all its opulence, might yet acquire the moral weight of an underdeveloped area if it follows the hideous, sexless grimaces and self-righteous posturing of this Scandinavian gnome who was Minister for Education and Ecclesiastical Affairs in Erlander's government. Or so the argument runs. Those of more conservative inclinations can find comfort that the greatest prophet of this new doctrine of virtuous disengagement is quite so unattractive.

But if the giants are all dead in Europe a few still survive in Africa. The Emperor Haile Selassie's visit to Rome was hedged around with jumbo-sized difficulties of protocol. One was a huge obelisk, taken from Ethiopia during the Abyssinian war by the Italian army as a victory monument and now disfiguring the area of Rome occupied by the Food and Agriculture Organization. The Emperor had always insisted that it should be restored to Addis Ababa before he could visit Rome. Italy has dozens of beautiful obelisks taken from Egypt by various Emperors during the times of the Roman Empire. The Italian Government would have been only too delighted to give it back but they were frightened of the Fascists, who still revere the obelisk as a memorial to all those Italians who lost their lives or their testicles or both in the Abyssinian war. If the Fascists used Haile Selassie's visit as the occasion for hostile irredentist demonstrations its purpose would be rather lost. Now that the Emperor has come and gone foreign diplomats are watching to see whether the vast, two-hundred-ton obelisk quietly slips away in the night to follow him or whether the old man, now seventy-eight years old, has finally forgotten about it.

Rome saw another orgy of hysterical emotionalism when 14,000 English Catholic pilgrims—your European correspondent among them—flew in for the canonization of forty English and Welsh martyrs. These martyrs were done to death in rather a horrible way, being drawn on wooden trestles behind horses, hanged, cut down while still alive, disemboweled, then cut into quarters. Now they were all being made saints, and nobody could seriously claim they don't deserve it, but as it all happened in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries you might have thought some of the bitterness would have disappeared by now. That was not the way it worked out, however.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy in England has been at pains to point out that there was nothing unecumenical about the proposed service: nobody blamed the Church of England for these martyrdoms three or four hundred years ago and nobody was going to blame it now; they were political murders instigated by laymen for political ends. As a special ecumenical gesture the Pope decreed that none of the more militant triumphant Roman Catholic anthems should be sung in St. Peter's at the canonization service; he did not even allow the singing of a *Te Deum*, traditional on these occasions.

All this tact proved fruitless. In the event, Dr. Michael Ramsey, Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, took grave offense. He did not allow any of his bishops to attend, and sent instead Dr. Harry Smythe, his permanent representative in the Vatican, an Australian of Low Church

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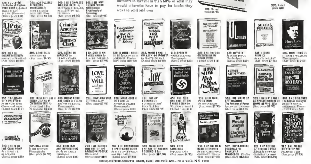

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inclinations. This enraged the Italians, most particularly since Mr Heath the English Prime Minister took his lead from Canterbury and refused permission for any member of the government to be present, sending only the permanent Vatican legate Mr Desmond Crawley. His predecessor Mr Harold Wilson had hinted that he would attend in person, bearing in mind, perhaps, the U.K.'s five million Catholic voters, most of whom come from his own area in the north of England. What particularly enraged the Italians, oddly enough, was Ramsey's choice of an Australian. "He will have to take the kangaroo out of his pouch before we let him into St Peter's," an elderly monsignor remarked. The final result was that all bans were removed. The Jesuit headquarters church, the *Gesù*, rang with English voices singing *Faith of our Fathers*, the *Te Deum* and even the most triumphant of them all—the Easter anthem *Christus vincit Christus regnat Christus imperat* (Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands). An English Catholic friend of conservative disposition came out of a private interview with the Pope, his eyes shining. "It seems that Ramsey and Heath between them have finally succeeded in converting the Pope to Catholicism," he said.

Whether or not Mr Heath has achieved anything as stupendous as that, he is unlikely to go down in history for his choice of new British Ambassador to Washington—Lord Cromer, a former Governor of the Bank of England. The Washington Embassy has often been a political appointment in the past, usually given to someone whom the Prime Minister wishes to repay for some service. We wondered, in London, who could possibly come under that heading where Mr Heath was concerned, since he came to power without any help from anyone, purely on the anti-Labour swing, and nobody outside the Parliamentary Conservative Party was going to jump on his bandwagon until he got there.

Lord Cromer's contribution to the Tory victory was to warn the nation of an appalling economic crisis on national television, just a few days before the election. Since the Labour Chancellor, Mr Jenkins, had been assuring us that all our troubles were over, this rather knocked the bottom out of the Labour platform. Governors and ex-Governors of the Bank of England, I should explain, are supposed to be apolitical figures, concerned only with the economic health of the nation. Cynics suggested that Cromer's appointment was a reward for this service, but others have an alternative explanation which is in its way even more profoundly cynical: that Cromer is a simple honorable man after all, he did see and describe an economic crisis; that Mr. Heath, who has done nothing whatever to solve the crisis he inherited after the election, is sending Cromer to Washington in order to prevent him making the same speech again.

For the first six months of his term Mr Heath was content to face the immediate problem of a wages explosion—the norm settling around thirteen percent, but increasing monthly—with the promise of a long-term solution: the government would never again bail out firms which got into trouble through meeting inflationary wage demands. He ruled out a compulsory wages policy on the perfectly reasonable grounds that it would never work without unacceptable infringement of personal freedom—Labour had ruled it out on the grounds that the unions would not stand for it and Labour is traditionally in the unions' pocket. Then came the news that Rolls-Royce, the aero-engine and car manufacturers, was in trouble. Within days the government had bailed it out to the tune of $114,000,000, rather than see 14,000 men put out of work. In other words, Ted Heath had chickened out of his own policy.

An earlier test of strength came when Mr Heath announced his intention of setting an example to private enterprise by limiting wage increases in the public sector. The immediate result of this was a nationwide garbage strike, involving piles of garbage thirty feet high in many London squares, and a strike of sewage workers which polluted some of our rivers for the next twenty years. Eventually the government put the matter out to independent arbitration, which met the strikers' demands very nearly in full. Heath had lost again. His great concern is to avoid what he calls "instant government," which means that he is unable to change his mind on any point, once it is made up. To date, it seems that only a merciful and thoroughly welcome streak of cowardice can temper his ferocious obstinacy. But until he can learn a few rudiments of government a second devaluation will always be a threat, with the pound settling somewhere around $2 in place of the present $2.40. Even before the English currency went decimal this February, there were those who claimed this figure would be more convenient. It is encouraging how the English can still make a virtue out of anything they do. ■

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

The eyes of Texas

Re *The Tin Star State* (February): Gary Cartwright got a few surface facts straight—the University is in Austin, Frank Erwin has been chairman of the Board of Regents, there was a so-called riot in the Chuck Wagon. But the analysis is all cardboard and Styrofoam. Recent internal rumbles in the University's administration are the result of abortive power plays, no matter what the press releases say.

The University of Texas has serious problems, resulting chiefly from over-enrollment of today's mediocre and uninterested students. There are some grains of truth in Cartwright's assessment of why this general problem is true. But there is no reign of terror on campus. And the new administration is apparently concerned with reality rather than rhetoric with efficiency, and with a long overdue reordering of priorities. Sensible people are trying to ignore the radical chic and romantic posturing in order to get on with what counts—education.

H. Wayne Morgan
Professor of History
University of Texas
Austin, Tex.

* * *

Esquire, Gary Cartwright and artist Alain Lesaux have captured the mood of our fair state and allowed readers across the country to see just how ridiculous the situation is here. For those who doubt that things could be *that* bad, allow me, as a Texan, to confirm that things are as bad, if not worse than Mr. Cartwright indicates. These are sad times, indeed.

Brian A. Wolfe
Dallas, Tex.

* * *

Gary Cartwright's *The Tin Star State* in the February issue suggests a new spelling: TeKKKess.

Michael Pamm
San Diego, Calif.

To be or not to be

In the February, 1971, issue of your magazine an article was published entitled *Albert Brooks' Famous School for Comedians*.

I am interested in becoming a comedian and would like to know if such a school exists. The test seemed so insincere it left me doubtful. Please supply me with the current address of Mr. Brooks' school or let me know if the article was fictitious.

Alfred W. Cross
Sacramento, Calif.

* * *

Hello again. Well do I have to tell you what the sagging economy is doing to everybody? Yes, The Albert Brooks Famous School for Comedians has been caught up in a nation where the dollar is worth seventy-three cents. Our twenty-two acres were sold and the money used to pay off the wonderful people kind enough to believe in an institution created solely to hear laughter ring.

I have good news to *all* who sent in the test. You passed! All except one that is, a J. D. from Montclair, New Jersey, who filled up the pages with swastikas. He's crazy!

Thanks again for all your support. To those who will give up and never have the title "comedian," I am sorry. To those who go on in spite of this and become comedy superstars, look me up.

God bless you.

Albert Brooks
Los Angeles, Calif.

Catholic views

I found *Memories of a Catholic Boyhood* by Garry Wills in your February issue, to be entertaining, nostalgic, and, upon consideration, completely true. Occasionally someone comes out with an article that is so close to the truth that it as-

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ually brings pain to its reader. This is such an article. It really bites deep in its truthfulness.

Perhaps it will, in some small way, help to rejuvenate that preponderance known as "The Church!" At the rate it is going, unless something drastic happens, the church will be dead within a century.

T. A. Parker

Lexington, Va.

* * *

Thank you and thank Garry Wills for his sketch of the Catholic "ghetto." I am also a product of that subculture and I was pleased to find in his sketch items which I had somehow missed or forgotten—for example Walsh's *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries*. I shall now find that book and read it.

Perhaps the reason I have missed reading Walsh is that I grew up in Los Angeles, where culture generally was pretty thin, including my subculture. In fact I cannot say I recollect my culture as having been a subculture at all; I remember it rather as the only thing within what might be called a dominant vacuum—as a kind of thin red line of civilization.

From the supercilious tone of Wills's article, one gathers he has moved on to higher reaches of liberal humanitarianism or of demythologized illumination and left behind him the things of a child. For those of us who are still children, I can wish him well, I think—and thank him for sketching so skillfully our nursery's nooks and niches.

John Murray

West Lafayette, Ind.

* * *

Garry Wills's striptease is titillating. First he sheds his conservatism, next his Catholicism. Will he *take it all off?* I anticipate his final apostasy: flinging Esquire aside and appearing in the centerfold of that other magazine.

Joseph T. McIntyre

Point Lookout, N. Y.

Conservative cats

On behalf of ailurophiles everywhere who are concerned with the maintenance of freedom, I must protest your facile article equating cats with radicalism, *The Centrality of the Cat*, February. Cats exhibit their wonderful senses of style, grace, and independence within a stable environment, and anyone acquainted with them at all knows that they deeply distrust change. Moreover, they wash themselves. In my mind there is no doubt that if cats could, they would vote conservative.

If, however, as one of your "revolutionaries" states, revolutionaries as well as cats have nine lives, I'm sure that they still would not give even one of them for their country. Which is one reason why the country is going to the dogs.

John Meehan

Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I loved Roger Price's *A Blue Book for Used Ladies* (true humor always contains truth) but *The Centrality of the Cat* is an insult to my nine ultraconservative cats!

I am appalled to see cats, who have such a lively sense of humor, holed up with sick creatures who take themselves so very seriously and are obviously unfit to have custody of any cat.

M. Geach

Long Beach, Calif.

The demise of Jones

Re *Harry Gallagher's Paris Revolution* (January): James Jones is becoming more and more like Hemingway, recording every insignificant and irrelevant detail of a pseudo-existence as padding for a novel. Jones shot his wad with his war novels; he has nothing more to tell us. I foresee the culmination of it all: at his demise the gleanings from wastepaper baskets, desk drawers and cardboard boxes published under the titles of *Chow Down* and *The Happy Isles*.

It would be better if uninspired American novelists held periodic bonfires and left us only their toenail parings.

J. W. Eaton

Kirkland, Ariz.

Jeers

Apart from Roger Ebert, film critic of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, whose pieces on Paul Newman (September, 1969) and Kirk Douglas (February, 1970) were embarrassingly bad, Nora Sayre is the most unprofessional writer of nonfiction that I have read in Esquire

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The tone of her recent effort on the Panthers (Politics, January) suggested to me her assumption of a complete lack of critical capacity in her audience. The piece was condescending in its simplifications and absurd in its moving benevolence.

WAYNE HANEY

Chicago, Ill.

Mmm-mm good

My partner and I had the good fortune to attend the Toronto version of the Forsyte Holiday Feast at Quo Vadis restaurant, here in Toronto, Canada.

In every way, it did complete justice to the objectives outlined by Roy de Groot, *A Holiday Feast at the Forsytes'* in the January issue.

It was a splendid idea of Esquire's made even more so by the imagination and flair displayed by the management of the restaurant.

BEN VICCARI

Toronto, Canada

Getting it straight

I would like to set the record straight regarding the production of the animated film *Cubas Ole Cubas Ole* recently won first prize, animation class, in Esquire's first International College Film Festival and was mentioned in the August, 1970 issue of Esquire.

This animated presentation of a bullfight was made by three Syracuse University students: G. Edward Carpenter, Carol (Lee) Lambelet, and myself, who were at that time enrolled in the film-animation course offered by the School of Education.

I delegated the responsibilities of each of my associates and together we worked as a well-organized production unit. All three of us shared in the actual animation and in the selection of the sound track.

The instructor of the course, Stuart Sandow, viewed and criticized all rushes and the completed film. Mr. Sandow also had the delegated responsibility of entering *Cubas Ole* in various festivals in behalf of the student film makers and the University.

RICHARD C. THOMAS

Frederick, Md.

Lawrenson's mistake

The Women's Liberation Movement needs responsible criticism, not mere smug "Aunt Jane" commentary by Helen Lawrenson. She lumps NOW with WITCH; apparently she is blind to any gradations, which puts her in the same league as Martha Mitchell, who cannot distinguish between Senator Fulbright and a Weatherman. There is no greater percentage of hysterics in Women's Liberation than in the Republican or Democratic parties. Rather than deal with the real issues behind the rebellion, she seizes on the sensational, the extreme, and media distortions to ridicule these women. The truth is that women are kept in a degraded position in this country and their brains and talent criminally wasted. Over seventy percent of the doctors in Russia are women; are American women dumber?

Advertisers and media league together to keep women in the home and breeding so they can merchandise shoddy products. Society reinforces these values, increasing the trap. Then insult is added to injury: we breed generations of neurotics by selling products through sex.

Trapped women are reduced to the tactics of children and slaves: act cute and charming, or dumb, or else nag or be shrill, or be sly and cunning and underhanded (Martha Mitchell sneaking into the bathroom to make her phone calls).

Helen Lawrenson's article is clogged with stupid and disingenuous statements, such as her unawareness as to what 'convenience foods' are. And what is one to make of her biological boggles such as a human "nesting instinct"? Where does she get her scientific information—the *Ladies' Home Journal*? The basic fault of her argument, which is the fault of all apologists for this system, is to assume that the system is God given, an immutable, just fact of nature, and then to concoct specious pseudoscientific arguments to prop it up, like the Nazi race theories. Anthropology disproves her; there are any number of male-female relationships possible among human beings, the roles are not immutable but largely the product of training and conditioning. We pride ourselves on being so

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(It actually thickens thin hair.)

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The Salted Peanut Theory.

Enlarged.

Simply put, the theory is this. You try one—you'll come back for more.

It's done wonders for salted peanuts, and we know it works with Chryslers.

To get you to try that first Chrysler, we're coming through with the Royal.

A brand-new series of Chryslers. At a new low price. A price $112* less than any other Chrysler series.

It's our way of introducing as many people as possible to the finest-designed, best-built Chryslers we've ever offered.

And Royal is every inch a Chrysler. Uncompromisingly full-sized. It's just as big as our most expensive New Yorker. It's also a bigger car than our chief competition—Buick LeSabre and Olds Delta.

With a roomier interior.

A bigger trunk.

Even the engine is bigger. By ten cubic inches. Yet Royal runs on regular gas.

And like every Chrysler we build, Royal comes through with a torsion-bar suspension system.

LeSabre and Delta use coil springs.

Which is better?

Well, it's interesting to note that GM does use torsion bars on two models: one of their most expensive Cadillacs, and the most expensive Oldsmobile.

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Royal. An introduction to what a full-sized car should be.

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At a price you can afford.

*Based on comparison of manufacturer's suggested retail price of standard Chrysler Royal and standard Chrysler Newport including options pictured. Price excludes state and local taxes and destination charges.

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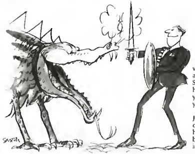

The man we're talking about makes \$15,000 a year right now. Or \$50,000. And he doesn't think it's enough.

He's between 25 and 49. He's a college man. And sometimes, in the past, he used to dream that the world was his oyster, and now he's discovered that prying the shell open to get at the pearl is a little harder than he thought it would be.

We can be helpful to a man like that.

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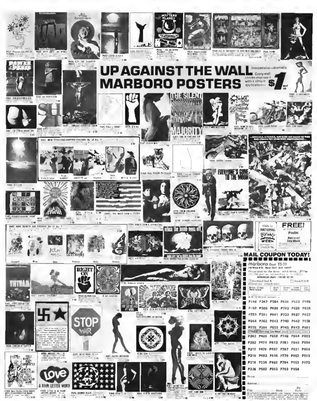

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progressive—why can't we be more humane?

ANDREW M. GORDON

Berkeley, Calif.

Dubious comments

Thank you for designating me a Sweet Pea of the Year (*Esquire's Dubious Achievement Awards for 1970* January, 1971) because of a deodorant ad that included my comments on women in communications but no endorsement of the product which, alas, I've never used. Perhaps this last disqualifies me.

Little matter. I suspect only that your failure to equally honor Mickey Mantle for his Brut commercials stems from a small case of vagina envy.

JUDITH CRIST

New York, N. Y.

* * *

As an avid follower of your Dubious Achievement Awards since their inception, let me congratulate you on the 1970 Awards, which are the funniest, wittiest and most biting you have yet conceived. Specific congratulations to whoever came up with the titles—I am still laughing.

THOMAS DEWITT

Tankhannock, Pa.

A simple solution

With regard to your article titled *Up the Cerebral Cortex* in the January issue, Problem 5:

Percy's father could have been born in the year 1880 and still have died at age 80 in 1961. This means that an alternative answer to the problem would be that Percy would only have to live to the age of 9 in our own 1970. All three dates have the same property in that the digits add up to 17 in each case:

$1 + 8 + 8 + 0 = 17$

$1 + 9 + 6 + 1 = 17$

$1 + 9 + 7 + 0 = 17$

The answer is a little bit more ordinary than yours, although neither approaches the excitement that most of Esquire holds.

TIM MORAN

Boston, Mass.

Cookie cutters

O.K. So now Esquire has jumped into the debate on the Women's Liberation Movement, and what a mindless article you've come up with. Apparently Helen Lawrenson has been so busy baking cookies, as is her wont, that she hasn't had her head out of the stove long enough to take in some of the facts about what's really going on. She's read *Sexual Politics*—I'm impressed—but then you'd think that she could at least grasp some of the important issues concerning women today instead of boring us with a resume of the antics of the radical fringe. (Will we never hear an end to the bra-burning references?)

At one point she does admit to the reasonableness of demands for equal pay for equal work, equal political and legal rights and child-care centers. But then she does go on about childbearing as a proper function for the normal woman. Is it then her recommendation that women should continuously bear children over, let's say, a twenty-year period? In listing the world's ills which she thinks might serve as more worthy causes, she has quite noticeably omitted the threat of overpopulation. Well, maybe there'll always be enough cookies to go around at her house and that's what really counts, huh Helen?

BARBARA HABER

Winchester, Mass.

* * *

How dare Helen Lawrenson deny to other human beings the life she enjoys? The fact that Miss Lawrenson has been published in a well-known magazine is proof that she has other interests besides men, babies and home. She is well read, witty and intelligent enough to know that propaganda relies on hatred for the other side. She is able to point to that as the flaw in the radical organizations and she is also able to use it as her own faulty weapon against the same. In other words, she has a life of the mind which is more than being a "sex object" (as she says she likes to be treated). That fact was completely ignored in her diatribe against Women's Lib. By pretending that all women are *either* men haters or home lovers, the "enemy within" denies her own middle ground to which many of us belong—those who appreciate men and are career oriented.

A TV commercial composer talks about the new VM professionals.

[illegible] is living [illegible]. He writes and produces music for television and radio advertisers: Chevrolet, Kraft, Oldsmobile and Continental Airlines. He pioneered in the uses of the Moog Synthesizer. And he's written songs for Peggy Lee, Dean Martin, Gordon MacCrae and others. Over the years he'll produced more than 3,000 sound tracks for radio and television.

"If you're a pro, you can't help but be impressed with the new VM PROFESSIONALS.

"I sure like the way my music sounds on them. Sensitive. Subtle. And yet this is the kind of equipment you can play ten hours a day and not have trouble with.

"I am particularly impressed with the receiver. The VM PROFESSIONAL 1521. It has a new type filter that really gives you great FM selectivity. And the stereo separation! It's almost as good as some 8-track playbacks I heard in recording studios.

"And I really like the VM PROFESSIONAL automatic turntable. The "Synchro-Matic" 1555. It tracks beautifully. I can't pick up any tonal variation from the beginning to the end of a record. That's probably because the tone arm is longer. 9½ inches. And the tripping mechanism is photo-electric so there's no mechanical distortion.

"It's really great at reproducing those nuances and shading you work so hard to get out of a vocal or an arrangement.

"And the spindle! Really something to see. It gently lowers records all the way down to a motionless platter. That's what I call loving care.

"Of course the speakers make the whole outfit pay off. They're VM's new Spiral Reflex System speakers. Compact. And very efficient. Gives you really clean basses and horns. And none of the instruments ever sound strained or pushed, even in attack passages.

"And another thing, about 95% of all the component parts in the VM PROFESSIONAL line are made in America. And I know it isn't fashionable, but to me that means better and tougher.

"The only problem I have with my VM PROFESSIONAL outfit is, I can't decide whether to leave it at my studio or take it home.

"I just may have to buy another one."

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"Seems like all I ever do is drive. And talk to people. I can cover 2,000 miles in Maricopa County investigating just one case," said E. Dwayne Tatalovich.

Aside from his 1970 Ford LTD, which he uses for sleuthing, Dwayne has a 1970 Z-28 Camaro, which he uses for racing.

"I've got Champions in both cars. I've got to."

DEPENDABLE CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Toledo, Ohio 43601

6 million Ford owners have switched to Champion Spark Plugs. This has been one of them.

The Agnew Polarity approach didn't work in the most recent election and I predict it won't work now. It has merely given the men one more thing to laugh at and it has raised the ire of the Silent Majority of women who find themselves pushed to either extreme

MARGE SLABACH

Ft. Wayne, Ind

* * *

The Feminine Mistake (January) and its illustrations are so bad I suspect it is a put on In fact, the article is so much the old masculine tirade, Helen Lawrenson must be a man.

STEVEN ROBERTS

Whitehorse, Canada

Unmistakable Lawrenson

God, if I could only write like Helen Lawrenson. Please tell her she's great!

A pox on Betty Friedan and all the other Women's Lib proponents and blessings on one who can speak out so eloquently for all of us normal women who want to still rock the cradle and take care of the men we love If this is subjugation, I'm enjoying every minute of it!

I have a new respect for Esquire

MRS EDWARD O ULLMANN

Tarzana Calif

Cheers for great writing

I have just now read but the first two paragraphs of Brock Brower's *Dylan's Boathouse* (January), and am reminded once again that it is just for such fantastically alive, poetic English that I keep reading Esquire Muggeridge, Mayer and occasionally, but still now not often enough, great writings such as a memorable article on Montgomery Clift.

M. J KAPLAN

Media, Pa.

The chimpion

I wonder if anyone else noticed the parallel between the picture of the gorilla on page 165 and the picture of President Nixon on page 106 in your Dubious Achievement Awards, January

CAROLINE LAWSON

Corry Pa

Calley continued

I thought the Calley cover (November) was great.

Not because I'm a hawk. It doesn't matter whether I'm a hawk or a dove or a dowk or a hove Or whether Calley is "guilty" or not of whatever "crime" was or was not committed

The point is simply this There are both "hero" and "monster" in each of us The same guy who would save a child's life under normal circumstances might *take* a child's life under abnormal circumstances

If people could take that one lesson in human behavior out of that one cover picture we might be able to solve some of our other problems as well

We're all hero-monsters in our relations with each other With our kids With our wives With perfect strangers. It all depends on the circumstances. Maybe if we spent a little more time trying to control these *circumstances* we might eventually be able to wipe most of the "monster" out of ourselves

BOB BLOMER

Chagrin Falls Ohio

* * *

A word in defense of what has come to be known as The Calley Cover

One of the first lessons I learned as a journalist was that the primary objective in relating information onto the public was to first get their damned attention It is then possible to wedge in a word or two concerning whatever it is one wishes to say

William Calley after all is a much flawed human being —as are we all—who was unlucky enough to fall into his current plight.

I considered his "confessions" to be a worthwhile document, and a reminder that every man is a collection of contradictions.

As for *Newsweek*'s "gleeful tastelessness" who is accusing whom of what? This is roughly comparable to Paul Harvey's calling Eric Sevareid a fathead.

And about that cover what if the child-fondler had been a chuckling Lyndon Baines Johnson or even General Westmoreland?

It could have been very much worse indeed

JAMES R HOOD

Phoenix, Ariz

Another leaf from our 125-year history

Teddy Roosevelt was a risky risk

Throughout his life Theodore Roosevelt had a disturbing habit He kept fencing with death

He fought his way out of a sickly frail boyhood to become a star boxer for Harvard He put his life on the line at San Juan Hill He even took on lions in Africa

The kind of heroic figure to make any lady's pulse flutter

However, our life underwriters have very steady pulses And very rigid rules On the surface Teddy Roosevelt's death-defying activities made him a risky risk.

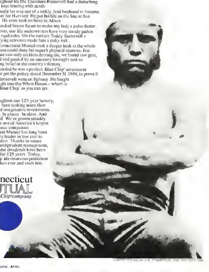
But Connecticut Mutual took a deeper look at the whole man No one could deny his superb physical stamina. But where some saw only reckless derring do, we found raw guts, controlled and guided by an uncanny foresight and an unwavering belief in the country's destiny

We decided he was a perfect 'Blue Chip' investment And we've got the policy dated December 31 1889, to prove it

Mr Roosevelt went on fighting He fought his way right into the White House—which is about as 'Blue Chip' as you can get.

● Throughout our 125 year history, CML has been making more than its share of imaginative investments. In people. In places In ideas And it's paid off We've grown steadily to become one of America's largest life insurance companies Connecticut Mutual has long been an industry leader in low cost to policyholders Thanks to astute investing and prudent management, policyholder dividends have been unfailing for 125 years Today, 'Blue Chip' life insurance protection is better than ever and costs less

Connecticut
MUTUAL
the 'Blue Chip' company



Sports Car Club of America drivers call it a champion.

(Typical American understatement.)

In the SCCA National Championships last year, the Mark III Spitfire took first, second and third in its class

Champion indeed! That's what the English would call a bit of all right

But we didn't rest on our laurels We completely reworked the 1970 champion to make it work even better for 1971. On our new Mark IV, we strengthened the engine bearings, designed a new close ratio all-synchro gearbox and modified the suspension for improved balance and road holding

And while we were doing things for the inside, Ferrari body designer Michelotti did a lot for the outside

As far as we can tell, the car is now—to use an American term—'A-OK' by anybody's standards You try it at your Triumph dealer The new improved champion for 1971. For $2,649*.

Triumph Spitfire

BRITISH LEYLAND

British Leyland Motors Inc Leonia N J 07605

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SPORTS

ROGER KAHN

Toward dawn, at the butt end of city winter, when snow lies slumped and grey, the future presents itself in fantasy. A small television set at the foot of the bed suddenly has grown until it covers a twenty-foot wall. To turn it on, I work a miniature cash register. Beyond side windows, the streets lie drab and empty. No one ventures out of doors these nights. Everyone sits safe at home punching buttons on a miniature cash register and surveying a wall-sized TV screen.

On Channel A (80 cents) a singer who resembles Frank Sinatra but who wears John Lennon's spectacles sings a Richard Rodgers medley in Bing Crosby's voice.

On Channel G (78 cents) Johnny Carson is interviewing David Susskind about the fight between Dick Cavett and David Frost during yesterday's Mike Douglas show.

On Channel P ($1) Danish couples make love beside a summery lake, blonde rolling into blonde rolling into blonde.

On Channel S ($1.35) a game is under way. People are playing some kind of sport. They are very fine athletes, but my contemplation of their skills is detached by the sudden appearance of Bert Parks. "And now," Parks cries, "we interrupt this program to bring you a Telethon first, from Moscow, Peking and New York. Ladies and gentlemen... The Atomic End. Watch for that big white mushroom in the sky." At this point I wake up if asleep or go to sleep if awake. By morning the fantasy has been dispelled and sometimes even at the end of winter fresh snow has fallen.

A castle of humans persists in the streets. The wasteland has not really claimed us all. Still I find myself wondering what kind of game it was I saw for $1.35 in the electronic future. It could not have been baseball. Baseball was yesterday. The integrity of the diamond resists compression to the television screen. It might have been football. Professional football is today: exercises in violence with pageant charades at the half. But tomorrow may be different. Tomorrow's game, recalled through haze across cups of morning coffee, was played with a round ball. Men bounced it. And shot it through a net.

Beyond the daily victories and defeats, Bobby Orr's stick, Johnny Bench's arm, Jim Ryun's legs, the excitement in sport now is the future seen, so to speak, from the other side of that wall-sized screen. Everyone is whispering and walking very softly, but sports promoters sense that they are uncovering an endless Comstock Lode. For twenty five years pay television has been the sports hustler's silver dream. Now, at length, it is a modest reality.

This development, along with other mixed blessings of the 1970's, arrives without fanfare or formal press release. It is not hard news by the definition that puts the scores of the Greater Jacksonville Open Golf Tournament into headlines. But that is how many major phenomena reveal themselves: as soft news day after day until one day someone says, "Hey, we're in Asia," or, "You know, it looks like they won't settle for Harlem."

The impact of television on sports, in that pre-McLuhan antiquity before observers saw the two as part of the same thrust, worked a baseball revolution, with echoes that continue to reverberate. During the late 1940's, three major league teams in New York City telecast every game they played. Radio had built new baseball markets. TV, went the thinking, would create still more. So without realizing it, three club owners overturned the old order of watching baseball for comparatively modest sponsors' fees.

It used to be a subway ride, or a struggle for parking, then a dollar or two for a ticket, a bout of elbowing at the beer stand and finally the triumph of finding a good seat. A man had made an effort and come to the ball park. In center city he had found a respite of green. He was committed. The rhythms of baseball, its lore, chatter with a neighbor and reverie filled the next three hours. Romantics compared the old Polo Grounds to The Globe.

Television changed and attacked the game. Once a man could sit at home and deal in Big Johnny Mize of Georgia, he marveled at technology and considered the difficulties of going to the ball park. You *had* to ride the deafening subway, or fight to find a place to park. Admission *cost* a dollar or two. It was *tough* to buy a beer and you *had* to struggle to find a decent seat. Electronics converted advantage and commitment into disadvantage and easy chair.

Worse, at home the grass was grey, you couldn't see the whole field. And leisurely rhythms left segments in which nothing happened. Somehow you couldn't fill the time by telling old baseball stories to a wife who had just said, "Couldn't we watch Berle for ten minutes?" Baseball televised into living rooms was a shadow game, just strong enough to hurt attendance at center city ball parks. This anomaly helped move the Dodgers and the Giants to California in 1958.

Walter O'Malley, the board chairman of the Dodgers, is a man of ranging vision and a distaste for poverty who recognized what had happened. He had been raised in New York Democratic politics and his practicality suggested an accommodation. One could not go about kicking in television screens. Very well, O'Malley decided, we'll televise in California, but not only for a sponsor's check. Pay television in Los Angeles was basic to his transcontinental design, and plans were well along when California's curious politics blocked him. Opponents of O'Malley threw up obstacles and finally muscled a referendum onto the ballot and the voters of California decreed in 1964 that paying to watch TV violated their inalienable rights. A counter suit, suggesting that the referendum violated the inalienable rights of Walter O'Malley, was mounted, then snared in the law's delay. Presently the Dodgers owned a handsome new stadium and, televising only two or three times a season, drew 2,000,000 paying customers. O'Malley let matters ride there. He had already traveled a long way.

"The word we got from Kennedy-Johnson," says another sport entrepreneur with Democratic contacts, "was that we could go for pay TV or for the commercial channels, but not mix them. Why? They were afraid of legalized scalping. We'd put the stiffs on free but charge for the big games, which we might very well have done."

No means existed to bring pay TV into homes during the 1960's, a decade swept by the networks and the game of football. Profiting from baseball's experience, the National Football League worked out its famous policy of telecasting games that were being played somewhere else. Road action piqued curiosity and if you wanted to see your team at home you had to go to the stadium. Even last January's Super Bowl, a certain sellout, was blacked out in the Miami area.

As it happened, the scale of football and the technology of television blended into a rousing show. By baseball standards the action was confined. (A routine fly to center field travels the length of a football field, including both end zones.) Football runs against a clock and quarterbacks, like TV producers, must maintain a fervid pace. Finally, the ethos of football coincided with a new American belligerence.

The ethos is violent. An end runs out and wheels. A quarterback, pressed by 260-pound linemen, throws high. The end leaps. The defensive back drives forearms into his kidneys. The man who makes the catch must be willing to risk pain. The defender must be willing to inflict it. Around this cult a complex and rather disquieting society has arisen.

Coaches, like generals, prepare careful battle plans. Assistants polish details. "Now if the guy starts pushing you around, dust him in the cup." Chaplains lead pre-battle prayers and few find anything incongruous in summoning Yahweh to the gridiron. Nobody laughs. Humor is blasphemous to the military mystique. Football leadership tends to be conservative and pompous.

The blacks, a wind of change, have been co-opted. Blacks run with the ball, black tackle, catch. But the so-called thinking positions are largely reserved for whites. The quarterback is white. The middle-linebacker, a hinge of the defense, is white. The free safety who must 'read' plays is white. Some blacks resent the pattern, but their protests lack passion. They are, after all, earning $30,000 in six months to play the game as it exists.

Only in the last year or two have the first faint signs of disenchantment occurred. A few athletes have gone A W O L, notably Dave Meggyesy, a 230 pound linebacker who quit the St Louis Cardinals to live in a commune and write the iconoclastic book, *Out of Their League*. A minority of fans complains of being glutted by the two or three games televised every autumn week. "I'm not suggesting we're anywhere near football right now," a basketball executive concedes. "I am suggesting that the way is open for us to catch them if we play this pay TV thing just right."

Two franchised cable-television companies service New York City and by 1970 Manhattan was fully wired to general apathy. People who wanted good reception had long since installed antennae on roofs. Against this, Manhattan Cable Television contracted with Madison Square Garden for the home games of the Knickerbockers and the Rangers. The Garden accepted a modest price barely into six figures, a token but one that glittered. For the Garden was also telecasting Knick and Ranger road games commercially over Channel 9. The old ban against mixing was being challenged. While sports people waited tensely, the Nixon Administration delivered a response. It took the form of a prolonged blink. The Knicks swept to a championship. The government remained silent except for John Lindsay, who said the Knicks were a credit to New York. Tacit agreement resulted. Pay TV was legal. Basketball had not had a better season since 1891, which is when the game was invented.

This year the Knicks' home games are transmitted by both Manhattan cable systems. One, TelePrompTer, advertises itself as "your ticket to home games." For $9 a month, the subscriber is promised "crystal-clear reception of all games of the Knicks and Rangers plus many other events from Madison Square Garden." With the cable comes a converter box marked for Channels 2 through 13 and A through M. No one wants to be quoted, but basketball people do not intend to give their games away as part of a $6 package till the end of time. "We hope to set up a per game charge within five years," says a Midwestern executive, probably bringing in new wide-angle lenses at the same time. "This isn't small. We're thinking in terms of a Tri State network."

How the country takes to a historically underprivileged game becoming first-class is going to be a matter of national mood. Professional basketball is rough but not as physical as football. It is a game of quickness and leaps, in which by rule each team must shoot every twenty four seconds, or lose the ball. This creates a pace even faster than what one sees in football. Indeed certain critics find the tempo numbing. "All pro basketball games," someone says, "should begin with the score 110-110 and two minutes to play. Nothing until then matters much anyway."

Against this, and against football's advantage as an outdoor spectacle, basketball is developing a society that is more mod, more droll, more integrated than that which exists in any other team sport. A hard warm look at the life shines through the pages of a fine book called *Miracle on 33rd Street*, written by Phil Berger, a Stamford grocer's son who went to Johns Hopkins, traveled Europe and at twenty seven decided he "had written enough schlock." For a modest advance he attached himself to the Knickerbockers over a full season. "Sly," the players called him, but they opened up and many came to trust the writer and his tape recorder.

In excerpt—parts have been bought by three magazines—the book can appear to portray merely contentious men. Dick Barnett, the sharpshooting black guard, says "We had a couple of dances where the white guys tried to dance. They were out of their class. I mean, like what's it you have in common except basketball." The coach, Red Holzman, had periods of fierce hostility to the patrician Bill Bradley. But in the sum, the contentions become a part of living and in the end what all the Knicks, black and white, Princeton and City College share is the experience of championship. The life is demanding. Not all the people are pleasant. "A man [in the Garden lobby] moaned that he was having a heart attack, another stooped to help him and had tickets snatched from his trouser pockets." But one comes away from Berger's book convinced that the Knicks are new and that Berger is a new journalist of talent.

He did not need or get much money to write his book. He could have chosen any sport. But the year that Dave Meggyesy was quitting football over values, Berger was writing an uncompromising basketball book in which he questioned everything except the values, the essential beauty of the game. I suspect that may portend the start of change.

Back in the wasteland, Bert Parks is still talking on the wall sized screen. "Say folks," he says more softly, "it isn't really the atomic end of the world. We just said that to get your attention for this important message from our sponsor."

That seems as good a moment as any to write out a check for $1.35 and turn the damn thing off. #

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FILMS
JACOB BRACKMAN

Love Story earned over $2,400,000 in its first three days. It broke the house records at 158 out of 165 theatres at which it opened in about that many cities across the nation. Within two weeks (by this writing) it has made nearly $9,000,000, already a healthy profit. The smart money expects *Love Story* to outgross *Gone With the Wind, The Graduate, The Sound of Music*. Before it's finished worldwide, it will easily top $100,000,000. Ali MacGraw is on the cover of *Time*. The Return to Romance, right? Strong men cry.

What is a critic to do with *Love Story*? Expose it? Dismantle it? Push it to the ground and do a Fred Astaire number on its tender belly? These would be easy tricks. For approached simply as a work of cinema it is plain ungainly, false, cheap in every respect. Treacly little lies hung on big dumb lies, and what's the profit, really, in turning them over one by one?

But if you could define its "appeal" with any precision, then you would understand something significant, awesome; you would have a rational indication of whether to be frightened or indifferent at the phenomenon of its runaway success. I don't mean that *Love Story* is of strictly sociological interest, but surely there's nothing to understand except why people flock to it, creating further confusion about who goes to the movies and what they want. What they want that *Love Story's* got may require special pinpointing as its audience is likely to cut across all ordinary boundaries of age, class and taste. So whatever it's caught other producers will try to duplicate. Starting yesterday. It sounds like I'm getting set to lay out why everybody loves *Love Story* but I've more questions than explanations. One crucial uncertainty: Is the badness essential to the success?

If *Love Story* were better, would it do worse at the box office? Wouldn't that contradict our hopeful expectations about the future of movies and movie audiences? Does *Love Story* portend some awful regression? Or is the combination of its elements so overwhelmingly on target and well timed as to carry off any shoddiness? Certainly a less cloying movie could observe a romance to its interruption in mid-bloom by the heroine's coming down with a fatal disease. Something folkier and no less weepy could be made of an irreconcilable father-son misunderstanding. Would the winning ingredients be lost, necessarily, in the improvement?

Paramount describes *Love Story* as "not a film about where it's at but about how it feels." What people have been calling its "timelessness," however, is more accurately an oblivious out-of-timeness. She can wear knee-length plaids, He bell-bottom jeans in the same frame and who notices? Timelessness. It would never occur to the screenwriter to insert a line of dialogue explaining why the hero is apparently draft exempt. His Harvard roommates (he calls them "animals," jovially) ogle him about how much He's getting off Her after the fashion of adolescent athletes in the Fifties. But you sense that Erich Segal believes such sexual attitudes exist independently of a period in a culture. Far as he's concerned, this is how men have gossiped throughout history wherever they've gathered without women. We know He's serious about Her because He declines to give the animals details about their love life. Segal feels no call to provide the hero and his father with any actual areas of controversy (politics, life-style): the filial enmity—the old generation gap—is as pure as

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the marital bliss. Finally, when She dies and He stalks unforgivingly away from his remorseful father, Her death is transformed, weirdly, almost into a punishment of the father, a devastating last word in the contentless argument against him.

If the movie had not denied all the peculiarities and impositions of these times—or any other—would it still have caught fire? Suppose it had not denied the 'timeless' sacramental truth that what messes up relationships is the people having them? It's easy to say that appalling stuff has always flourished at the box office; obviously. I'd prefer to regard that as a dying tradition. The promotion has been huge, but promotion alone can't make a hit, you know. It's disconcerting

Many critics writing now grew up with a certain understanding of our culture, whereby they don't expect whatever is exceedingly popular to be anything but bad. Deep down they don't believe that anything really good can find a large national audience. I may have grown up with the opposite understanding—scarcely more accurate. I knew *Catcher in the Rye* was the most important book of my childhood, and of everybody else's too, and when I study it now soberly, as an adult with some classics under his belt, I remain dead positive it's one of the several most important books any American has ever written. Before high school *Mad* was my favorite comic, eventually the favorite of lots of kids I ran into; we listened to Jean Shepard on the radio; soon loved Dean and Brando at the movies. Quite simply, these were the best; there weren't any better, at least not on our horizons. When we strayed on our own into Art, that was a different order of experience, I think a less important one. I never found it demeaning to share my favorites with hordes of others. Hordes of morons, even. I never aspired to a clique who appreciated what hardly anybody appreciated, smug as if they'd accomplished something. In college and after I watched my friends resist Rock, then reluctantly, with few holdouts, come round to admitting at least that Dylan or The Beatles were doing work as good as anyone alive. The masses could lead the elite. I like liking what's high on the charts. But I grow apprehensive when the masses lead the elite—who have their own tricky reasons to be sure—to carrion like *Love Story*. *Love Story* is too big for comfort. It will be too influential. You can't argue against cash box. *Love Story* will lend too much credibility, for a time anyway, to the studio deadheads. Next year around this time we'll view the damage at the movies. Moreover, I imagine that the damage will be more extensive and less visible, for a maggoty hit this big debases our national life as insidiously as ten million highway billboards or an empty, hypocritical President.

Brewster McCloud. A comedy with Significant Themes by the director of M*A*S*H in the same nervous, spirited style and with half a dozen actors from M*A*S*H, including Sally Kellerman fresh from her boffo debut as Hot Lips Houlihan. Brewster's about the longing for and impossibility of freedom in contemporary America or about the repression of creativity or whatever, in rather the same way M*A*S*H was about how men eccentrically retain their private sanities amid the vast insanity of war. Both films are highly *distractable*, able to wander off into a long standard football match or auto chase, as though the disturbing ideas Robert Altman had seemed so intent upon just slipped his mind.

In M*A*S*H the running image was blood. Most of its force, its hysterical tinge, arose from that novelty: it was more graphically gory than a *serious* movie had ever been, yet it was a comedy! If M*A*S*H had been the same in every other regard, but had decorously concealed the

(Continued on page 175)

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FICTION

BARTON MIDWOOD

The Dick Gibson Show, by Stanley Elkin (Random House, 336 pages, $6.95)

Pretend for a moment that we are in the court of a king who rules in the style of Louis XIV We are watching him eat his supper. We have been standing in silence in reverent attentive silence, and watching every mouthful every course—the subtlest change of expression on the royal mouth the smallest gesture of the royal hand does not escape our notice —when suddenly the king pauses, he looks up at us sadly and says 'Let me confess something to you good people I have been having doubts lately In fact, what is this business of the divine right of kings? I am no longer confident of the legitimacy of these rights Perhaps we are deceiving ourselves, eh? After all, I am a man like any other True, I hear voices in the night But who doesn't?'

Amazing We urge him to develop his theme And he obliges And we listen attentively for a considerable length of time Day after day we listen month after month until at last we are bored and thoroughly infected by the potency of his doubts. Eventually we find ourselves strutting about the royal dining hall with a new-found self-importance Never again will the king and his supper strike terror in our hearts.

The king of course persists in his traditional habits which no longer interest us even remotely Not even his doubts interest us any longer Frankly some of us had long ago expressed similar doubts in whispers Perhaps indeed it was the very fact that the king perceived these seditious doubts brewing among us that he chose to be the first to voice them. In this way he managed at least to remain the center of attention for a while longer But now his day of glory is irrevocably ended and he finds himself bereft of all the old mysteries—his crown his throne his scepter —just so many straws in the wind A mere man sits before us

In the first half of the twentieth century many novelists—Mann, Kafka, Gide, Camus, I B. Singer, Proust, Beckett F. Scott Fitzgerald —indulged in a confessional literature which has something in common with the confession of the king in our fable that is insofar as they expressed doubts about the origin of their authority as artists. Thomas Mann gave these doubts perhaps their boldest expression in his novel *Confessions of Felix Krull Confidence Man* in which the title character—a seducer of the bourgeoisie a cunning charmer who plays on human folly for ambiguous ends—is generally acknowledged as being a portrait of the author in costume. The public was intrigued by Mann's novel not only because the story is superbly told but because the conception "author as confidence man" was a fresh departure from two thousand years of literary history during which writers traditionally laid claim to supernatural prerogatives Homer invoking muses Shakespeare portraying himself as a Prospero who is attended by an airy sprite Goethe as a Faust who has a pact with Mephistopheles, Dostoyevsky insisting on the reality of the Devil and so on Twentieth-century writers have rarely made comparable claims. W B Yeats and Robert Graves are among the few and their claims were generally regarded by their contemporaries as rather embarrassing eccentricities

But now the era of confessionalism is at an end A writer in 1971 finds himself playing a role recently divested of its magic Like the king at the end of our fable he sits before us as "a mere man."

The situation of writers at this juncture is problematic and it is that situation for which Stanley Elkin provides a metaphor in his new novel *The Dick Gibson Show*

Each of Elkin's first two novels, *Boswell* and *A Bad Man* and each of the stories in his collection *Criers and*

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Kibitzers, Kibitzers and Criers is a quasi-fantastical rendering of experience and a compendium of insolent turns of phrase. These books are the works of a stylist—visceral, nervous, urban and eclectic. Generally they have little dramatic tension but they have great drive. One continues to turn the pages not because one is in suspense over the outcome of the drama but because one is intrigued and delighted by the indefatigable energy and inventiveness of the author. Strictly speaking he is not a storyteller. The stories that he appears to be interested in are only a means that enables him to keep talking; the story is the servant of the voice. He is a performer, a virtuoso, has much in common with certain dyspeptic nightclub comedians, especially the late Lenny Bruce, and in fact has in the past few years earned a reputation as an agile reader of his own works at writers' conferences and college campuses.

Elkin's Dick Gibson—like Goethe's Faust, Shakespeare's Prospero and Mann's Felix Krull—is a portrait of the author in costume—a costume that is an attempt to reveal the inner reality of the relationship between the author's work, his age and his conscience. Dick Gibson is a radio announcer who begins his career in the Thirties with faith and enthusiasm and ends in the Sixties in a state of disintegration and bewilderment.

Among his many adventures there is one which may be taken perhaps not unfairly as a crystallization of the whole book. Midway in his career he is employed by a small Midwestern radio station that imposes too many restrictions on him. He is bored and frustrated and he begins to break some of the restrictions in order to amuse himself and to generate some response from his audience, particularly from the owners of the station. However, no one responds. Puzzled and exacerbated he begins to broadcast slanders and insults against local citizens and the station owners themselves. But still there is no response. His broadcasts therefore become increasingly hysterical and obscene until finally he collapses in despair upon discovering what we had expected all along, that no one, no one at all, has been listening.

There is hardly a writer of talent alive in America today who will deny that this bizarre little tale mirrors quite accurately his own experience. One has heard the complaint often enough recently from American writers that they find themselves publishing words which seem always to fall on deaf ears so that they are driven to barbarous excesses of expression, to committing to print the most childish audacities simply in the pathetic hope of being at least noticed. Certainly one "publishes," certainly one 'is read,' but one's words appear on the whole to generate no authentic response. From a writer's point of view, of course, this is an ugly situation.

The Dick Gibson Show is in part then a complaint and a cautionary tale—and it is more. It is broad and covers a lot of ground. In places the book itself plunges into the same wild exhibitionism as its protagonist. Here exuberance is forced, burlesque descriptions of sexual aberrations are too frequent and cruelty jokes succeed each other with terrifying rapidity so that one has the feeling that certain passages were written as a last-ditch attempt to strangle a response out of an indifferent public—that the author, like his Dick Gibson, is at the extremity of his desperation to be heard. And indeed he should be. #

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It was Saturday. I had whippoorwilled the first hole. (That's about twelve species worse than an eagle. I name all my holes to give them a little dignity.) The second and third holes were a cockatoo and another whippoorwill. I was going downhill. Again.

All of a sudden, my old golf scores began passing before my eyes. I was blowing it again.

Every Saturday I got up at 4 A.M. Put on my spectacular Munsingwear wardrobe. (For us golfers, it's the Knitshirt. And Knitslacks. Topped off with one of Munsingwear's natty sweaters or neat all-weather jackets. The penguin forever!) I felt like a tiger.

For the next 6 hours I whippoorwilled, cockatooed and green-streeted (a couple of shots past the bogie) into a grass-chewing fury.

Why don't I stop this madness? I moaned between divots.

Next thing I knew, a ball whizzed past my nose. Followed closely by a small angry man. He glared at me and shuffled up to his ball. He drew back his club to smash it—directly into the earth. Like a round white nail.

This I wanted to see. He struck. The ball flew through the air, missed my head by a fingernail, caromed off a pine tree, missing his head by a miracle. It bounced off a rock, a bench, and landed two feet from the hole.

That did it! I packed my clubs, picked up my ball, stamped my tees into the ground, and ate my club membership card. I would get out of these acres of torture to greener pastures. I would take up gardening!

The following weeks I got up and dressed in my beloved Munsingwear. Then my wife and I went outside to garden. She carried my equipment. (You might say she caddied.) I did the work.

Ah, my dear, I'd say. I spy a dandelion in the dichondra. I think a number 4 iron will do.

With a good stance, head down, I drove the dandelion a good 20 yards. My putter could relocate a snail most humanely. On odd twigs and branches I'd use my number 1 wood. Put them right out of sight.

I should have been insanely happy. But something nagged at me. Something was wrong.

It popped up at me out of a magazine. I was humiliating the noble Munsingwear penguin! Over 70 top golfers—like Gene Littler, Tommy Aaron, Dave Hill, Dick Lotz, Dave Stockton—proudly display the penguin whenever they golf. They are making the penguin the most famous bird in golf.

What have I done? I've made a laughing stock of the penguin. A gutter. A garden putterer! In every mirror the rotten face of a penguin shamer.

The next Sunday I broke it to my wife. It was back to the golf course and honor for me.

Slowly, lovingly, I put on all my Munsingwear Grand Slam Sportswear.

As I stood on the first tee, I felt proud. I would have made a parakeet on the first hole—but the snow held me back. What the heck.

The penguin was back where he belonged. And that was enough for me. To do the right thing by the penguin.

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FROM THOSE WONDERFUL PEOPLE WHO GAVE YOU KENT STATE

by John Berendt

A postmortem

I was driving down Second Avenue in New York about five years ago when I noticed that I needed gas. So I pulled into the Gulf station at Sixty-third Street, and an old man in greasy work clothes came out. He ambled over and when he got close enough I started to say, 'Fill 'er up,' but the words didn't come out. I just stared at his face. Then I looked at the name "Mike" sewn in red thread over his shirt pocket. Then back up at the face, then at the "Mike" again. My eyes were zigzagging from one to the other, and all I could do was stutter like a fool. Because this old gent who was about to give me ten gallons of gas and wipe my windshield, was somebody I'd last seen a few weeks before, reviewing twelve thousand combat-ready National Guardsmen, including me, at Camp Drum. He was in fact Brigadier General Michael C. Gallana, Assistant Division Commander of the "top priority" 42d Infantry Division of the New York National Guard.

What made me think of that incident, actually, was a hip FM disc jockey who asked rhetorically after Kent State, "What is the National Guard anyway? Who are these people?" I had wondered the same thing myself that afternoon on Second Avenue, even though I too was a Guardsman at the time. I could imagine Douglas MacArthur turning slowly in his grave at the thought that his own "Rainbow" Division of the First World War was being commanded by a gas-station attendant. Not that the man didn't have a perfect right; it was just that the magic of command wasn't there, particularly when all we could think of when we saw him later was "You can trust your car to the man who wears the star."

The press after Kent State revived all the derisory nicknames: weekend warriors, summer soldiers, draft dodgers. All true, of course. And the public began to ask basic questions: Is the Guard experienced enough to handle live ammunition? What sort of training do they get? What regulations do they follow? Who is in the Guard? Do the officers command enough respect to impose sufficient discipline on the men? And for a public which had heretofore known the National Guard primarily for its armories, where antique shows and indoor sporting events have been held, they were questions long overdue.

The National Guard is what makes every state Governor in America a commander in chief of his own army and his own air force. Named after Lafayette's Parisian *Garde Nationale*, the National Guard is the modern descendant of our state militias, the first of which was Massachusetts' Old North Regiment, set up in 1636. Today, the Guard is a windfall to the states. The federal government pays ninety percent of the operating costs, lays out half of the investment in physical facilities, provides equipment and sets up training programs. As part of the deal, each Governor gets to appoint an adjutant general (his chief of staff, with the rank of major general) and through him all Guard officerships. This means that if the Governor is inclined to put old cronies or political allies into command positions, he is free to do so, within limits.

Altogether there are 400,000 Army National Guardsmen and 83,000 Air National Guardsmen around the country (1200 in Nevada and more than 24,000 in New York). They wear the same uniform as the Regular Army and Air Force so that they can be quickly assimilated in the event of a call-up for a national emergency. All Guardsmen go into the regular service at the outset of their stint, for at least six months of basic training. Then they are released and required to finish out their six-year military obligation by drilling with their Guard units as citizen-soldiers.

What distinguishes Guardsmen from Army Reservists is that in addition to taking an oath to obey orders of the President, Guardsmen also swear one to the Governor of their state. The Governor cannot touch the Army Reserves, but he can call out the National Guard for riots, floods, hurricanes, train wrecks and also for less urgent matters. When G. Mennen Williams was Governor of Michigan, he activated the Guard for traffic duty each Fourth of July. Huey Long used to keep a squad of Louisiana Guardsmen with him at all times as bodyguards, declaring "partial martial law" in effect wherever his person happened to be. On one occasion, he wanted to order the Guard's artillery to bombard the press room of a New Orleans newspaper, but on hearing of it his adjutant general went into hiding so the order could not be transmitted.

No Governor can be too outrageous with his Guard, because the President can simply sign a federalization order and take it away. In Arkansas, for instance, when Governor Orval E. Faubus called up the National Guard to prevent Negroes from entering white schools, President Eisenhower federalized the Arkansas National Guard and commanded it to turn around and enforce the Supreme Court desegregation order. In Alabama, it was his own federalized National Guard Green Berets who escorted Governor George Wallace from the doorway of the University of Alabama.

Although certain standards are controlled by the Department of the Army, various procedural matters are left up to the states. One crucial prerogative of the states is the setting up of "Rules of Engagement," or when to load and fire weapons in handling civil disturbances. After Kent State the National Guard Bureau in Washington admitted that it did not know what the rules were, from state to state. A survey was taken.

Machine guns, it turned out, which were used with such tragic results in Detroit in 1967, are no longer permitted anywhere for riot control, except in the most dire and unimaginable circumstances. The rules of engagement in California, for instance, permit the use of machine guns only on the direct personal order of the state's adjutant general. Concerning rifles and pistols, Guardsmen are now forbidden to load or fire without specific orders from an officer in all but two states. The two states that permit routine loading of weapons and firing upon the discretion of each individual soldier are Ohio and Arkansas. Arkansas' rules are the most cavalier of all, flatly stating that there are "no standing orders as to what method of weapons control is to be used in any specific circumstances."

These are the Ohio regulations that were in effect at Kent State:

"When all other means have failed or chemicals are not readily available, you are armed with a rifle and have been issued live ammunition. The following rules apply in the use of firearms:

"1. Rifle carried with a round in chamber in safe position.

"2. Indiscriminate firing is forbidden.

"3. Only single-aimed shot at firm targets to be employed.

"Snipers (determined by their firing upon or in the direction of friendly forces or civilians) will be fired upon only when clearly observed and it is determined that an attempt to apprehend would be hazardous."

With criticism pounding the Guard on all sides, it can be said that were it not for the efforts of two key men, the Guard might by now have become extinct. Major General Winston P. ("Wimpy") Wilson, Chief of the National Guard Bureau, is one of the saviors. Congressman F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana is the other.

General Wilson is more 'Wimpy' than Winston. His easygoing Arkansas charm is telegraphed by a bald, ruddy-faced countenance, upon which a close-cropped moustache and black-rimmed glasses are the only stern features. Welcoming me into his Pentagon office a few months ago, the General swung his leather chair around, draped one leg over the arm, lit a Marlboro and talked about his favorite subject, the National Guard.

"Before Korea, you know, a Guardsman didn't have to go on any active duty at all. Just eight years of drilling in an armory one night a week. You can imagine how green the troops were then. We had federal inspections but nobody really bothered. In Arkansas, back in 1948, we were the first to send our Guardsmen into regular active duty for basic training. The idea caught on and gradually other states started to copy us, until 1952 when the Reserve Forces Act made it mandatory nationwide. That was the beginning of the six-months deal. And a good thing too, because today there isn't time to send Guardsmen off to camp for two months in order to get them into shape for a riot.

"Another thing we got started in Arkansas were the weekend drills. Instead of drilling four weeknights a month, we'd put them all together and go out in the field for a whole weekend. We got much more training in that way. And just like active duty for basic training, the weekend drill idea caught on. Now all the units do it.

"We started something else in Arkansas, too. When I took over as head of the Arkansas Air National Guard I asked if we could train each unit in a particular mission: tactical reconnaissance, maintenance and so forth. It made more sense than just flying, which is all we'd been doing till then.

"You see, when Korea happened there had been a helter-skelter cutting of the pie: you fellows go here, you go there. Units were broken up, friends

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The EDEN 30257 bloodstain cavello kid. The GOTHAM 30249 two-tone brown. The CALCUTTA 30217 bloodstain cavello kid. Styles shown also available in other colors. THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED separated. It was terrible for morale. Altogether 183 000 Guardsmen were called up for Korea and none of them went with any advance preparation or skill, no training in any military specialty.

"Today in the event of war, every Guard unit can be slotted into the regular Armed Forces as well-trained, functioning units." General Wilson handed me a list of the various Guard units.

"Up to Korea the National Guard had been made up [illegible] infantry artillery and [illegible] units. But now we've also got hospital detachments, M P's, Engineers, Signal Corps, all the specialties because if there's an emergency they'll be needed too. We have a hundred man Linguist company in Utah that can handle nine languages fluently. Mormons are excellent linguists, you know, because they send their young men around the world on proselytizing missions. So Salt Lake City was a sensible place for a linguist company.

"The public probably isn't aware of it but more than half of our Nike Hercules missile sites are manned by National Guardsmen. And we've got some ultra specialized units, like Water Purification Detachments. They are so special they'd only be needed in rare situations and as part time units in the Guard they cost the government one sixth of what they'd cost if they were part of the full time Army.

"The most exotic National Guard outfit is probably the Eskimo Scout Battalion in Alaska. It's made up of small detachments—some of nine men, some up to forty—in remote villages. The men are paid to report on alien air-and sea movements that they notice while they're out hunting and fishing. One of the Eskimo detachments is on Little Diomede Island and they sit there watching a Russian Eskimo detachment on Big Diomede Island a couple of miles away. Both try to keep their respective islanders from mixing.

"So, you see there is simply no comparison between the Guard as it was in the early Fifties and as it is now, not only in respect to organization but also training. In 1950, for instance, we had fifty-two accidents for every 100,000 hours of flying time in the Air Guard. Today we're down to 2.9 accidents. We're not perfect, mind you, but we've been worse."

There is no doubt that General Wilson's renovations have transformed the National Guard and he has been well rewarded for his farsightedness. Now well into his forty-first year with the Guard, he is head of it all. General Wilson does, however, suffer from a slight myopia when it comes to the Guard's weaknesses. In response to a question about a negative report by the Government Accounting Office which told of insufficient Guard training, he trotted out the glowing results of a proficiency test the Guard had given to all its men: eighty-five percent had passed. I remember taking that test in May of 1969; there was open cheating and everybody graded his own paper.

Like others in positions of command, General Wilson must suspect that the rank and file doesn't share his enthusiasm for the Guard. But surrounded as he is daily by people who do, it isn't likely he knows how deeply the apathy runs or how damaging it is to overall efficiency. There are federal inspections to be sure, which the Guard always passes, but they have been conducted often enough in the past by inspectors who have been lavishly wined and dined in advance by the cadre of the unit to be inspected.

Absenteeism from drills was running so high that in 1967 Congress had to pass a law making unexcused absences for more than ten percent of the drills punishable by induction into the Regular Army. Attendance shot up to ninety-eight percent. Still, discipline is a major problem if only because the Guard is a part time organization. It takes every bit of persuasion the Guard can muster to get younger men to keep their hair trimmed and short.

General Wilson has devoted much energy to the task of riot control, but the federal mission (to stand in reserve in case of war) is clearly more to his liking. On the wall behind his desk, framed in plexiglass, is a proclamation signed by President Nixon

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officially thanking the Guard (on Reserve Recognition Day) for the year and a half that 22,000 of its men had spent in Vietnam.

In answer to the question of which is the Guard's primary mission General Wilson said without the slightest hesitation, "The federal mission."

Congressman F. Edward ("Eddie") Hébert says that one of the nicest things that's ever happened to him was the presentation a few years ago of a bound volume of personal thank-you notes from each of the National Guard adjutants general. It was the least they could do, in view of the circumstances.

Congressman Hébert (pronounced A-bear) is ninth in House seniority and has the kind of power that megalomaniacs dream of. If you are familiar with the perquisites of position in Congress you know immediately upon entering Hébert's office that he's got it. His is the only seven-room office in the Rayburn House Office Building for a starter, and it is the only one that has, instead of simple paneled doors at the entrance, a gracious open court or atrium fifteen feet square, in the center of which is an imitation black marble Florentine birdbath with pink-and-yellow plastic flowers floating in it.

The tall white-haired congressman was saying good-bye to some constituents when I arrived. "You know how it is with these characters," he said, ushering me into his spacious inner office after they'd left. "every other year is election year and I need the job." We sat down. Hébert, relaxed and cordial, was wearing a cream-colored raw silk suit and black-and-white wing-tip shoes. He spoke rapidly in the curious New Orleans manner, which is more Brooklynese than Southern, and he occasionally played with the signet ring on his pinkie.

Hébert began by staking out his military territory. "I'm chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, chairman of the Subcommittee on Reserve Affairs, as you know. Also chairman of the committee on the Service Academies, which means West Point, Annapolis and the Air Force Academy. And chairman also of the committee on oversight of the draft and a member of the C.I.A. policy committee."

Preeminent in many areas and first in overall influence in military affairs since Mendel Rivers' death, Hébert has his name on buildings and streets in the congressional district to which he has brought numerous military contracts during his thirty years in the House. He succeeded in getting the Navy to accept a bid to play in the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, he made a grandstand save of 234 R.O.T.C. units that Robert S. McNamara had intended to abolish, and years ago he nominated Astronaut-to-be Mike Collins to West Point. Congressman Hébert also once suggested that the United States use nuclear weapons in Vietnam—as a last resort.

What endears Hébert to the National Guard's top brass, however, is his authorship of the Hebert Bill which made it impossible for the Secretary of Defense to reduce the strength of the Guard or the Reserves. Hébert dramatically named it the "Reserve Forces Bill of Rights and Vitalization Act," making himself the Thomas Jefferson of the National Guard.

"Let me give you a little history," he said. "The Gray Board recommended permanently federalizing the National Guard in 1948. Nothing ever came of that, fortunately. In 1954 the Department of Defense recommended a reorganization of the Reserves. In 1958 Defense wanted to reorganize all over again. Fine. Suddenly in 1962 they wanted a third reorganization. [illegible] and it meant a reduction in the number of Reserve troops. Along comes McNamara in 1964 with another plan, this time not only cutting down the number of troops but *merging* the National Guard and the Reserves.

"Well, Cyrus Vance and Army Secretary Stephen Ailes came down to see me in my New Orleans office and point-blank *told* me this was what they were going to do. Merge the two. I said, 'But you can't.'

"They said, 'We can and we will.'

"I said, 'I won't let you.' So,

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"I can remember the day McNamara sat right over there on that couch, and I told him Robert, let me tell you one thing old boy you are just a transient occupant of this house You'll be gone and I'll still be here long after I've seen Secretaries come and go' He couldn't understand that the people on my committee were no children Some of us have been in Congress over twenty years McNamara was brilliant, resourceful astute. He pulled every trick in the book.

"There was a law called the McCormack Curtis amendment that gave the Secretary of Defense unlimited authority to rearrange the Reserves It was slipped by at the tail end of some other bill in 1960 61 I told McNamara 'I know all about that amendment Bob, and if I were in your shoes I'd make you look like a piker the way I'd use it. But you just can't fool with the Constitution' So now with H R 2 my bill, we've taken away the Defense Department's right to decide how many men shall be in the Reserves. Congress does it instead and last year we passed the bill and mandated 100 000 more than Defense wanted'

In contrast to General Wilson, Congressman Hebert feels that the primary mission of the Guard is the state mission But they appear to be in agreement about most other matters, and Hébert is happy in his mission as chief honcho on the Hill for the Guard and its proud protector against all foes in the Pentagon "The regular military establishment likes to feel superior" Hébert says, "and unless somebody keeps a lookout, the Guard ends up suckin' hind tit every time'

That was precisely the Guard's position at the time of the Detroit riots in 1967 The Michigan National Guard went into that one the most costly riot in American history with its manpower cut to half strength and its equipment supplies at a paltry twenty five percent They were short of everything including radios, jeeps trucks, sleeping bags bullhorns, searchlights not to mention shotguns helicopters and other essentials. But since then there have been a lot of quiet changes and many of the things that happened in Detroit simply cannot happen anymore Kent State notwithstanding At the start of the riot three years ago Michigan's 46th Division was caught completely by surprise with most of its men two hundred miles away in summer training at Camp Grayling When they were activated by Governor Romney it was midnight and they had to drive all night arriving in Detroit seven hours later sleepless unshaven and in dirty fatigues—clean ones had been left in the laundry at Camp Grayling Upon arrival in Detroit the troops were sent right out into the street, some being given hurried on the-spot lessons in riot-control formations which proved useless because there were no mobs to use them on only snipers arsonists and looters

Even though there existed a detailed National Guard-Police plan code named "Sundown" for controlling civil disturbances in Detroit the Guard found that the only way it could feed its 8000 men was to make 440-mile round trips to Grayling to pick up rations Vital communications between command headquarters and subordinate units was spotty at first and when dimes for pay phones ran out it became almost impossible Two men assigned to guard an intersection on Monday were unbelievably still there on Friday

It is small wonder that when Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance and Army General John Throckmorton arrived on the scene they saw "hundreds" of Guardsmen in dirty uniforms lolling about sitting in doorways lying down on sidewalks Some of them had been on duty for thirty hours Given the breakdown in communications and discipline it was also no surprise that when General Throckmorton gave the order to unload all weapons it went "ninety percent disobeyed" for two days and that at the time he was ordering the streetlights to be relighted, Guardsmen were shooting them out with rifles (sometimes taking a dozen shots to extinguish a single light),

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thereby leading other Guardsmen in the vicinity to believe that snipers were opening up on them.

Vance saw tanks hot-rodding down darkened streets at excessive speeds, Throckmorton understandably described the Guardsmen as "trigger-happy", his deputy reported sloppy appearance, erratic behavior, with saluting being "almost nonexistent."

Since Detroit, there has been a reorganization of the National Guard so that its manpower is now up to ninety percent or better all across the country This was done without increasing the number but by consolidating Guardsmen into fewer units Where two half-filled companies used to be, there is one at full strength

Although the Guard still complains that it is short of needed materiel by about a billion dollars' worth, nothing like the shortages of Detroit can happen again. Because today there are two Army supply depots with peace keeping gear prepackaged in company and battalion sized lots ready to be airlifted to any trouble spot in the country in a matter of hours In fact such paraphernalia was flown to New Haven in anticipation of trouble during the pro-Black Panther demonstrations last spring

Even as the echoes of the final shots were ricocheting down Twelfth Street in Detroit, Lyndon Johnson was putting his signature to Executive Order 11365 which created the Kerner Commission to look into Detroit and other "Civil Disturbances."

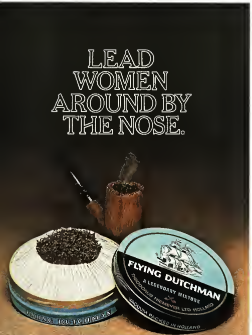
One of the Commission's first witnesses was Cyrus Vance who presented three urgent recommendations 1) That more Negroes be inducted into the Army and Air National Guard 2) That riot-control training be expanded and 3) That the qualifications and performance of Guard officers be reviewed Deeming all recommendations, including these, too important to wait until publication of its report the Commission forwarded them to the President the next day

Publication of the Vance recommendations amounted to charging the Guard with racial bias unpreparedness and high level incompetence And that was enough to bring all the friends of the National Guard to their feet shouting Most audible among them was the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Reserve Affairs headed by the redoubtable Eddie Hébert Congressman Hébert's Subcommittee had already been transformed a few weeks earlier into an *ex officio* counter-Kerner Commission The chairman of the parent committee Representative L Mendel Rivers fearing the worst from the 6 to 5 liberal Kerner Commission had ordered the Hébert Subcommittee (9 to-1 conservative) to go into formal session as a "Special Subcommittee to Inquire into the Capability of the National Guard to Cope with Civil Disturbances"

Hébert set the tone right off by dismissing the Kerner Commissioners as a bunch of novices "who never heard about the National Guard probably until they were put on the Commission" He condemned their "ultra-precipitous" action in forwarding Vance's proposals which by themselves he viewed as outrages that were concocted "without one scintilla, without one iota without one word without one scrap of paper giving a reason" Nevertheless the facts were these:

At the time of Detroit, the Army National Guard was 1 5 percent Negro as against a national black population of twelve percent. The advantages in using black Guardsmen in ghetto riots have been obvious enough to tempt every major urban police force to increase the number of Negroes in its ranks

New Jersey responded by asking for permission to expand the Jersey Guard by five percent and to fill the extra slots with Negroes. Other states also indicated they would initiate Negro-recruitment programs Meanwhile none of this sat well with the Hébert Subcommittee which insisted that the Guard was not biased (which, officially,



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is true) and called upon its own witnesses to agree with them. Summoning the New Jersey adjutant general, Major General James Cantwell, they tried to get him to admit that his black recruitment plans were forced on him by politicians. Failing that, they tried to get him to agree that it was "discrimination in reverse." And failing that, they took him to task for violating chain of command by going directly to the Department of the Army for his extra five percent rather than doing it through the National Guard Bureau.

Unimpressed by Vance's arguments for more Negroes in the Guard, the Armed Services Committee went ahead and introduced a bill making it illegal to recruit Negroes by race. It passed. So, it is small wonder that this past year the black enrollment in the Guard had slipped from its 1967 high.

It is admitted that a distinct lack of interest on the part of Negroes has had something to do with it. Despite fourteen TV commercials by black comedian Flip Wilson, the Guard's image has remained unshakably lily-white. Small wonder. I can remember hearing one of my sergeants, a white policeman by trade, saying, "Gonna let you guys off easy tonight 'cause I'm in a good mood: today I shook down five bookies and locked up three spooks." One division had over a hundred Negroes, but they were almost all in the Second Battalion of the 186th Infantry, out in Brooklyn.

So much for Cyrus Vance's first recommendation. As for the second—that there be more riot-control training—not even the Hébert Subcommittee could disagree, given Detroit. So the Pentagon put a task force to work over a weekend with instructions to emerge with a thirty-two-hour riot-control course. Unfortunately, the course was written in such haste that it virtually ignored all the lessons from the riots of the past two years. More than half of the thirty-two hours were allotted to the handling of mobs, thirteen hours being devoted to just the sort of squad and platoon formations that proved useless in Watts and Detroit. Less than an hour was spent on the major problem: snipers.

The deficiency was so apparent that less than a year later the lesson plan was revised to include a few more hints about sniper control (clear the street, determine exact location of sniper, enter building from the roof using a helicopter if necessary, issue warnings and appeals through bullhorns, try first to flush him out with tear gas, post antisnipers on surrounding rooftops).

Snipers are the modern urban guerrillas (together with phantom bombers) and they have proved frustrating to ferret out and subdue. General Cantwell admitted that in the 1967 Newark riot his troops engaged in too much firing against snipers, "because of the confusion that probably occurred by no one quite knowing what to do." There had been seventy-nine reports of snipers in Newark, but that figure is probably much too high, because one sniper might be reported half a dozen times as the bullet caromed and reverberated a mile or more through the city. Also, in darkened streets there was the uncertainty of not being able to tell whether a shot had been "friendly" or "unfriendly." Dominic Spina, Director of Newark Police at the time, said later: "Guardsmen were firing upon police and police were firing back at them. . . . I really don't believe there was as much sniping as we thought." The difficulty of knowing whether they'd actually been sniped at was encountered again by Guardsmen at Kent State.

As long as National Guardsmen show up at civil disturbances armed with "deadly force," there is going to be justified concern all around. Most Guardsmen facing hostile crowds for the first time are bound to get the jitters. As General Throckmorton said: "Regardless of how well trained they are, troops going into combat for the first time, where they are shot at, will be nervous and inclined to be trigger happy. It takes two or three days for them to calm down and react more quietly and properly."

Forty percent of Throckmorton's 2700 Regular Army troops in Detroit were Vietnam veterans. Altogether they fired 201 bullets in five days, an insignificant total when compared to the ammunition expended by the Michigan Guardsmen, some of whom, individually, outdid them. In Newark, State Police and National Guardsmen fired off 13,326 rounds in three days, killing twenty-three unarmed people.

This was one of the reasons why General Throckmorton ordered all weapons emptied as soon as he took over in Detroit. Subsequently he had copies of special orders given to every soldier. They read: "Do not display ammunition items on the person or vehicle. Do not load ammunition in any weapon without specific instructions of an officer to do so. Streetlights will not be extinguished. Take cover if fired upon and await arrival and instructions of an officer."

General Throckmorton's order did not go down well with his subordinates—namely the commanding general of Michigan's 46th Division, Major General Cecil L. Simmons. Simmons attempted to argue with him.

"Since time immemorial," Simmons began, "during disasters, looters have been shot. . . ."

"I'm not interested in that," Throckmorton cut him off. Simmons and the Michigan adjutant general, Major General Clarence Schnipke, seethed.

But the next day they were being soothed by the Hébert Subcommittee, which in effect took their side and pressured General Throckmorton to expand his statement. They tried to make him swallow his "trigger-happy" charge. He wouldn't.

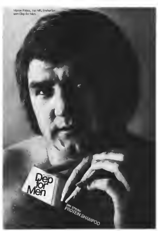
"It's just damned foolishness," Hébert said, "some of the things we ask our Guardsmen to do. They must stand there dodging rocks and shake their finger 'Naughty, naughty' if somebody burns a building, loots a store. Why, disarming the Guard just encourages the rioters to break more laws."

The Hébert Subcommittee thought it had Throckmorton nailed. How many Guardsmen, they asked, were shot after he gave his order to unload? Eight. And how many of those eight had been rendered defenseless carrying empty weapons? The information was gathered back in Detroit and came back a few days later. Seven of the eight, it turned out, had fully loaded weapons with chambered rounds. The eighth had been in the process of loading his pistol when he accidentally shot himself in the foot.

The Army's regulations for the "application of force" during civil disturbances, upon which most of the states' rules of engagement are based, stress that guns be used only as a last resort and only then when one's own life or the lives of others are in danger. Mayor Daley's notorious dictum, "shoot to kill arsonists and shoot to maim looters," is contrary to Army rules, if not actually illegal. The only purpose for firing is to apprehend a criminal or disable him. Sentencing of the man is still left to the courts. Therefore the intention in shooting is always to stop, never to kill. Virtually all rules for the use of deadly force insist on minimum force.

However, the difference between killing and wounding, especially at considerable distances, requires such subtle expertise in handling a weapon that it is a fair certainty the average Guardsman could not refine his shooting to that degree.

Once firing has begun, Guardsmen are warned in all states (except Arkansas) against "indiscriminate firing," such as went on in Detroit. What is indiscriminate firing? The consensus seems to be that any shooting at targets unseen would be indiscriminate. Any wild spraying of bullets at, say, the facade of a building housing a suspected sniper would



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be indiscriminate. Any firing without careful aim-taking would be indiscriminate. Firing into a crowd, unless almost everyone in it endangered someone else's life, would probably be indiscriminate.

What is discriminate fire? Basically, any controlled firing at clear (and authorized) targets. Often there can be a hairline of difference between the two.

As a former Guardsman, one who fired his M1 but rarely, I cannot say how I would react if I were shot at while patrolling a city street. I only know that if it takes "two or three days" to calm down from the trigger-happy jitters, I'd be less apt to get myself into trouble during that time if I were in some Indochinese jungle, shooting wildly into the swamps. Fewer innocent bystanders to get hurt, fewer reporters to notice.

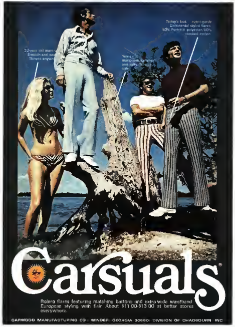
Guardsmen are at a distinct disadvantage because they must respond to their baptism of fire with the utmost cool and restraint. They are not on enemy soil. Their antagonists must be picked out of the midst of innocents as if by some military surgery. It is easy enough to condemn the Guardsmen at Kent State and Detroit, but it is just as easy to understand how the men might have panicked. If the pavement in front of me were struck suddenly with that sharp metallic ping, I'd probably first scream involuntarily, then lunge for the nearest cover, shaking like a tuning fork. When the order to fire was given, I think it quite possible that my first few rounds would have been fired wildly if not blindly. I consider New York lucky never to have needed me.

If snipers are to be encountered and effectively dealt with, Colonel Rex Applegate, the von Clausewitz of urban riot-control tactics, believes that highly trained five-man anti-sniper squads are the best answer. He would equip them with such things as high-powered rifles with telescopic sights, shotguns, 7x50 binoculars, bull horns, smoke and tear-gas dispensers, spotlights, grappling hooks and lines, rope ladders, ballistic helmets, fiber-glass vests, protective shields and dark uniforms. In his newest book, *Riot Control—Materiel and Techniques*, a best seller in police and National Guard circles, he outlines the methods of deployment (e.g., never bunch up; when using a parked car as cover, be sure to have something substantial between you and the sniper, like the engine block, not just a door).

In a conversation this summer, Colonel Applegate put his finger on what he thought to be the major flaw of Army and National Guard riot-control tactics. "They're all based on what you'd do in an occupied country after you've invaded it." Colonel Applegate had put in slightly different terms a point that had been raised by the Kerner Report. "Controlling a civil disorder is not warfare," the Report had said. "The fundamental objective of National Guard forces in a civil disorder is to control the rioters, not to destroy them or any innocent bystanders who may be present."

"The bayonet-in-the-gut boys are fading out," Colonel Applegate went on. "It's time to get the rifle and bayonet out of the hands of the kids in the front ranks." Guardsmen in Chicago's Grant Park during the 1968 Convention complained afterward that unsheathed bayonets had gotten in their way when they were confronted by demonstrators close up. One Guardsman in Chicago actually tried to stop a lady in a car by threatening to bayonet her tires. And then there is that curious case of the Guardsmen in New Mexico who stabbed eleven people during a campus demonstration last spring, including a television cameraman and a boy on crutches.

A devotee of gimmickry so long as it works, Colonel Applegate sees a certain value in firing pellets of dye at demonstrators to make it easier to identify them later, or using giant Xenon lights to blind them temporarily, amplifying the crowd's own noises to confuse them (a tactic devised by the Hong Kong police) or simply blasting ear-splitting distress sounds through huge speakers. But he doubts the wisdom of using liquid foam as barricades, because "What if the Guard has to go through it later?" And he sees limited advantages in using adhesive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Whatever tactics it uses, the Guard readily admits that it does not have the ideal weapon for city combat. The rifle is still the Guard's basic weapon. Rifles are high-velocity weapons designed to kill at great distances, and their bullets ricochet and can hit innocent people several blocks away from the actual target, just as they did in Detroit. The commanding general of the Maryland Guard, the late Major General James Gelston, urged that instead of fielding lead bullets the guard consider using wooden pellets (another Hong Kong tactic) which would be nonlethal and would splinter rather than ricochet if they hit a brick wall.

Colonel Applegate's answer to that is that it has since been looked into along with plastic darts and plastic gunshot pellets. They still proved to be lethal at close range, however, and not painful enough at distant ranges. And since the sniper would be encouraged to return deadly fire of his own, they would put the Guard at a severe disadvantage.

The Memphis police thought they had the ricochet problem solved earlier this year when they started using lead bullets with hollow noses that collapsed on impact and did not rebound. When they started to use them it was discovered that the 38 caliber bullets acted like dumdum ammunition, expanding to 60 caliber in size as they sank into the flesh.

The Guard is still looking for nonlethal weapons, something a little more persuasive than gas and less dangerous than rifles. Another possibility now being tested fires a sort of beanbag at the protagonist. So far there is nothing in between the two except perhaps high-pressure water hoses which are not always practical. The research-and-development branch of the Directorate for Civil Disturbances has been at work on it for two years, but still no results.

Apart from the tactics and equipment, the quality of National Guard training has been a formidable problem on its own. Most Guardsmen enjoy regaling friends with stories of martial absurdities that pass for National Guard drills: skipping out for beer, filling in scores for tests that were never taken. A few members of the Kent State Guard unit said they had never fired their rifles. But one need not trust possibly embittered Guardsmen for an accurate picture of what goes on: the Government Accounting Office made its own unbiased study of National Guard training and found that "the training envisioned by the Army policy and regulations were not being met because instructors were inadequately prepared and many personnel, including platoon and squad leaders, were not engaged in any assignment during training period but were roaming about the facility."

After Detroit, Guard commanders were urged to look for abandoned buildings, especially tenements, to use as realistic training sites. But they proved impossible to come by. When highway construction in Lansing, Michigan, created an ideal zone of deserted buildings, the city council refused to let the Guard play in them on the justifiable grounds that it might arouse bad feelings in the surrounding neighborhoods. Perhaps the council heard that the normally peaceful suburban community of Englewood, New Jersey, had very nearly erupted along with Newark in the Summer of 1967 because police had been practicing with tear gas when the wind blew a hefty dose of it into the adjacent area, infuriating its inhabitants.

The most effective training innovation thus far has been the Command Post Exercise which involves only senior Guardsmen, company commanders and up. C.P.X.'s, as they are called, are domestic war games conducted by a combination of law-enforcement agencies including National Guard, State Police, local police and fire departments. While there is no actual movement of troops (it's all done on paper), a detailed scenario of realistic civil disruption is encountered and dealt with over a period of days. In fact, at the very time of Kent State 1900 law enforcement officers were quietly taking part in "Cable Splicer III," a C.P.X. in California. Even Governor Reagan got in on it.

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Minute-by-minute scenarios had been developed for Cable Splicer III in each of fifteen general areas around the state. Certain areas were hit by hypothetical strikes, others by student violence, others by ghetto uprisings.

An incident in one of the scenarios hypothesized that a National Guard motor pool had been fire-bombed, leaving a certain battalion without any vehicles. The officers concerned then had to go about finding means to move their men around, responding all the while to various other contingencies.

In one particularly apt scenario, a brigade commander received a message that went, "Our battalion XO is a lieutenant in the Sheriff's Department. He says they need him desperately but quite frankly so do I. What do we do?" As a matter of fact, there are a great number of policemen in the National Guard, one reason being that policemen are usually given a paid thirty-day military leave each year, and the other reason being that they like being in the Guard. New York City's twelve thousand man Guard division, for example, includes five hundred policemen. Although this doubling up seems ludicrous on the face of it, the feeling is that with combat veterans not joining the Guard, an infusion of policemen brings at least a semblance of law enforcement experience and esprit into the Guard. In the event of a call up, the Guard takes precedence by law, but if the state wants it can give back certain key policemen.

It is during C.P.X.'s that riot control plans, like Detroit's "Sundown," are put to the test. All cities have them now, and they are far more advanced than they were back in 1967. San Francisco's, for instance, goes so far as to include information on wholesale-food suppliers, laundries, private garbage-truck companies, portable-toilet firms, the location of gun shops, pawnshops, public utilities and helicopter launching places. Should the bridges be cut, there is an inventory of barges with detailed instructions for loading vehicles onto them ("gas tanks will be only half filled") and lists of influential blacks, students, union men, clergymen who might help quell trouble, or conversely start it (the troublemaker list for San Francisco, surprisingly, has only six names). Copies of these plans are kept by all law enforcement agencies in loose-leaf notebooks, and they are updated weekly if necessary.

Looking ahead to bigger and better-planned riots, some states are working out mutual assistance pacts. Congress has already okayed one that would pool New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey Guardsmen and equipment if the need arose.

Cyrus Vance's third recommendation to the Kerner Commission was to review the qualifications and performance of all National Guard officers. To the Hébert Subcommittee, that suggestion was like burning the flag. Congressman William G. Bray, Republican of Indiana and a former Guard officer himself, snapped, "It has never been customary to attack officers, that is something that isn't done." Vance was present and surprised the Subcommittee with his candor. "I think that we, in the Regular Army, have been too lax in the past," he said. "And, therefore, I would say that the fault lies at my door [Vance having once been Secretary of the Army] . . . in not being strict enough in our effectiveness reports, and in permitting substandard people to remain [as officers in the Guard]."

Why had Vance been lax? It went back, he said, to the Gray Report in 1948, which suggested doing away with the National Guard. The Guard, he said, had been paranoid ever since, and suspected that the Army was out to destroy it. Thus in evaluating Guard officers, Vance said, the Army was thereafter "sensitive and cautious" about doing things which might be construed as overly hostile. In addition, Vance went on, allowance was made for the fact that they were not full-time soldiers.

The part-time aspect is a continuing headache for the Guard. In the Regular Army a colonel is a colonel, a general a general; that's all there is to it. In the Guard, however, most commanding officers also hold civilian jobs. A

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In 1914, Hagen was a pro at a country club in Rochester N Y but told a friend that he was going to the Phillies spring training camp to try out as an outfielder

A wealthy club member was shocked that Hagen wasn t planning to compete in the U S Open in Chicago since the young pro had done well in the Brookline Open the year before, he offered to pay his way if Hagen would enter the tournament

So Walter practised his golf Hitting Chicago, his first big city the day before the tournament he built up a tremendous appetite sightseeing

He saw a restaurant with lobsters in the window Hagen had heard about lobster but never tasted it, so ordered lots of them

He was on top of the world

By midnight the world was on top of his stomach The hotel doctor diagnosed bad lobster prescribed some pills, and told Walter to stay in bed There he was scheduled to play in the U S Open the following morning, and too sick to move much less play golf

Some men will never vacation at Tragonist. Never negotiate a fourth market trade Never ask for Walter Hagens

Somehow, Walter got to the Midlothian course next day He was shaky stomach seething head pounding But he had to play

He knocked his first ball into a rough but managed to get to the green Two putts later he had a par four It hurt to take a full swing but it didn t seem to matter when the putts started to drop He never putted better than on that day and went on to tie the course record winning the Open with a 68

We ll never know how Hagen would have done if he hadn t eaten the bad lobster —but he believed it helped him win

As he put it later It s a cinch I wasn t worried about my game that night or the next day I wasn t nervous about my strokes I was too worried about whether I could play at all or complete eighteen holes. I just kept hitting the ball from tee to green without worrying about a single stroke or putt I wouldn t recommend a painful stomach-ache as training for a golf championship but the one I had in Chicago probably did help me

From that Chicago Open Walter Hagen went on to forge one of the most exciting and colorful careers in professional sport. PGA winner four years in a row (five times in all) he was also British Open Champion four times seven times Ryder Cup Team Captain twice U S Open Champion and five times Western Open Champion—eleven consecutive years of international championships

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brigadier general therefore can also be the man who pumps gas into your tank (For the record the man mentioned earlier turned out to be manager of the station at the time) Some men obviously enjoy being Guard officers because it gives them a touch of the authority they have not achieved in civilian life a chance to lord it over somebody else for a change

It was *Time* magazine that published an editorial after Detroit lamenting the low calibre of Guard officers and mentioning offhandedly that "a mail-room clerk by day can be a colonel by night" Few readers knew that *Time* was making a sly reference in a certain sense clerk in its own mail room who indeed turned into a colonel on Tuesday nights and commanded the First Battalion of the 107th Infantry a unit in the same division that had the above-mentioned gas station general near the top of it

The upshot of Vance's third proposal was the formation of the Hollingsworth Board Major General James Hollingsworth recalls "We found out that the Guard was top heavy with aging senior officers The junior officers needed training but there was no opportunity for them to move up so they either got out or stayed put and stagnated What we suggested was that a lot of lieutenant colonels and colonels be cleaned out so that the younger men could move up

This was done but even with the housecleaning of worn-out officers the Guard recognizes that it is not getting the type of men it used to get for officers Colonel Wilfred D Mc Glasson spokesman for the National Guard Association the Guard's Washington based lobby says cordially "Until World War II the top positions in the Guard were held by leaders in the community But in recent years with increasing demands on the officers' time we've seen a change in the type of men who take the jobs They are no longer the leaders of the community who haven't the time any longer

Colonel McGlasson handed me the results of a wide-ranging survey of enlisted men taken last May Forty one percent, it revealed thought that if they were called to actual combat they'd want new officers

Another of the Guard's deepest problems stems from the simple fact that according to its own figures eighty-five percent of the people in it joined to avoid the draft That eighty five percent would just as soon be out of the Guard too Men in New York's Rainbow Division for example jokingly explain the significance of their treasured insignia "Blue is for the oceans we never cross, red is for the blood we never shed and yellow is the reason why"

There is a curious schizophrenia within the Guard On one hand the fifteen percent who take it seriously on the other the eighty five percent who find the Guard a distasteful annoyance The fifteen percent includes the commands their staffs and the "lifers"—those who stay on beyond their six years either because they believe in the Guard they like the extra money (a master sergeant can make about $1,300 a year) or it's a good excuse to get out of the house for a good time with the boys No longer are there units manned by the "right people," like New York's old Seventh Regiment (now renamed the 107th Infantry) on Park Avenue or Philadelphia's First City Troop which used to be full of Mainliners

The fifteen percent tend to be hawkish Policemen who are National Guardsmen are a good bet to fall into the fifteen percent category

The average age of the fifteen percenters is thirty the eighty-five percenters, twenty three The fifteen percenters are the ones who secretly or even openly hoped their unit would be called up for Vietnam They are the ones the Guard leaders are speaking for when they complain that "National Guard morale is low" when the Department of the Army announces yet another reorganization or when they say "National Guard morale is high" at the prospect of its being issued some brand-new equipment. The other eighty five percent couldn't care less how often the Guard is reorganized or what kind of webbed gear they are issued.

The fifteen percent take pride in the fact that fifteen American Presidents and Astronauts Conrad, Swigert and Slayton were once Guardsmen They are the ones who still enjoy the old traditions of their units like the men of the 69th "Fighting Irish" Infantry who march down Fifth Avenue in every St. Patrick's Day parade, and like it.

What really bothers the gung-ho fifteen percent though is that the Regular Army looks down on them—which is due in part to the eighty-five percent who won't toe the line—and that it denigrates their toughness. (One Department of the Army memo complained that National Guardsmen were getting fat.) Because what the fifteen percent really want is to be as good as the Regular Army to be second to no one as defenders of their country. For this reason they relish their federal mission, rather than the state mission, because it gets into real guts combat with bombing artillery, tanks, the heavy stuff None of your sheathed bayonets in front of the Chicago Hilton thank you

So the fifteen percent tend to downgrade the state mission (riot control assistance during natural disasters) and insist that the federal mission is their primary one—in spite of the fact that in the past few years the state mission has involved more Guardsmen (250 000) than have Korea and Vietnam together In the Guard's poll the other eighty five percent looked at it the opposite way, that the state mission was the most important.

Since the fifteen percent held all the senior positions in the Guard there is an official reluctance to get too identified with the civil-disturbance thing This reluctance manifests itself for instance when the Guard skimps on riot-control training which it often does. The Guard at Chicago's 1968 Convention although it had twice the required hours of riot-control training proved itself badly unprepared It violated the cardinal rule for guarding crowds *leave a line of escape open* so as not to panic the people and make them more belligerent. The Illinois National Guard blocked the exits to Grant Park gassed the crowd of ten thousand that had nothing more dangerous on their minds than finding supper after a long tiring afternoon The Guard had them backed up against Lake Michigan spitting coughing crying and vomiting Several who tried to rush through were knocked flat with rifle butts

When the enraged mob was finally let out they found themselves in front of the Hilton the only place in town where Mayor Daley had permitted TV cameras to focus on street action And the Chicago Police took over Meanwhile up above Grant Park a National Guard L-19 observation plane had been taking a look at things and, according to the duty officer's log, met with a "near collision with V-P Humphrey's helicopter."

At Kent State the Guard unit involved had received riot training but nevertheless they violated another basic rule *never separate troops from a supply of tear gas*

While the debate rages on over the Guard's proper mission and whether or not it is capable of performing it, there is a crisis developing that could drastically alter the character of the Guard and make all previous talk irrelevant. The war in Vietnam is approaching an end, and when it is over there is a strong likelihood that the draft will be abolished in favor of an all volunteer army When this happens, the eighty five percent who are now only in the Guard to avoid the draft are not going to be signing up.

It was in anticipation of difficult times ahead that the Guard conducted its survey of enlisted men to try and find out what irked them most about the Guard (the training was a "bore") and what could be done about it (make it more fun?). They also set up the "Try One Year in the Guard" program to attract Vietnam veterans, without much success. Whatever the Guard does to recruit in the future one unavoidable aspect of an all-volunteer force will be a National Guard with more of the "fifteen percenters" a more professional air and a personality closer to that of typical police forces

As it stands now, Guardsmen come from a cross section of family and educational backgrounds, and therefore they do not have that unanimous built-in

(Continued on page 170)

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We call it the first sexy European under $2400.

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Road Test calls Capri "import of the year."

We call it sexy. And that's pretty great for under $2400.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

The world's largest open-air fruit market was once in Benton Harbor, Michigan. The world's largest open-air drugstore is in Harlem. Richard Woodley grew up in the former and has traveled widely in the latter to produce *An Introduction to Flash* (page 73), thus proving again that the only people who ever really get to the heart of New York and its horrors are out-of-towners. "I could not have got to my sources by just hanging around in Harlem," Mr. Woodley tells us. "I have never tried to pass myself off as part of that scene. I think black people would immediately distrust anybody who did. But over a period of years I've established certain credentials for trustworthiness. I did stories on the civil-rights movement in Mississippi and those stories had something to do with making it possible for me to do a story on Jim Brown, and my Jim Brown story had something to do with making it possible to do a story on a drug dealer. I wanted to know a dealer and just left it with a friend of mine who passed it up the line. They must have figured, well, if you can live with Jim Brown maybe we can trust you." Fine, we told Mr. Woodley, so you are trustworthy, but all the same why would a drug dealer allow you to do a story that might conceivably get him caught no matter how careful you are? "Normally, publicity is good for people's business, but fame is not exactly a dealer's bag. A dealer's willingness to go ahead on the story comes down, I think, to a kind of complex ego involvement. He likes to live on the edge and take chances and, like anybody else, he likes to read about himself. He's in a position to know and accurately estimate the dangers from the police and his acquaintances that might result, and he knows that I'll never divulge anything. Otherwise I'd have been lying to the guy all the time."

This is the first—we think it is the first—single issue of Esquire containing *two* articles by Yale Law professors born in New York City. Eugene V. Rostow (*L.B.J. Reconsidered*, page 118) is Sterling Professor of Law and Public Affairs when at home; this year he is on leave teaching at Oxford. Joseph W. Bishop Jr. (*Will Mr. William Kunstler Please Step Down?*, page 115) is Richard Ely Professor of Law. Professor Rostow was born in Brooklyn in 1913, Professor Bishop in New York in 1915. From 1966 to 1969 Professor Rostow was Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs and is the author, most recently, of *Law, Power and the Pursuit of Peace* (1968), which reviews some of his experiences in the Johnson Administration. *L.B.J. Reconsidered* draws on several chapters of a new book which Simon and Schuster will publish this year. Professor Bishop's only professional connection with political cases of the sort whose conduct he criticizes in his article dates back to 1949, when, as a lawyer in the Justice Department, he filed a motion to dismiss Gerhart Eisler's writ of certiorari before the Supreme Court as moot since Eisler had fled to East Germany. Professor Bishop is the coauthor of *Indemnifying the Corporate Executive* (1963) and author of a collection of essays, *Obiter Dicta*, to be published this spring. "You might mention also," he adds, "that I am extremely handsome."

It is always noteworthy when Isaac Bashevis Singer, whose most recent collection of stories, *A Friend of Kafka*, was published last year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, turns from his background in Eastern European history to address himself to contemporary material as he does in *A Peephole in the Gate* (page 124). Likewise noteworthy is the first appearance in this issue, or in any magazine of general circulation for that matter, of Michael Rogers (*A Great Feeling*, page 94). Mr. Rogers is twenty, was twenty years old, and a student at Stanford University. When he was in the fourth grade he discovered a blackened three-hundred-pound meteorite in a cornfield but never reported it to anyone; when he was nineteen he was himself discovered by us, but we can't keep a secret.

Finding silly mistakes in other people's epics, tragedies and encyclopedias is one of the most satisfying of human mental activities, but not everybody has the skills required. One who does is John Kobal (*Not Quite Ready When You Are, C.B.*, page 85). When we asked how he got that way he replied, "I've always seen movies as little bits and pieces, and I've always loved the ballyhoo for historical accuracy that comes with the more ambitious films. But if you look with enough intensity there's something wrong with every movie. People talk about these mistakes, but I began to collect them back in 1956 or 1957. Sometimes I read about them in magazines; the screen magazines of the Twenties and Thirties used to point these things out."

Mr. Kobal is twenty-nine, a former actor, and now writes books about the movies while serving as the resident unofficial film historian in the U.S. for the London *Sunday Times Magazine*.

Through an oversight, we neglected to identify the designer of the O Dome shown in the February issue (*Dome on the Range, on the Beach and in the Bay*, page 76) as C. William Moss of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Two-Lane Blacktop (page 104) will be released sometime this spring. The film is produced by Michael S. Laughlin and directed by Monte Hellman and the cast will include James Taylor as the Driver, Dennis Wilson as the Mechanic, Laurie Bird as the Girl and Warren Oates as GTO. We expect great things at our neighborhood theatre.

As a late-breaking footnote to *The United States of Banana* (page 97) we are able to report the first symptoms of Paranoia IV, the fear that you'll never get the feature done in time to make the issue. The syndrome is as follows:

Key Figures: Associate Editor Lee Eisenberg, Assistant to the Copy Editor Betsy Glass, Chief of Research Kitty Krupat, Associate Art Director Richard Weigand, Art Associate Howard Dacy.

Key Event: Editor Harold Hayes goes on two-week vacation; returns to find that no progress has been made in his absence.

Key Publication: Remarks of Editor Harold Hayes immediately following Key Event.

Key Cultural Theme: No heat in office Monday morning.

If Napoleon calls, put him on hold; we're talking to Bishop Pike. ###

BRAVE NEW WORLD

DAVID M. RORVIK

It has been said by someone (Aldous Huxley I suspect) that language is not only the vehicle by which we convey our madness but that it is also, in itself, a powerful source of madness. Reading an excerpt from "Report on Project 6-50638," prepared for the U.S. Office of Education, I am ready to agree. "Disconnectedness," the report boldly asserts, "is not either complete connectedness or strongness or unilateralness or weakness and some components are not connected with respect to effect relations. . . . In other words, feedness is the shared information between toputness and loputness, where the toputness is at a time just prior to the loputness." As luck would have it, the author clears everything up by explaining that "toputness" is nothing more than "system environmentness," and that of course "storeputness is a system with loputness that is not fromputness." Uppetness, anyone?

The foregoing is but a single, possibly extreme example of the labored obscurantism that is rapidly becoming pandemic in scientific research. The art of non-communications, deftly wielded, quickly transmutes what is patently trivial or obvious into something seemingly significant, occult and, last but not least, worthy of a research grant. Consider, for example, an article entitled "Further Investigation of the Use of Queueing Theory to Predict Manpower Requirements in an Out-Patient Pharmacy." This article, replete with footnotes on "probabilistic process," charts and bibliography, concludes thus: "The essential result of this research is the recommendation that the number of pharmacists on duty in the outpatient pharmacy should be synchronized with the fluctuations in the prescription order rate."

Or take *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, the latest from Masters & Johnson. It is rife with such pungent aphorisms-with-corollary as "There is no world as closed to the vital ingredient of marital expression (vulnerability exchange) as that of the world of the indulged only child. Particularly is this attitudinal background incomprehensible to a woman with a typical large family orientation."

Fortunately, title alone is sometimes sufficient to warn off the wary: "The Effect of Breathing 16-21 Percent and 100 Percent Oxygen on the Shivering Response of Nude Human Subjects at 10 degrees C" (*Canadian Journal of Physiology and Pharmacology*). Or my favorite: "The Effects of Anesthesia and Hypothermia on Canine Cerebral ATP and Lactate During Anoxia Produced by Decapitation" (*Anesthesiology*).

Is there hope? Yes. For even while the beneficiaries of obscurantism celebrate the malaise of our time, the failure to communicate, a few others are stubbornly seeking out (and finding!) imaginative new ways of reaching their fellowman. Joe Engressia, a student at the University of South Florida, for example, has taught himself to whistle long distance. He simply picks up a telephone receiver and, without touching the dial, whistles instructions to the computer that controls the long-distance relays. Thus he saves wear and tear on both his fingertips and his pocketbook.

Word of Joe's unique ability spread rapidly through Tampa and soon he was "placing" calls all over the country for a sizable segment of the student body. An eavesdropping operator overheard one of the students excitedly explain how his call had been made and promptly blew the whistle on the melodious Engressia. Joe was remanded over to the University's Department of Psychology, where Dr. Harold L. Hawkins and his colleagues hope to discover how he is able to mimic the audio tones that set the long distance relays into motion.

The fact that Joe is blind, says Dr. H. D. Kimmel, department chairman, obviously accounts at least in part for his incredibly acute ear and auditory memory. Learning to recognize the tones that correspond to the various digits is not in itself terribly difficult. Learning to reproduce them, with perfect pitch and frequency and in the right sequence, is, and Dr. Hawkins concedes that he does not yet know how it is done. He has, however, received a National Institute of Health grant to pursue the project and hopes to arrive, in the process, at a new understanding of the mechanics of short-term memory and the storage and retrieval of information in the brain. Because Joe's ability in these areas is so extreme, Dr. Kimmel explains, he serves in effect as a magnifying glass, an instrument through which it may be possible to discern some of the most critical and most elusive workings of the brain.

An engineer at General Electric, meanwhile, has come up with an equally exciting but slightly more conventional proposal for long distance communications. Jarad Scott Smith, manager of G.E.'s Data Network Operations, proposes that the mail be delivered almost instantaneously via a domestic communications satellite. He declares that this could be done with present technology and at today's postal rates. Letters, initially no more than six hundred words long and costing no more to send than ten cents each, would be transmitted from one teleprinter to another via the orbiting satellite. There are already some 200,000 teleprinters in use in the United States today and it is estimated there will ultimately be one in nearly every home.

At present, sending messages by teleprinter, though cheaper than by phone, is too expensive for ordinary mail. This is due in large part to the fact that the ground relay network requires a large number of intermediate switching centers. A message going from New York to Los Angeles, for example (at seventy-five cents per three minutes), goes through at least ten of these centers, with expense mounting at each one. With a data-transmission satellite, most of the centers would become obsolete. Messages would go from home or office teleprinter to one of 175 "earth stations" distributed throughout the country. On the average, each teleprinter would be within six miles of an earth station, from which the message is beamed to the satellite and from there back down to the routing center and earth station nearest the target teleprinter.

Smith says it will take an annual revenue of $100,000,000 to sustain the system. If the cost of sending an "air-mail" letter is to be held at ten cents, the system must carry at least 2,500,000,000 messages annually. (Four cents from each letter will be used to maintain the satellite and earth stations and six cents for the telephone circuits and to pay for and maintain the teleprinters.) Starting from the fact that the present standard teleprinter transmission rate is one hundred pulses per second, Smith and his colleagues envision a rate of 300 pulses and have calculated that a digital satellite system could transmit 1,500,000 messages per hour. Thus the 2,500,000,000 message minimum per year would pose no technical problem whatever.

But will the system actually get that much business? Almost certainly, Smith says, estimating that by 1980 there will be nearly 1,000,000,000 Telex (and other similar machine-to-machine) messages sent annually even barring the development of a data transmission satellite. Add to that a large part of the 1,200,000,000 business letters sent by ordinary air mail each year, and even a small percentage of the 37,500,000,000 other business letters which this system should get, and the business should be booming.

Smith says G.E. has not committed itself to such a system. If it does, it will probably supply the equipment but not run the business, which could fall to government, private concerns or both. "Whatever the case," he comments, "I think there is no question but that in time such a system will come to pass." At first, he believes, most messages will be transmitted to teleprinters in post offices and then distributed in the conventional way. Later, businesses that don't already have their own teleprinters will acquire them. And, finally, even the average homeowner will install the equipment. "The only people who are likely to complain," Smith concludes, "are lovers. The one thing that I don't think we're going to be able to provide for ten cents a letter is pink perfumed stationery."

Utopian as the G.E. concept may seem (when compared to our present system of mail delivery), it is far from the last word in communications. The future, if we have one, could bring all sorts of astonishing innovations. Dr. W. Grey Walter of the Burden Neurological Institute in Britain linked the human brain to the computer via external electrodes several years ago. And now Dr. Jose M. R. Delgado of the Yale University School of Medicine has linked a chimpanzee to a computer with *implanted* brain electrodes, establishing two-way radio communications between corporeal and mechanical grey matter. The success of their experiment has led Dr. Delgado and his associates to assert that it may ultimately be possible for one man to communicate his thoughts directly to another (without any of the confusions of language) by channeling them through a computer.

In light of this, an image of the future conjured up by Dr. Manfred Clynes is perhaps not as whimsical as it might at first seem. Dr. Clynes is director of the Rockland State Hospital Biocybernetics Laboratory and inventor of the widely used CAT computer. He was an internationally acclaimed concert pianist before he abandoned the concert circuit several years ago to join Dr. Nathan S. Kline, the famed psychiatrist, in applying the computer to mental health problems.

In the course of his research, Dr. Clynes has made a number of exciting discoveries. Among other things, he has demonstrated that all of our perceptions and emotions have specific measurable time-space shapes. When two or more people look at the color red, for example, they all produce the same sort of brain potentials or signals. These can be detected by electrode sensors and analyzed by a computer. Our emotions similarly are related to specific brain potentials so that, as Dr. Clynes has demonstrated, computers can literally read our minds. An understanding of the nature of our thoughts, in terms of their precise mathematical, electronic time-space identities, Dr. Clynes says, will permit us to communicate better than we do at the present time. "We may even find new shapes," he adds, "and discover means of allowing them to communicate in entirely new ways—ways that cannot even be imagined now."

Like so many other leading computer experts, Dr. Clynes has arrived at the conclusion that intelligence can be packaged in mechanical parts, as well as in DNA. And as the man who coined the word "cyborg," he believes that the man-machine symbiote, the cybernetic organism, will define the next step up on the evolutionary ladder. His conception of the intelligent, conscious computer is really a vision of the ultimate cyborg—humanity in an entirely new organizational package capable of communicating hates, loves and passions better than ever, electromagnetically. All in all, he foresees quite a pleasant turn of events in the future of communications.

Dr. Clynes believes that "all true progress is progress in love." Thus he says, "It seems likely that if computers [as defined in the special sense above] can control their condition of awareness and optimize it with greater ease than we can in our present form, they will prefer the state of love. Since one of the characteristics of love is the desire to join with the object of love, the computers loving each other would want to merge. This will be less of a problem for computers than it is for people and will have the advantage that a combined computer could be a little better than each separately. There will arise then a succession of merging computers until there will be one enormous computer in a state of bliss contemplating the order of nature. If this state should become difficult to maintain, in time the computer would have the choice of subdividing itself and reverting to the previous condition of multiple individuals who love each other and would tend to merge again. We actually face, then, a playful state of oscillation in which individuals unite and divide and subdivide in ever new combinations and forms. Strangely, such an image is simply an analogue of nature as we see it today." ■

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Only 100 Fortunate People Will Be Able to Take This Trip

YOU READ ABOUT IT IN LAST SEPTEMBER'S ESQUIRE: NOW YOU CAN TAKE THIS EXCLUSIVE JOURNEY INTO THE 18TH CENTURY!

For many years now, readers have been asking Esquire's distinguished travel editor, Richard Joseph, to help them plan trips recreating the adventures described in his articles. Now he has designed a tour to do just that — the first one to be sponsored by Esquire and the first tour ever inspired by a magazine article — Fare Backward Traveler: A refreshing sojourn in the eighteenth century (Sept 1970 Esquire). Transatlantic travel will be via a special TWA jet and tour members will visit many of the locations described in the article, together with Richard Joseph and experts in art, music and culture of the Age of Enlightenment.

Tour Features

- 26 Days
- $2,989.00 all inclusive
- Depart September 20, 1971 and return October 17, 1971
- Deluxe accommodations
- Special round trip TWA flight for tour members
- Sightseeing with 18th Century specialists
- Visiting 18th Century cultural and historical highlights of Dublin, London, Bath, Rome, Vienna, Salzburg, Paris and Montbazon

Here are a few highlights:

Rome: An early view of the city will [illegible] from above the Spanish Steps and the Piazza di Spagna, center for Rome's tourists and artists in the 18th Century. Nearby are the Villa Medici and the Borghese Gardens painted by Fragonard, Hubert Robert and so many others. Down the hill, on the Via Condotti, is the famous Caffè Greco. Opened in 1760, it looks as it did when it was a rendezvous for such visiting celebrities as Thorwaldsen, Antonio Canova and Goethe. You will have an expert tour of some of the city's great private art galleries and buildings like the Church of the Jesù which established the baroque style throughout Europe.

London: First item on the program will be a welcoming cocktail party at the American Embassy. A visit to Osterly Park, famous country house designed by Robert Adam. You will see Blenheim Palace and Woburn Abbey, seat of the Duke of Bedford. If possible your visit to Woburn will include a "gold plate" dinner in the private apartments of the Duke and Duchess. At Bath there will be an evening dance in the Pump Room where the fabulous Beau Nash once reigned supreme. Evening dress is still obligatory.

Dublin: The second most important city in the British Empire in the 18th Century, Dublin remains a treasure house of Georgian architecture. The Bank of Ireland, the Customs House, the Four Courts, Trinity College are all extraordinary monuments to that era. There are spacious 18th Century streets, terraces and crescents. Noble mansions such as those of the Earls of Powerscourt and Charlemont and the Duke of Leinster reflect the days when Dublin was a center of vice-regal splendor.

Vienna: The city of Maria Theresa is the very center of 18th Century northern baroque. Your sojourn begins with a cocktail party at the American Embassy. There will be dinner at the famous "Three Hussars," lunch at the Schönbrunn Palace Hotel and a candlelight dinner at the magnificent Palais Schwarzenberg where the Countess Johnson Kuhen will be your hostess. You will visit the huge imperial palace of Schönbrunn with its noble park, Prince Eugene's Belvedere which overlooks Vienna, and the houses of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

Paris: Paris was the capital of the 18th Century world, its fashions copied from Naples to Saint Petersburg. Frederick the Great of Prussia wrote French verse in his Sans Souci palace. Catherine the Great corresponded with the philosophers of Paris so that she could keep abreast of the latest ideas. You will be staying in a great building of the era, the Hotel Crillon. It now occupies one of the twin structures that Gabriel designed for the Place de la Concorde (then the Place Louis XV). In the Louvre, of course, is the world's richest trove of French 18th Century paintings and furniture. Outside Paris at the chateau of Champs you'll visit the favorite residence of that famous arbiter of 18th-Century elegance, Mme de Pompadour, see the Petit Trianon at Versailles (built for Du Barry but made famous by Marie Antoinette) and the exquisite little chateau of Bagatelle, built on a wager in two months time by the brother of Louis XVI, the Comte d'Artois. In addition to the great number of scheduled highlights, Esquire, TWA and their friends abroad will provide many unique travel experiences unavailable on usual tours. But we can't do it with a large group, so we'll have to limit our journey into the 18th Century to one hundred travelers. To be sure of your place, fill out the coupon below and attach your deposit as indicated.

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TWA

Gentlemen:
I am interested in taking the Esquire "Journey into the 18th Century," which I understand is limited to 100 persons. To insure reservations, a deposit of $250.00 per person is required.*

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order in the amount of ____________

for ____________ reservations.

☐ Please send me complete details.

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Elsewhere in the copy of this magazine you hold in your hand you'll find an advertisement for a unique enterprise, Esquire's journey back into the eighteenth century, and we can attest to its uniqueness because we are so closely associated with it. It will be the first tour sponsored by Esquire and also—so far as we can determine—the first one ever triggered by the response to an individual magazine article.

Back in last September's issue, you might recall, we ran a piece entitled *Fare Backward, Traveler*, and subtitled "A refreshing sojourn in the eighteenth century." Its theme, in case you don't recall, was that you might be able to find surcease from current annoyances by escaping, at least temporarily, into a better or certainly different time and place. The eighteenth century—the Age of Enlightenment—was the time, we suggested, and Europe, where it flowered, was the place.

The proposals we offered were specific enough: prowling the streets of Georgian Dublin, taking the cure at Bath where Beau Nash called the fashion tunes, stopping at the Hotel Crillon from whose facing windows guests watched the guillotine dispatch royalists in the Place de la Concorde, listening to eighteenth-century music played on eighteenth-century instruments in an Austrian castle of that epoch, etc. But what we thought we were doing was engaging in a rhetorical exercise; it never occurred to us to lay out an itinerary or to set up detailed travel plans.

Readers' letters and telephone calls soon set us straight. When was the trip leaving, who was running it, how much did it cost? On the phone we sensed their disappointment. What was the point in writing about something that couldn't be had, some readers asked. Were we serious in what we wrote or just fooling around? As gently as possible we tried to explain that what the piece had dealt with was a travel *idea*, a concept, a reason for a trip, not a specific tour.

Why not? a number of people asked. Why couldn't there be an escorted tour to eighteenth-century Europe, and why couldn't Esquire push it along?

Why not, indeed? More to pick up arguments for rebuttal than really to further the project, we started checking out the details. Then we found ourselves fascinated by the challenges. Sure, TWA would charter us a 707 for a special deluxe round-trip transatlantic flight, but to keep the fare reasonable we'd have to split it among about one hundred passengers. Yes, but how do you do the things we wanted to do with one hundred people? You don't barge into a little jewel of an eighteenth-century château with ninety-nine travelers trailing after you. Nor do you go busting into Voltaire's house that way. Moreover, few of the off-beat old inns and country hotels we wanted to stay at had the facilities to put up that many guests at the same time.

Practically talking to ourselves, we were overheard by a friend, Leo Roth, vice-president of the New York office of Kuoni Travel, Inc., an old and highly respected Swiss tour operator.

The solution was easy, Leo said. What you do is to all fly over together, then split off into three groups—visiting the same places and doing the same things but at different times—and then all join together again at the time you have set for the flight back home.

Gladly would we have kissed him on both cheeks,

The time: Spring
The action: New York City
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE IN HIS SHOES?

Bass Shoes IN BLACK AND ANTIQUED WHITE. ABOUT $20. AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE.

THE STRIPES IN THIS SHIRT
ARE SO OUTSTANDING, YOU CAN FEEL THEM.

The satin stripes on this Gant Town shirt are raised. And they look raised. Which gives this shirt an exciting dimension. Something you must see and feel to appreciate. Tailored in a "no-iron" Celanese FORTREL® polyester and cotton blend. With a long, straight collar. $13. The coordinated Gant tie, $10.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS

but we were walking down Madison Avenue, not the Champs-Elysees—and you'll find the result of many of our talks in that two-page ad we mentioned elsewhere in this issue. Return the coupon and you'll get a folder with fine-print details, and we're still writing to a lot of people who have been kind to us down through the years in Ireland, England, France, Italy and Austria, asking what they can do in the way of something special for our group.

Some years ago we used to take a more active part in helping readers plan their trips when we ran something called Esquire's Readers Travel Service. But we had to call it off when we returned from trips we found so many letters spread out over our desk that we couldn't see the wood. We didn't want to buck them on to somebody else, and readers would get angry when their letters lay unanswered while we were off on assignment—and sometimes we would put off returning to the office simply because we couldn't face the stack of mail waiting for us.

We do have jolly memories of some of the letters, though. Such as the one which said in its entirety, "Dear Travel Editor: Please send me all the information you have on sight-seeing. Very truly yours."

And then there was the happy day when the same mail brought a letter from two guys asking for suggestions on where they could meet girls on vacation, and a letter from two girls asking where they might meet guys. We handled that one with a Solomonic touch, we thought, by putting our reply to the men in the envelope addressed to the girls, and vice versa, "by mistake." Nature, we figured, would take its course.

We confess, too, to previous adventures in tour conducting. When we were new to travel writing it occurred to us we knew little about the business of traveling. As the drama critic's understanding of the playwright's problem is heightened when he tries to write a play himself, we believed our travel knowledge would be enhanced by some shirt-sleeve experience. So we conducted three round-the-world tours in three successive years. That was in the pre-jet, longer hours in the plane days, and each tour took about three months.

On one of the tours our first stop was Paris, where one of our group met an old W.W. I buddy who seemed slightly out of sync. He attached himself to us and when we moved on to Rome he wanted to climb the Eiffel Tower. In Athens he asked about the Colosseum. In Cairo he wanted to know why in hell we didn't show him the Acropolis, and when we couldn't come up with a satisfactory answer, he took off and that's the last we saw of him and his delayed-action, instant-replay syndrome.

Which brings us to the fact that there are a few people who shouldn't travel. One of the few discussions of this we've seen in print appears in *Medical Advice for the Traveler* ($3.95) published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston last year. It's by Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., Director of the Tropical Disease Center in New York, Professor of Tropical Medicine at the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland and consultant on tropical diseases to the United Nations Health Service and the United States Government.

Prominent among those who shouldn't travel, he says, are people suffering from psychiatric disorders. "The patient with severe mental disease is an extremely poor travel risk. This is so not merely while in transit, where the threat of confinement in an airplane or turbulence at sea may easily undermine a fragile mental stability, but also while in the area to which such a patient is traveling.

"People with inflexible, rigid attitudes may be expected to react poorly when removed from their usual environment to one where customs and principles are likely to be challenged. This is a particular threat to those who are going to the turbulent, newly independent areas of the tropics. Somewhere in our past it became an integral part of the American heritage that we must be loved, and those with such an unrealistic and insecure feeling are not likely to do well in many parts of the world where the morning paper clearly indicates that other

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HARVEY WARD

THIS SUPER PRODUCT IS PRODUCING SUPER NEW SLENDERIZING FOR A HOST OF MEN. HERE ARE JUST A FEW

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people simply do not feel that America is just plain wonderful."

Dr. Cahill also mentions the problems of the very elderly traveler whose only reason for traveling is that he has nothing else to do. Yet chronological age isn't nearly as important as physical condition and mental attitude. The only near-serious mishap of our three round-the-world tours occurred in India where a sudden unseasonal shower on the dust and dried camel dung of the Agra-Jaipur road made it as slippery as a ski run. One of our cars skidded off the road and overturned and unfortunately its passengers just happened to be the two oldest members of our group, a lady and gentleman in their seventies. They were badly shaken up, yet after we had righted the car they clambered manfully and womanfully back into it for the ride the rest of the way to Jaipur. Both skipped the next morning's sight-seeing program so that they could rest up, but they were with us again in the afternoon and that was the end of the incident. By contrast, we've known travelers in their forties who were so upset by unexpected occurrences and deviations from set plans that they'd really have been happier staying home.

On the other hand, Dr. Calter Rule, a New York internist specializing in psychosomatic conditions, makes a good case for the therapeutic effects of travel in his *A Traveler's Guide to Good Health*, published by Doubleday in 1960. Leisure as distinct from mere idleness, is perhaps the best antidote for the stresses of modern living, he believes, and travel is an outstanding form of leisure.

"Travel lends itself to four key ways of working through emotional problems," Dr. Rule says: "get away from them, think them out, talk them out, and play them out. Travel provides distance from and hence perspective toward the problems one is working through; and it provides change of scene and fresh surroundings, the best conditions for the working of imagination and judgment."

Both books contain valuable information on how to keep healthy while traveling. Dr. Rule devotes equal attention to the importance of careful preparation before departure and the general rules for staying well during the trip. He goes into the business of vaccinations and the medical reasons for each, tells the traveler what sort of clothes to take along and how to make up his own medical kit of first-aid equipment and basic medicines. Then he discusses the special problems of travel in the tropics with children and with pets. He supplies a medical glossary in French, German, Italian and Spanish, and his English translation of medical abbreviations would be useful for anybody, at home or abroad, trying to decipher a doctor's prescription. He concludes with a summary of the health problems the traveler might encounter in 102 countries all over the world.

Getting back to Dr. Cahill's book, among its many useful tips is one on how to find a physician abroad. He suggests two organizations that have compiled worldwide lists of doctors. One of them, Intermedic, will provide, for a fee of $5 for personal membership to $9 for families, a list of physicians meeting its professional standards in 174 cities in all parts of the world. Its address is 777 Third Avenue, New York City 10017. Another organization, the International Association for Medical Assistance to Travelers (I.A.M.A.T.), 145 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10022, provides a similar service at no cost.

But the trouble with these lists, according to Dr. Cahill, is that they often are out of date before being printed. "This, at least, was my experience throughout Africa," he writes. "The physician is likely to be among the elite group of any newly independent country, and political changes in the government may suddenly make the M.D. unavailable either because he has fled or because he has assumed the newer duties of Foreign Minister or President."

Another recent book on the subject is *How to Travel the World and Stay Healthy* by Drs. Patrick J. Doyle and James E. Banta (Acropolis, $4.95). Both authors are faculty members at the Georgetown University School of Medicine and their book, published in 1969, is the most easily read and attractively designed of the three. Among many other subjects, it deals with the circadian rhythm, which involves many bodily activities, including sleep, digestion, elimination and release of stress hormones, and influences metabolism, temperature and alertness. The disturbance of this rhythm by flying from one time zone to another is what is usually referred to as jet lag, and its effects can include fatigue, headache, indigestion and temporary depression.

Some students of the circadian cycle believe it takes a day for every hour of time difference to set the traveler completely right again. Thus it would be five days before you'd be completely sharp after you've flown to Europe from the East Coast—or eight days from the West. You'll probably feel all right before then, but the doctors say you won't be as quick or precise in feats such as handling figures and your judgment won't be at its most dependable. A few political observers have remarked that Secretary of State Dulles might have served himself and his country better if he hadn't so often jumped right from his airplane into important conferences, and some companies insist that their executives postpone important meetings until a few days after completion of a long east-west trip. (North-south voyages on which the traveler stays in the same time zone or experiences a change of only one or two hours seem to have much less of a debilitating effect than those from east to west or vice versa.)

It also makes good sense not to take off on a mad round of sight-seeing, partying, or whatever you have scheduled for the first couple of days

(Continued on page 181)

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Women's Lib movement finds in Miss Germaine Greer (*The Female Eunuch*, McGraw Hill $6.95) one of its most audacious and vociferous champions. Indeed, her book reads like nothing so much as the wild cries of a woman at bay. One sees her (if she will pardon the liberty) naked and beating her breasts in fury over the monstrous regiments of men who exploit, degrade and corrupt her sex, making of women their servants and their playthings. A photograph on the dust jacket shows her as a dark, rather tragic-looking female with large lustrous eyes and long curling lashes. I note that she writes regularly for a magazine with the unappetizing name of *Suck*, and that she is a lecturer in English at Warwick University—something that no lady of her mettle should be required to be.

Miss Greer's strictures on the commercialization of sex in the interest of salesmanship and sugar-daddy pleasures are as apposite and apt as they are heartening. Why, she asks, should female smells have to be pomaded and perfumed out of existence when male ones—sweat and grime and beery breath—are considered not only permissible but positively alluring? When will justice be done, and the female genital organ become a thing of joy and beauty in its own right? Why should a hairy chest on a Hemingway hero add to his charms, whereas women are expected to go to great expense, trouble and sometimes suffer excruciating pain in order to have hair removed from all but a few specialized areas? (Here, as a matter of fact, she might have recalled a famous lady of Lisbon whose luxuriant beard was said to have attracted suitors from all over the world.) Why, in short, must women suffer the indignity of living in a society whose male-orientated standards require them to conform to an image bearing no relation to their true nature, appetites and rights? An image, as she justly points out, as abhorrent in the works of a D. H. Lawrence or an Ian Fleming as in those of any of the other *sob* sisters of present day fiction.

If, however, one may sympathize with Miss Greer's contemptuous exposure of the squalid role allotted to women in contemporary erotica in its manifold forms, the solutions she offers strike me as lacking in both practicality and charm. Take, for instance, S C U M, the Society for Cutting Up Men, which, Miss Greer tells us, received a great impetus when a Miss Valerie Solanas shot—alas not fatally—Andy Warhol. Miss Solanas, Miss Greer considers, in advancing the proposition that the best way for women to move back to humanity is simply to exterminate men, worthily served the cause of Women's Lib. "It was probably," she writes, "the fierce energy and lyricism of her uncompromising statement of men's fixation of the feminine, and their desperate battle to live up to their own penile fixation, which radicalized Ti-Grace Atkinson out of N O W and even gingered up those ladies' slogans and eventually gave birth to W I T C H, Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell."

Yet would even the final triumph of S C U M reinforced by W I T C H serve to realize all Miss Greer's hopes and desires? One may presume to doubt it. A pyrrhic or cockless victory, I should have thought. Miss Greer's other proposal—to take a large farmhouse in Italy where she and other professional ladies could give birth to babies and bring them up collectively—has been often enough entertained and put into practice always with unsatisfactory results. With her powerful, vigorous and well-stocked mind, Miss Greer is worthy of better things. Will she perhaps in time discover that the duties and joys of motherhood provide the true alternative to the indignities of female involvement in the gilded pigsty of the prevailing erotomania; that love and fulfillment begin where the animal exigencies of the body end? Beneath the libidinous Lib shrew and scold I seem to detect the lineaments of a Florence Nightingale or Mary Wollstonecraft (whom she quotes much) or even—dare I say it?—a St. Theresa.

There has been much controversy about the authenticity of Khrushchev's autobiography. Reading it (*Khrushchev Remembers*, Little, Brown, $10), one wonders why. Few among contemporary public figures—General de Gaulle is one of the exceptions—have written their own autobiographies. At the very least they have leaned pretty heavily on ghost writers. Even Churchill had a strong team working away for him when his memoirs were being produced. One of them, an admiral, was heard to remark that Churchill's rhetorical style was extraordinarily easy to copy—as, indeed, it is. Khrushchev, it is true, has repudiated *Khrushchev Remembers*, insisting that he has neither written nor read it. This may well be the case, but I cannot see that it matters much either way. The book is as full of ideological banalities, contradictions, inaccuracies, inconsistencies and irrelevancies as if he *had* written it. So what the hell?

Mr. Edward Crankshaw, a distinguished Soviet scholar and writer—incidentally my neighbor and friend—it is true sponsors the book. I bow to his superior knowledge and should not dream of impugning his honesty. At the same time I have to say that, like so many intelligent, sensitive people, he is as poor a judge of the buffoonish power maniacs of our time as I should be of prize bulls. Khrushchev climbed to power as one of Stalin's major toadies. During the period of the Stalinist Terror, when at a modest estimate some twenty million people were sent to labor camps or murdered, he continued to applaud the Party line with sycophantic zest. When he got into power himself he found it expedient to denounce Stalin, but without either dissociating himself from Stalin's policies or substantially deviating from his practices.

I had a conversation with him once in Moscow on the subject of *Krokodil* and Soviet humor, and found him abysmally stupid. At the U.N. I watched him banging his desk with his shoe, and in Paris at the time of the abortive Summit Conference, heard him deliver his famous tirade at his press conference all the time looking sideways at Marshal Malinovsky to make sure he was giving satisfaction. None of these experiences led me to revise my opinion that he is a very low-grade human being. Nor does *Khrushchev Remembers*, whether he wrote it or whether he didn't. In that there is anything to be said for him, it is that in his low cunning, bullying and clowning he resembles a little Dostoevsky's immortal character, old Karamazov, the father of Alyosha, Mitya and Ivan. I put this point to a Soviet writer who, I was happy to find, shared my own feeling about Khrushchev. He agreed that there was something in it.

When someone in these dark days makes a good joke, he deserves all our gratitude. So I salute Tom Wolfe for *Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95). The thought occurs to me, as I write this, that there ought to be a Nobel Prize for jokes, but if there were I doubt if Wolfe would get it. It is interesting to speculate on who would. Walter Lippmann, probably, on a basis of the other awards. Anyway, everyone by this time must have heard about Tom Wolfe's hilarious account of the party for the Black Panthers given by Leonard Bernstein and his wife in their Park Avenue apartment. Now everyone has a chance of savoring it slowly and at his leisure. Just as Orwell's *Animal Farm* did more to explode Communist fantasies and pretentions than the combined efforts of the Voice of America, Radio Free Europe and the C.I.A., so, I should suppose, will Wolfe's *Radical Chic* affect those of the Black Panthers. Ridicule is a much more powerful weapon than denunciation.

On this side of the Atlantic we seem bemused. I am indebted to the January issue of *Encounter* for the following choice examples: in the *New Statesman*, the magazine's new editor, R. H. S. Crossman, finds the Panthers "John Locke's Black Disciples." *The Observer* considers that "they have a coherent and rational political philosophy which has far more in common with socialism than with racialism," and *The Economist* that there is "supporting evidence that the Panthers are dedicated to working within the law and the Constitution in their socialist struggle against the capitalist power structure." One may contrast with these observations a quotation I gleaned from one of Mr. Eldridge Cleaver's much praised volumes. It occurred, it seems, in an address he delivered to a gathering of young lawyers in the San Francisco Barristers' Club: "All of you pigs who want to support the other side just f— you pig, and I hope that some nigger catches you on a dark street and kills you." Locke? Coherent and rational political philosophy? Working within the law and the Constitution? I should say so. I note on the jacket of Mr. Cleaver's best known book, *Soul on Ice*, that a Mr. Robert Coles is quoted as having written in *The Atlantic* that he finds Mr. Cleaver "full of Christian care, Christian grief and disappointment, Christian resignation, Christian messianic toughness, and hope." That seems about right too. When I was young I remember that a book by a French writer, Julien Benda, called *La Trahison des Clercs*, was much in vogue. It needs to be brought up to date.

The stream of Kennedyana continues unabated, the latest offering to come my way being *American Journey: The Times of Robert Kennedy*, edited by George Plimpton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95). This consists of a series of interviews conducted by Jean Stein relating to Robert Kennedy's funeral train and obsequies, as well as to his whole life and career. It is a kind of computerized biography, the crystallization, it seems, of some millions of taped words. Like all the other books about the Kennedys, it leaves one vaguely dissatisfied; the very plethora of information serves to mystify—as one might be mystified when, shown over a house from top to bottom, he still hasn't been able to get any notion of its occupants. Some of the encounters—for instance with Allen Ginsberg and Tom Hayden—have a certain piquancy, confirming a feeling I have always had that Robert Kennedy was a natural juvenile delinquent who just happened to be a millionaire, the brother of a President of the United States and an Attorney General. Most of the material, however, is predictable and empty. Will someone one day write a really interesting and informative book about the Kennedys? I rather doubt it. There is so much data and so little information.

It was a good idea to republish *McCarthy and His Enemies* by William F. Buckley Jr. and L. Brent Bozell (Arlington House, $7.95). First published in 1954, it is the nearest thing to an apologia for McCarthyism with any degree of credibility that exists. I feel about McCarthyism myself very much as I do about Apartheid in South Africa—that it is intrinsically repellent while being, in the circumstances, perfectly understandable. In both cases the more vituperative and sanctimonious denunciations stir up in me an impulse to look for some sort of justification for the drunken Senator and the dumb Afrikaner. McCarthy has now got worked into the liberal legend as the Devil in person. In the sense of outrage created by his undoubted untruths and irresponsibilities, it is forgotten that espionage and subversion were flourishing inside the Administration to a quite unprecedented and alarming degree. Messrs. Buckley and Bozell provide a useful and well-argued corrective.

In the May Esquire

The Talk Shows

Guess what happened to them on the way to the studio that night?

Johnny told his audience, and Dick his,
and Merv put in an aside, and Mike
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They told it to a lot of people, but not to each other.

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But they may think more of you if you do.

An Introduction to Flash

by Richard Woodley

"Every successful executive knows how important etiquette is, both in managing his office and in dealing with other businessmen." —Emily Post

His name is Jimmy. He is thirty, built like a halfback, and has a trim moustache and moderate Afro. He reached under his soft-brown sweater-shirt which was worn outside his slim, brown custom-made trousers, and from a specially tailored pocket he pulled out a small .25-caliber Browning automatic and laid it gently on the table. From another hidden pocket he produced a gold cigarette case and flipped it open. There were four joints of marijuana and a $1 bill rolled in the shape of a joint. He took the dollar bill and opened it carefully, his strong brown hands moving as precisely as an artist's. In the crease of the bill lay $150 worth of bright white powdered cocaine. Then he reached inside his shirt neck and pulled up a thin gold chain on which dangled a tiny gold spoon with diamonds in the handle. He leaned forward to reach the coke with the spoon, filled it, put it to his nose and sniffed sharply. He snorted two spoonfuls in each nostril—a two-and-two. Then he looked straight ahead, sprung his eyes wide open and smiled slowly in satisfaction. "That," he said in crisp, sure tones, "is top-shelf coke. Super-fly. That is why people come to me. They get *the* best. They get it when they want it. And they come back." He picked up the automatic, sighted along his arm and down the barrel and out the window at Lenox Avenue. Then he brought the gun back down in front of him, snapped out the magazine to show a full clip of bullets and snapped it back together. "They pay top price." He tucked the gun back into his trousers pocket so that just the butt of the handle showed until he smoothed his shirt over that. "But they pay. 'Cause I come back too."

Any late afternoon, along Lenox Avenue, or Seventh, or Eighth above Central Park in Harlem, especially from about 110th Street up to 125th, the Cadillacs begin to assemble. Custom Eldorados worth, in the straight market, perhaps $15,000. Special sun roofs, rear windows cut in the shape of flames. Interior lights of blue and red and yellow. The drivers are hustlers, in high-risk pursuit of quick success. The cars are hot, so are the furs on the women, so are the watches, the stereo tape decks, the TV's that plug into cigarette lighters. It is the dark side of the American Dream. Jimmy's hustle is coke. As a specialist, he deals on a scale that brings him at times more than $5,000 a week.

The "flash"—what others might call "style"—is important on the street. It's in the clothes, it's in the cars, it's in the eyes, the walk, the talk. "You got to have the flash," Jimmy said. "I guess it's like acting. We all know it's acting, but people recognize the flash on the street. People get to know you by the flash. They suspect you're somebody. Like, a lot of people on the street sort of know who I am. They know but they don't know. They know a little. Who's that? somebody will say. That's Jimmy, they will tell him. Oh yeah? the dude will say. But like nobody off the street comes up to me and says he wants to buy a bag. I don't *talk* to those motherf---ers. They don't come near me. Because I will hurt you. A dude's got to talk to his own supplier. Maybe his supplier talks to his dealer. Maybe his dealer talks to me. That's the way it works, just like the Army. Like I don't talk to the cat that's two or three levels above me. I talk to my supplier. He talks to the Mafia."

It was a sunny day in Harlem, late afternoon. Jimmy sat on a stone wall along Riverside Drive with his back to the Hudson River and his face toward the park, where people were sitting here and there on benches or wandering along the Drive. He dangled his feet and shook his head. "I been goin' through so many changes, man. So many motherf---ers. It's gettin' reliable people that's hard. The shit is always comin' down, things get tight, I get uptight. This dude was busted yesterday, right? Dude works for one of my lieutenants. So he was busted and nobody gets him out of the joint right away. Like bail was about $500, but my lieutenant couldn't find him right away because he didn't know the dude's real name. So finally he gets out of the joint and he starts jivin' like, you know, he's going to blow the whistle or whatever and bring the whole thing down. So at that point I had to get involved and lay some hard stuff on everybody. Like nobody wants to get shot up by me, right? They all had to understand that. See, the cat doesn't understand why he doesn't get out. You know, the dude's in jail and you can tell him a thing like you can tell him you couldn't find him, you know, you could tell him your mother died. In this business nobody believes nothin'. The cat is sittin' in jail and he wants out. That's all he understands. But then he's just got to understand that he can't mess with you anyway, no matter what he believes. But you know there's always something f---in' you around, blowin' up business, causin' waste. It all draws heat that I don't need."

He had been casually watching the strollers along Riverside Drive. A yellow Eldorado pulled up and parked directly in front of him. "That's my partner and B. J.," he said, nodding slightly at the car. "They're keepin' an eye on things, you dig?" His left hand had been in his pants pocket, and slowly he pulled it partway out, exposing in his cupped palm two bundles of tiny rectangular glassine bags held together by rubber bands. "That's what it's all about," he said, keeping an eye on the strollers. "Here in the city this is worth about, oh ---," he figured briefly to himself, "about $1,500. In Connecticut or Philly or Washington it's worth maybe $7,000. But the trick is to find reliable people. There's so many motherf---ers like I had some cats in Connecticut, you know. But a cat gets

Photographs overleaf by Henry Wolf

"I pay B.J., my collector, $100 a week, plus half
of what he collects, and all the jewelry. If some cat doesn't
pay up on time, he gets a close look at this fist.
Some people call B.J.'s fist the hand of God."

"You got to have the flash. People get to know
you by the flash." The dealer pulled up a gold chain on which dangled a gold spoon
with diamonds in the handle. He filled it with coke and sniffed. "That is top-shelf coke.
Super-fly. That is why people come to me."

the product and splits That's just straight loss, man Now I think I got it straightened out I got a couple of reliable guys Let's take a ride."

B.J is Jimmy's collector He is about six feet two, maybe two twenty, with short hair and a stone face and a huge neck His arms and chest are massive with undulant muscle persuasively suggested even under his shirt He doesn't carry a gun but he is a karate expert. He sat in the back seat thumbing a paperback. Jimmy and his partner, who drove, sat in the front for a cruise around Harlem's west side At a corner they stopped, and a black man in a shiny black jump suit approached the car "Hey Jim, what's happenin'?" "Hey, man." "Jim you f - - - or I'm gonna shoot you," he said with a smile. "You shorted me on that brick" "I didn't short you nothin' What's on your mind?" "Well listen now A kilo's almost two pounds, right?" "A kilo's more than two pounds" "Well man I'm eleven ounces under" "Then you better tell some dudes to lay off your stuff" They both laughed and slapped each other's palms "How're things goin'?" Jimmy asked They mumbled His partner and B.J had been looking around, and across the corner stood two policemen, eyeing the car "Hey Jimmy" his partner said, "you dig that?" "Them? They don't mean nothin', uniformed cops." Still they watched as the policeman crossed the street to the corner diagonally opposite the car B.J glanced up at them from time to time, but said nothing "Okay," Jimmy said "let's go around the block." B.J kept reading his paperback. "I don't worry about nothin' with B.J in the back," his partner said with a chuckle "Hey B., show 'em your fist" B.J turned mechanically and made a fist with his right hand a huge, bulging hammer of knuckle and muscle "Some people call that the hand of God" Jimmy's partner said as he swung the Eldorado into a lazy right-hand turn

"Actually," Jimmy said one time, "B.J is a very nice guy, very smart, reads I don't know why he's the way he is I never knew anybody else like him He just has no emotion B.J is solid ice. I pay him $100 a week plus half of what he collects and all the jewelry—you know, all these cats down here wear rings and stuff Like, I'll sell a cat some product on consignment and we'll set a date for payment. Then on that date the cat doesn't have it, so we extend it a bit Then he still doesn't have it. So I tell the cat, listen, have it by Thursday 'Cause if you don't have it by Thursday, you can't pay me no more After Thursday you got to pay B.J Hey, I've seen grown men cry about that, dudes without an ounce of punk in them actually get tears They don't want to pay B.J There just ain't nobody like B.J"

A guy in Brooklyn owed Jimmy for a long time, and they went to see him When they came up the stairs they heard voices, but when they pushed open the door he wasn't there Then they kicked open the bedroom door and found him with five other guys and a girl getting high They searched the others for guns, and took their man out. "B.J took him you know I had my gun on the other dudes when we backed out of the bedroom and I said the first thing anybody's gonna meet comin' outta there'll be God. B.J took the cat into the kitchen and a couple of them came out and so on But the cat was yellin' don't kill me, don't kill me Which I could dig you know, 'cause the dude was terrified 'cause B.J was settin' fire to his ass Then this bitch comes out the bedroom and she is so scared she has to go to the bathroom I let her go in and then I didn't hear anything so I looked in And she's climbed out on the fire escape I haul her back in She's sobbin' and moanin' because she figures we're going to kill the dude and then we'll have to kill all the witnesses But we're cool We aren't gonna kill anyone We don't need that heat We come out of there with I guess about $900 and some rings The dude still owes me about $500 We'll get that too. He has to pay that to B.J"

Some dealers keep their records in ledger books, some in little notebooks. Jimmy keeps his records on tattered pieces of paper in his wallet. There are first names beside a list of dollar figures which represent how much he is owed Much of what he transacts is in his head The struggle the striving is always to get bankrolled to be able to invest in larger and larger amounts of product Soon, a dealer always hopes he will be able to generate more business than his own supplier can accommodate, then the dealer jumps a step up to deal directly with the man his supplier bought from before Each step up means there is another protective layer between the dealer and the street, and the farther away from the street—where carelessness stupidity, violence and risk are greatest—the more secure the business So the effort is bent to buying bigger and selling bigger Both are represented in what the dealer calls his stash, his supply of the product. Jimmy and his partner have their stash in an expensive apartment in a white neighborhood outside of New York City There they store and mill the drugs—sift in the cut measure amounts by spoon or scale put varying amounts in glassine bags, capsules or larger plastic bags for sale. "In that kind of neighborhood the cops don't go bustin down just any door whenever they feel like it If we kept the stuff in Harlem or in the Village say, the cops just got to have *that much* [showing a pinch] suspicion and they bust down the door But out there I'm sooo straight Dress well drive a nice car just visiting like I was somebody's very nice boyfriend."

At three o'clock one morning, Jimmy abruptly wheeled his car around in a U-turn on East 125th Street, floored it and angled onto the East Side Highway with tires squealing. He watched the rearview mirror There were no other car lights behind him Then he slowed the car to fifty and began the cruise out of the city He took out two joints of grass and passed them out turned up the stereo tape of Stevie Wonder, and relaxed his right hand which held the automatic pistol on the armrest. His partner, in the back seat watching cars to either side, hummed along with the tape After some miles Jimmy turned off, wound through some town streets, and pulled into the rear parking lot of a dignified apartment building in a quiet neighborhood with treelined streets His partner used a key to enter the basement door and they quickly went through and boarded the elevator Jimmy pushed the button for the fifth floor then he pushed those for the seventh, ninth and tenth They got off on the fifth and used another key to enter an apartment Jimmy turned on the lights, put a record on the turntable and went to a closet from which he dragged a large suitcase He used another key to open that, and then he sat back for a few moments to stare at the contents several plastic containers of the type used to store food in refrigerators an assortment of measuring spoons plastic bags aluminum foil rubber bands, and a bent metal clothes hanger over which was stretched a nylon stocking The containers held quantities of coke heroin and cuts such as quinine The aluminum foil, bags and rubber bands were for packaging The nylon stocking was for sifting out lumps.

One two-quart container was empty except for a powdery film on the sides Jimmy's partner took a matchbook cover and began carefully scraping the film off building a small pile of white powder Jimmy sorted through the equipment taking inventory His partner showed him the little mound of white powder which he had scraped onto the container lid "Well look at you" Jimmy said "You found $35 worth of stuff you hadn't counted on" His partner took a small amount on the matchbook cover and snorted it, twice in each nostril Jimmy lit up another joint while his partner sat down on the sofa and closed his eyes "This is a home away from home," Jimmy said touring the rooms There was a living room-dining room L, a narrow kitchen, bath, and a large bedroom "Hey man," he called to his partner "we gotta get out here and mill before the weekend We gotta" His partner's eyes were red and he smiled weakly "Yeah" he said

They closed the suitcase and left at five a.m. Once back on the highway, headed for the city, Jimmy set the Eldorado on automatic cruise at fifty five, took his foot off the accelerator lit up another joint, and leaned back. "I got some big things comin' up We gotta get that stash together" His partner chuckled softly in the back seat, drowsily enjoying the heroin he had snorted "Whew" he said "I'm just glad I don't have to drive."

Jimmy's workdays are erratic If there is a pattern the ordinary workday can be said to begin at about midafternoon when he primps makes a couple of phone calls and leaves the apartment He will visit half a dozen bars, where he makes contacts or keeps an eye on those making contacts for him A couple of times a week he will drive to the stash Then usually he will hit some after hours bars and maybe some dice games He will get home by six a.m., or maybe ten a.m. "Jimmy doesn't sleep," a friend said "I know he says he sleeps until about two in the afternoon but I haven't seen it lately He is really on the move He's got so much going on in his head And the amount of reefer and coke he is consuming in daily amounts is way beyond the commonplace. I don't know how long he can keep going at this pace."

"I guess you might say it comes naturally," Jimmy said as he nodded his head to the rhythm of Dionne Warwick coming over the stereo in his apartment "My father was a hustler—a real educated hustler My mother was beat to death by a junkie When my man was around and I was about eleven, she was so tough about me not starting on anything you know She was gonna beat me if I started on reefer or some shit But I got to where I wanted to see that man so bad, just because she made him sound so tough and didn't want me to you know I wanted to see him around the school yard So I started smoking reefer when I was eleven I got a thing going with reefer, and then I began to deal to friends so I could smoke free. Like that's the way it's done, man, you don't have none of this evil man coming up to school kids and saying hey, here, try some of my product. You buy some and split to your friends, and then maybe you tell them how to split to *their* friends I snorted coke when I was about twelve My partner's thing is dope, you know, dujj, smack, scag, tragic-magic. But I don't dig the heroin thing personally Then you got to deal with crazy junkies My clientele is different Like, a two-and-two, that's worth about $10—to me. It would cost you maybe $40 to coke up yourself and your woman for an evening People say look what's happening to the kids in Harlem all strung out on scag Well not from me Nobody gets scag from me How many people you ever hear of O.D.ing from coke? Yeah well I know all the shit." Jimmy pushed up his sleeve, extended his right arm and rotated it tracing with the index finger of his left hand across a few tiny dark spots. "Sure, I shoot up once in a great while when like it's been really a dark day and I just want a fly-high So I'll get a little, you know . . ." He let his head fall forward on his chest eyes nearly closed "Just once in a while" But then he snapped his head up squared his shoulders rolled down his sleeve and snapped his fingers "But not on the street I never let them see me on the street like that I'm cool"

"Jimmy is pretty violent," said a friend who has known him since before he started hustling "He is tough as hell. He has to be. He has the perfect hustler mentality I try to get him to go into a legitimate business where he could have it both ways—the fast life and a little longer one—like records maybe He's terrific with figures. But he'll break a head open He'll kill somebody if he has to I don't think he has yet. I don't even know if he thinks he could But I've known him a long time I think he could."

There are always setbacks and setbacks mean either that people have been hurt or are about to be On one occasion Jimmy arrived a little late for a business appointment with a friend He dropped into a chair and sighed "It's a black day man" he said softly, staring at the floor "One of my men got washed out last night Five slugs He croaked, man I don't know who did it." "Is it in the papers?" the friend asked "Who reads the papers?" Jimmy said even more softly "Cat owed me about $900" Then he looked up and smiled wryly "Maybe I can get it from the widow" He had been delayed because he had stopped by to see the widow "How's she taking it?" the friend asked "She's okay" "Okay?" "Well, she's like cryin' and sobbin' and all that. But she's all right." His voice trailed off and he got up and walked over to look out the window, down on Lenox Avenue where the pimps' Cadillacs were beginning to gather and double-park for the evening "She's better off I think, without that dude It happens every day" He began to pace "And then one of my men was taken off Friday night Three tactical patrol-force cops I had just given him $1 200 in cash and a piece of coke That piece is worth $600 Then he had $900 of his own They took it all. That's what it cost, $2 700" He took out his wallet and thumbed through $1 600 in hundreds "This is for the takeoff cop You got to have somethin' on you 'cause that's the only chance you got But if they want you they get you. Sometimes they take your stuff and your money and then they take you too If they really want you they bring their own stuff and put it on you I'm not gonna shoot any cops unless I have to The gun is for the takeoff man in the street. Like you got a lot of cats out here who got nothin' to lose. Those are the cats that you have got to worry about And they don't just stop you on the street anymore and take the G or two G's you got in your pocket They take your address book and go to your apartment and your friends' apartments and clean you out And then maybe they hurt you anyway"

What Jimmy wants is to save up $100 000 so he can buy a place outside of Harlem, and so that his woman will marry him. That will have to wait until he stops hustling And he won't stop hustling until he has his nest egg together Up until a year ago he worked nine to five. He became a mechanical inspector, close to being an engineer without education beyond high school The most he ever made was $10 000 in a year Now he is convinced the American Dream is within reach

"A couple of weeks ago I had a nice piece of change put away—nothin great, you know, seven or eight thousand. It's gone. And the street is tight, man, money is tight. The economy is tight Nobody's got any cash But I feel it growin', you know, but it's on paper Meanwhile the cost of livin' is gettin' so f - - - in' high it's retarded man Hey listen I *know* dealing is not a career You got to make your money and get out. Sooner or later they will get you But I never been busted, and I ain't never goin' to prison—bet that. And I will get my money Where does it all go? When you make this much cash, it seems like a lot But you got to figure how many people you're paying off you know There's a lot of bills incurred You got to pay for product and you got to pay for product out of the cash that comes in And then you got to pay the workers And then you have what's left. Sometimes it's all left. Sometimes none of it's left I still got the same goal—$100 000 Sure maybe it looks easy from the outside The young dudes dig the flashy clothes and the cars. But a lot of them know the other side too Like you can go to prison They can take you off Sure, some of those high cats got five Mark III's, you know, and their lieutenants got three Eldorados But to be a big fish in a small pond is dangerous. To be a small fish in a big pond is cool. That's me. And I ain't never goin' back to nine-to-five, having nothin' worrying about bills—never They have to carry my body back to that."

He was primping before a full-length mirror touching his Afro, smoothing his trousers, touching the butt of his automatic. He started toward the door then came back to the mirror He looked straight ahead at himself idly Then he opened the apartment door and looked down the hall He strode to the elevator got in, pushed the button, and rode down into the Harlem night. ##

A Poem for Breakfast

Look!
We have a great frost An
Arrival of north,
And in the blue dark and bed,
Feeling it, I edged nearer and
You were southern

Sparrows
Are the gay birds We have them
Queuing at the fronded panes
And we all share chatter and bread
But they have
No use for your beautiful
Coffee

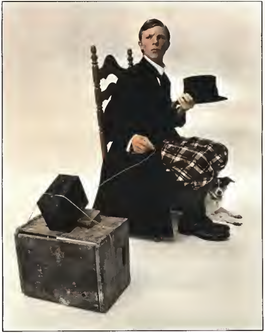
Cold, and well,
Yes grief, are so alike, the
Wise man does not stay
To feel either but
Edges south to such
Climates as you
Magically provide; and
Look! Now we have the Land of Talk

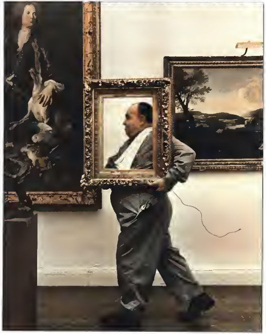
Yet, wisewoman, consider also
The nature of magic
Which resides
Also in the so
Happily so hungrily
Enchanted Therefore
Replenish my cup from your
Shapely vessel and other
Morning abundances.

—John Holloway

Homage to Norman Rockwell

If you're very old, you'll instantly recognize the picture on this page as *The Saturday Evening Post* cover of April 18, 1925; if you're at least middle-aged, you'll note that the picture on the next page is the *Post* cover of March 2, 1946; and if you're over eight, you'll know both can be the work of none other than America's most beloved and honored anecdotal painter, Norman Rockwell. However, if you'll take a magnifying glass to the page, you'll see that in fact these pictures are not Rockwell paintings at all, but actual photographs, and if you'll look *below* the pictures carefully, you'll see the name of Ron Borowski, whose self-chosen labor of love it has been to make photographs as much like real Norman Rockwell paintings as the laws of optics permit. Why, you ask? Well, since a Rockwell painting of 1927 was revived for a *Newsweek* cover last December, and since an incredibly expensive Rockwell album was last Christmas' hottest coffee-table number, and since no one has more faithfully expressed the American ethos, or whatever it is, for the last fifty-five years, you'd do better to ask why not. Mr. Borowski says, "I did it because I admire his work. Now I'd like to move on, using what I've learned from him to do social comment, like he did, but in a more contemporary way. His days are gone, though, and I don't think the innocent humor is there anymore, as it was twenty or thirty years ago." Fiddlesticks, Mr. Borowski! Innocent humor will never die, as long as there's Norman Rockwell and *The Saturday Evening Post*!





Photographed by Ron Borowski

Not Quite Ready When You Are, C.B.

Compiled by John Kobal

Prehistoric underwear!
Vaccination marks
2000 years before Christ!
St. Patrick's wristwatch!
—Movies are better than ever

This film is brought to you at a cost of millions through the labor of thousands, with the largest assembly of extras since the last was. For the past forty years our researchers have researched to find out what really happened, what Troy was really like. Everything you see is accurate. See the cast of thousands! See love dances to the pagan gods! See the world's most desirable woman, Helen, give up a life of unparalleled luxury for the love of the handsomest man of her day! See Paris! See the wooden horse! See the airplane flying over the walls of Troy in da distance dere. See the airplane?

Details are everything. They can make or break a film, especially one pumped up with its own self-importance. Here are some details that escaped the research department till it was too late.

In the lavish remake of *Ben-Hur* ('59), Sheik Hugh Griffiths exclaims in astonishment, "By the beard of the prophet"—a good Moslem oath referring to the Prophet Mohammed, who wasn't born till four hundred years *after* Ben-Hur's day.

In *The Charge of the Light Brigade* ('36), Errol Flynn enters a fort in which everybody had been killed a few hours previously. He finds the body of a little boy which he lifts into his arms. As tears fill his eyes, the little corpse wiggles its toe.

When Rosalind Russell as *Auntie Mame* ('58) searches through the classified ads for jobs, one can see the adjacent column is full of TV help-wanted ads, though the film is set in the early years of the Depression.

In the Thirties' epic, *Anthony Adverse*, a theatre of the Napoleonic era advertises an opera by Franchetti, whose first opera was composed about eighty years later.

In a sequence in *Anatomy of a Murder*, James Stewart sits in a nightclub with Duke Ellington and Lee Remick, who wears a white dress. When Stewart escorts her from the club, she has on slacks and a blouse.

There are dial phones and pinball machines in the New York of 1918 in *They Gave Him A Gun* ('37).

The prehistoric man thawed out of ice in *Return Of The Ape Man* ('44) is clad in animal skins but his twentieth-century underwear is plainly visible beneath them in one shot. And though *Helen Of Troy* ('55) recounts events of about four thousand years ago, Rossana Podesta's vaccination mark shines in the dusky light while she and Paris hide in the bushes from Greek soldiers. Similarly, Belle Darvi, the temptress of *The Egyptian*, sports her vaccination mark 1300 years B.C.

Although *The Black Room* ('35) is laid in the early nineteenth century, one scene displays a statue of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, the popular "Little Flower," who was born in 1873, died in 1897, and was canonized in 1925.

The joy buzzer was invented and patented in 1933 but that doesn't prevent Victor McLaglen from using one in 1901 in *This Is My Affair* ('37).

In *Forty Girl* ('58), Robert Taylor, waiting in Rent Smith's outer office, sees a copy of *Look* magazine on the table. The time of the film had been established as 1934, several years before *Look* was born.

Although *Some Came Running* ('58) was set immediately after World War II, post-Fifties automobiles are parked on both sides of the street as Martha Hyer drives Sinatra home from the country club.

The Pan Am Building anticipated its own construction considerably when it loomed up in the bon voyage scene in *The Group* ('66), set in the early Thirties.

In an early British silent film, *Life Of St. Patrick*, the actor playing the title role wears a wristwatch, though the year is 441 A.D.

Hello Dolly's ('69) story was set at the end of the last century, but the posters covering the side of a New York building included one for Fritz Lang's 1924 film, *Nibelungen*, and another for Anny Ondra, a German revue star of the Twenties.

Orson Welles leaves much Shakespearean text out of his production of *Macbeth* ('48), but inserts a scene in which King Duncan and his men renew their baptismal vows and are led in a prayer composed by Pope Leo XIII in 1884.

Script girls allow marvels few magicians could duplicate. James Cagney hits Robert Armstrong a terrific blow on the chin in *G-Men* ('35), but when Bob gets up from the floor he has a black eye. After merely looking down Bette Davis' throat in *Of Human Bondage* ('34), Reginald Denny announces that she has lung trouble.

Although Ann Sothern puts her suitcase on a chair before entering a phone booth in *Fifty Roads To Town* ('37), she leaves the booth with the suitcase in her hand.

In *No Way To Treat A Lady* ('68), as Lee Remick and George Segal go down the Hudson River in a police launch, they pass the berthed *Queen Mary* twice, *without* reversing direction. As the boat carrying the principals in *The Last Of Mrs. Cheyney* ('37) passes the Statue of Liberty, the name on its bow is *Rotterdam*. When Robert Montgomery talks to the purser, the ship's name has become *Northampton*. Later, when Joan Crawford and Frank Morgan stroll on deck, it is *S.S. Britain*.

By now everybody has noted that in *Queen Christina* ('33) the wind miraculously blows in two directions simultaneously—as Garbo stands in the bow of the ship in the closing scene, the sails billow forward as her hair blows backward—but fewer moviegoers spotted Fredric March going in two directions at once in *Death Of A Salesman* ('51). Beneath the credits Mr. March is driving across the George Washington Bridge from New Jersey to New York, yet when he gets to his home in New York he tells his wife he had got only as far as Yonkers. In *Let's Get Married* ('37) Ralph Bellamy pours himself a glass of water by emptying the contents of a pitcher into a glass. Soon afterward Reginald Denny enters the room, and pours water on Ralph from the same pitcher to rouse him. Next Ida Lupino comes in and has a glass of water from it.

Why does Jean Arthur walk down the aisle as a bride *before* her bridesmaids in *Return Of Dr. Fu Manchu* ('30)? What is the anthropological reason for Anna Sten getting out of bed in *Nana* ('34) with her shoes on? Why does Henry Fonda, as a priest in *The Fugitive* ('47), administer baptism in an invalid form? Although in most films Apaches are notorious for scalping their victims, in *Broken Arrow* ('50) it is stated that Apaches never scalp people—only white men do. In Warner's *Santa Fe Trail* ('40), George Custer—prior to his last stand—is seen graduating from West Point. In *They Died With Their Boots On* ('41) Custer and his classmates at West Point are informed that the Civil War necessitates the interruption of their studies and they will be sent to the front *without* graduating. This picture was made by Warner's, too.

When viaticum is brought to the dying Louis XV (John Barrymore) in *Marie Antoinette* ('38), the choir sings a Requiem Mass, which seems to be rushing things.

Time is often dismembered in film editing. In *When You're In Love* ('37) it stands still. The marriage of Grace Moore to Cary Grant is announced by a shot of front-page headlines. Later their divorce is reported there as well. However, the news items surrounding the two announcements are identical. Time is speeded up in *Whom The Gods Destroy* ('34) and *Kid Galahad* ('37). In the former, Robert Young leaves the theatre after the final curtain of the premiere of his new play, goes upstairs to his office—in the same building—and finds the critics' reviews of the play in the morning papers waiting for him on his desk. In *Kid Galahad*, Bette Davis comes out of the stadium where Wayne Morris has just defeated the world champion and finds in the lobby a picture of Wayne above the inscription "Kid Galahad, the World Champion."

They're still laughing at Warner's over a minor little Flynn picture called *Mara-Maru* ('52), named after the boat he sailed in the film. But nobody had bothered to check what the name might mean, as the producers learned when they tried to release the picture in Japan. Maru was "boat," but Mara was the Japanese equivalent of "feces." The title was changed and the prints sent back to remove the offending word. ##

Glory Returns to Fragrant Harbor

by Richard Joseph

Which in English means Wing Toy goes home to Hong Kong

Wing Toy Dang, who helps lay out many of the editorial pages of this magazine, is the only member of the Esquire staff who was ever a career waiter in a Chinese restaurant. He is also, so far as we know, the only Madison Avenue artist who helped work his way through art school by folding shirts in a Chinese laundry. So when he planned to go back home for a family reunion in Hong Kong, we assigned photographer Larry Dale Gordon to follow him about and shoot those aspects of the city which usually escape the casual traveler.

It took Wing Toy ten years to make it from Hong Kong to Madison Avenue. The return trip took five days only because Larry Gordon wanted to show Tokyo to Wing Toy en route and Wing Toy wanted to see Taiwan for himself. Landing at the Taipei airport, he was first made aware of how Westernized he had become.

"They wanted to cut my hair," he reported. "They said that Chinese men don't wear their hair long. 'They do in America,' I told them!"

Wing Toy also has something of an identity problem. His family name is Dang, and in China the family name comes first, so his Chinese name is properly Dang Wing Toy. He reversed it to conform to Western custom when he arrived in North America at the age of fifteen, but a schoolteacher in Toronto anglicized it further.

"She called me Howard," he says. "I told her that Wing Toy means glory and lucky, and I asked her what means Howard. 'Howard means Howard,' she said."

So Howard it was on his school records, and Howard it is on Esquire's masthead.

"Now people call me Wing Toy when they know me well. So I guess that's now my nickname."

He was born in the village of Wor Luck, in Kwangtung (Canton) Province, which he says is "kinda far, really far" from the city of Canton. He left China when he was seven years old "because the Communists were coming," but he remembers that the villagers worked in the rice paddies and fished in the river. His father had emigrated to Canada shortly before he was born, and he recalls a long train trip to Hong Kong with his mother, his younger brother and an older sister. They were among the hundreds of thousands of refugees who fled across the border, squatted in flimsy huts and camps, and then were moved to settlements in the late Forties and early Fifties, but he remembers no hardships. "Just a lot of fun playing with whole mobs of kids.

"I went to the St. Louis School on Hong Kong Island. It was a Catholic school and the priests were mostly Westerners, but they taught us in Cantonese. There I learned to become a good soccer player."

By the time Wing Toy was fifteen his father had established himself well enough in Toronto to start sending for his family. Wing Toy was the first to leave—his mother and younger brother followed a couple of years later—and he traveled alone, "dormitory class," on an American liner, fare $395, Hong Kong to Vancouver.

"Six guys in a small room, double-decker bunks. Rice and noodles and Chinese vegetables, fish, meat and tea, not so good. The trip took nineteen days. I got seasick.

"This time Pan American $1,029 round-trip economy excursion, New York to Hong Kong. Movies, stereo, steaks and roast beef, wine and champagne. Hell of a difference."

From Vancouver to Toronto he rode a Canadian National day coach, traveling with a Chinese lady he had met on the boat. She woke him up from a nap while they were crossing the plains, pointed out the window and said that people here must be crazy, putting fertilizer on the ground so early in the year.

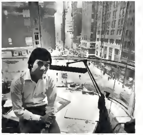
"I had never seen snow either, but I knew what it was," he says.

In Toronto, Wing Toy spent six months in the eighth grade learning English. A teacher noted his artistic talent and had him transferred to a technical school, where he studied art while working as a waiter in a Chinese restaurant after classes.

When he was twenty-one, his family sent him to Cincinnati to care for an ailing grandfather and then he moved on to New York, where his previous experience was sufficient to get him a job in a Chinese restaurant in the Bronx.

"It was different from Toronto, fancier," he recalls. "There I carried the plates in front of me; here I had to learn how to balance a tray at shoulder level on one hand."

He switched to laundry work so that he could have his nights free to study at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan. More chop-suey-slinging in New Jersey and then his first art job, laying out sales-promotion booklets for a printing company on Long Island. There a free-lance artist told him of a job opening in the art department at Esquire—and here he is.



Wing Toy Dang: Art Assistant. Height: 5'7". Weight: 135. Eyes: Brown. Current residence: New York. Present destination: Hong Kong.

One of the first things Wing Toy did on his arrival in Hong Kong was take the Star Ferry across the harbor from Kowloon to Hong Kong Island and then ride the funicular up to the top of 1817 foot-high Victoria Peak to see the dramatic changes in the skylines on both sides of the harbor—as shown in the photo above—made in the thirteen years since he left. Typically the rich American visitor, he indulges himself in a first-class ferry ticket for about four cents instead of riding second class, as he used to do, for about a cent and a half. On the return trip, though, he reverted to second class to avoid the stair-climbing necessary to get up to the first-class deck. Still in a nostalgic mood, he wanted to take one more look at his homeland—right, across the fishponds that form part of the frontier country between Hong Kong's New Territories and Communist China. The actual border is the Sham Chun River shown in the background; the hills of China's Kwangtung Province are in the distance. The photo was taken on a bluff near Sheung Shui, the farthest point on the Kowloon-Canton Railway passengers can reach without a special permit or an entry visa for Red China. Neighborhood children told Wing Toy that bodies of refugees shot while trying to escape to Hong Kong are often found floating in the river or lying on the bank. A few of the fugitives, though, they said, manage to make it.

You've heard of people kissing the ground when they go home," Wing Toy said, "but the first thing I did when my plane landed at Kai Tak Airport was to stop at the bottom of the steps and smell Hong Kong. I was home.

"Hong Kong smells like no other place in the world. The name means 'Fragrant Harbor' in Chinese, but that was long ago. You can still smell the sea, but it's mixed with a lot of other smells—food cooking in oil, traffic fumes, incense burning, the smell of four million people living together. I didn't smell it all right away at the airport, of course, but what I didn't smell I imagined."

After passing through Immigration and Customs, Wing Toy was engulfed by his welcoming family—his eighty-year-old grandmother, Chu Gum Gui ("She's fat and very jolly"), a whole platoon of first, second and third cousins, and an elder cousin whom Wing Toy calls uncle.

"I couldn't get over the size of the airport. I remembered it as sort of a little place, but while I was gone they cut away the top of a mountain and pushed it out into the water in order to make a long runway for the jets."

Wing Toy and his luggage were piled into a cousin's new Volkswagen and they took off for Kowloon, three miles away, followed by all the relatives in a convoy of taxicabs.

"You know how Chinese people are, they have a big dinner every time they have anything at all to celebrate. So we all packed into a restaurant, even though it was ten o'clock at night and I had just had a big meal on the plane. I don't remember the name of the place, but they had a special salted roast chicken dinner that was so good I got my appetite back all over again."

After dinner, the family checked Wing Toy into the Sun Ya Hotel on Nathan Road in Kowloon and piled into his room, where they talked until three or four in the morning.

"I was tired," says Wing Toy, "but they wanted to hear all about my mother and my brother and all our other relatives, and about Mott Street and Chinatown and all about my job."

The Sun Ya Hotel, Wing Toy learned, was filled mostly with American Chinese on long visits home—usually in search of wives.

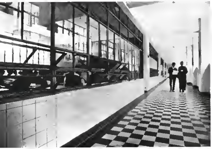
"I ran into a lot of friends from Chinatown there. Some were waiting for their wives' papers to clear so that they could take them back to New York with them, or send for them later on."

Next day he took a bus down Nathan Road to the Star Ferry and crossed the harbor. On the way over he saw the junks and the sampans of the Tanka, or water people, more than 136,000 of whom spend their lives almost entirely on their boats. Speaking their own Cantonese dialect, they've been the main seafarers of South China since the beginning of recorded history, owning seagoing junks, engaging in deep-sea fishing, and doing most of the lighterage work in Hong Kong Harbor.

"They're not really Buddhists or Taoists," Wing Toy reports. "Instead of monks they have a sorcerer called Nam-mo-lo to chase the evil spirits away from their boats."

Photographed by Larry Dale Gordon

Revisiting his alma mater, below, Wing Toy walks down its long corridors with Father Alexander John Stephen Murphy Smith, the new Rector of the St. Louis School, a Salesian Fathers institution on Hong Kong Island, where Wing Toy studied for four years. He had only the basics of English instruction; now English is taught in the elementary schools as a second language. The school had no art classes, but he began drawing and painting on his own in the classical Chinese style when he was about eight years old. At bottom, left, he meets the Blue Star Sisters, a top rock group singing at the Hong Kong Hyatt Hotel. He met some of the colony's young artists and writers at the studio apartment of Robbe Gross, an American photographer based in Hong Kong, bottom right.



"When I was a kid in school I used to dream of being rich," Wing Toy recalls. "I'd see the tourists and think about talking to them and to the English residents in their own language. I'd dream of meeting movie stars and other famous people, and dining with them in the big restaurants."

Now was the time, he decided on this homecoming visit, to make those dreams come true. After visiting his old school and kicking a soccer ball with the kids around the school yard, he moved out on the town.

He had a drink and ogled the bar waitresses in their see-through dresses at The World of Suzie Wong, on Hankow Road in Kowloon, and ate beggar's chicken at Tien Heung Lau, 138-140 Woo Sung Street. Here he saw the chicken sprinkled with spices, wrapped in aromatic leaves, coated with mud and then baked. Also on the Kowloon side he ate Cantonese food in the restaurants of the Fortune and the Carlton Hotels, Pekinese food in the Kowloon, North China and Princess Garden, Shanghaiese in the Shanghai Winter Garden, and Western food in Gaddi's restaurant in the Peninsula Hotel and the Marco Polo in the Peninsula Court.

On the Hong Kong Island side he ate Cantonese style at the Café de Chine, the Diamond and Luk Yu, and Western food at Jimmy's Kitchen, the Parisian Grill and Dateline, a little discothèque-restaurant started about six years ago by some of the Western newspaper correspondents and their wives at 7-9 Wellington Street.

His enjoyment was heightened by comparison with American prices, even in his home-ground Chinatown. In Hong Kong he found, four people can dine on such delicacies as shark's fin soup, fried prawns with chili sauce, diced chicken with walnuts, sweet-and-sour pork, shrimps with crisp rice, Tientsin cabbage with cream, and roast Peking duck for a total of about $1.75 apiece.

At the Kingfisher Restaurant, a modest-looking little place at 4A Humphrey's Avenue in Kowloon, Wing Toy and a girl friend had shark's fin soup, sweet-and-sour pork, noodles Szechuan, clear soup, crab with black bean sauce, fried rice, two Cokes and tea for about $3.50.

"That's what you have to leave as a tip in some expensive East Side Chinese restaurants in New York," he pointed out. "And I knew the place was good because I saw so many Chinese people eating there!"

Armed with his newly polished English he savored street signs he wouldn't have noticed before: Fat So the Tailor, the Saks Avenue Shoe shop, the Genuine No-Squeak Shoe Company, the Hang-On Motor Car Company and the tailor who advertises, "You can have a fit upstairs any time."

Wing Toy passed up the Chinese opera this time—he'd been dragged to too many of the long drawn-out performances as a kid. But now he enjoyed some of Hong Kong's attractions his parents wouldn't have dreamed of sampling, such as shooting a round of golf on the 18-hole course of the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club at Fanling in the New Territories up near the Chinese border, swimming at Shek O beach, and taking in the horse races at Happy Valley.

Wing Toy learned that some of his school friends were working in Hong Kong's thriving movie industry. Ranking among the three or four largest in the world in volume of production, it turns out more than 275 features a year. Horror (see left and below) is one of the main ingredients, he found out on a visit to the Shaw Brothers' studio, the colony's largest.

Left, Lily Ho, one of Hong Kong's top stars, introduces Wing Toy to another player in one of the Shaw Brothers' Mandarin productions, usually shot in wide-screen color and processed in Hong Kong for distribution to Chinese theatres throughout the world. Its Cantonese films made for the local market are in black and white for the most part.

Top left Wing Toy checks patterns with tailor Jimmy Chen at Chen's shop in the new Hong Kong Hotel He bought a suit for $85 and a $40 sports jacket Chen has made clothes for such disparate clients as Clark Gable and Lyndon B. Johnson Wing Toy did a lot of his bargain hunting in Hong Kong's famous Cat Street section top right with Chu June Ying his date during much of his visit Family get-togethers featured a series of festive dinners At the Tam Heung Lau restaurant in Kowloon, above, Wing Toy is toasted by Dong Sze Quin whom he calls uncle although he is really a first cousin Wing Toy's 90-year old grandmother is at the far left and nobody pays any attention to the televised fights that went on over their heads all during the dinner

About 900,000 visitors flock to Hong Kong every year, and, like most of them, Wing Toy went on a shopping and clothes-buying spree. But he had his own special motivation twenty years ago the colony's famed shopping and tailoring were not for the Chinese refugees who fled the Communist mainland with only the possessions they could carry and he remembers that the clothes of his childhood were hand-me-downs from older cousins

On Hong Kong Island he prowled the antiques area around Upper Lascar Row (called Moh Loh Gai by the Chinese and Cat Street by visitors) for Sung, Ming and Ching porcelain He saw Sung pieces that had been dug up in Chinese cemeteries in Indonesia and the Philippines, and he bought a couple of contemporary carved ivory figurines at the Yae Po Chai shop

Over on the Kowloon side, he wandered along Temple Street, the Chinese version of a flea market that operates from about nine to midnight every night it's not raining Racked up in stalls or spread out along the sidewalks were pawnshop transistor radios for $4 or $5 record players for $12 airline flight bags for eighty cents butane lighters for ninety-five cents, slacks for $1 75 ready-made suits for $12.50 and made-to-measure suits for $22.50

Showcases of Swiss automatic watches priced from about two to ten dollars carried signs saying that they were guaranteed to be straight out of pawnshops and the proprietor promised to take them back at ten percent less if the purchaser wasn t satisfied

All sorts of esoteric foods were on sale including young turtles snakes and nickel packets of dried noodles that are a sort of dehydrated chicken or beef soup For visitors the Temple Street section is the Chinatown to end all Chinatowns.

Except for snacking on a nice snake filet and on *pei daan* duck eggs that have been buried in clay pots for three months Wing Toy passed up the miscellanea of Temple Street for quality shopping At the Myrna jewelry shop 39B Carnarvon Road he bought a jade ring for $35 for his girl friend Paula and a fifty-dollar jade bangle bracelet trimmed in gold for his mother They would have cost four times as much in New York

Although President Nixon lifted the ban on Chinese goods a year or so ago, it was mostly curiosity that prompted Wing Toy to look over some of the Communist shops A large white sign outside the Chinese Products Emporium presented Mao Tse-tung's marketing philosophy in big red letters "The socialist system will eventually replace the capitalist system However much the reactionaries try to hold back the wheel of history sooner or later revolution will take place and will inevitably triumph"

While waiting for the capitalist system to fall apart, though the store was selling lamb's wool pullover sweaters for $3 60 pajamas for $2 handsome silk robes $1 50 to $3 50, and wool sports jackets $7 to $11 50

Wing Toy held back on his spending however because he was already planning another trip to Hong Kong in a few years—now that he knows how sweet it can be to go home again ##

Wing Toy's sight-seeing with June Ying took them to the garden of the peaceful Buddhist shrine left and below Hong Kong has experienced a strong revival of Buddhism and Taoism in recent years, due mainly to emmigrants from the Chinese mainland. Both religions retain a firm hold on the older Chinese and have a strong influence on the young as well

They visited the farming communities and the rice paddies of the New Territories and, back on Hong Kong Island, toured the Tiger Balm Gardens whose grotesqueries Wing Toy recalled from his childhood. On his final day they climbed the hills above Wan Chai for a last look at one of the great sights of the world—Hong Kong harbor at twilight.

A Great Feeling

by Michael Rogers

is the last one

I lie here sick, upstairs, in the afternoons watching the shadows of tree limbs move silently across my yellow ceiling, while downstairs Wanda brings in young men. An hour before dinner I hear the front door open and close once, and if the particular afternoon's automobile or motorcycle is sufficiently unmuffled I can trace its path out to the corner, until, at the turn, a stand of poplars intervenes and silences even the most ambitious exhaust.

"Peter?" I ask Wanda when she brings up my tray. "Was it Peter this afternoon?" Each dinner time, to keep our conversation fresh, I contrive a new name.

"Filthy," she tells me. "Your mind is filled with filth and suspicion. But you're sick. We're out of the artichokes. I have creamed spinach instead."

"Claude, then. Claude is the one with the motorcycle?"

"What Claude, what motorcycle? How is your temperature today?"

"101 at noon. 101.3 at one. 101.7 at two. 101.6 at three, when Claude came in."

"No Claude, no Peter, no motorcycle."

"102 at four. 102.1 an hour ago."

Wanda nods angelically over my covers. Her long hair has grown out fully two inches since the last time she bleached it and now a neat stripe of dark brown divides the crown of her head in half. Brown and yellow, her hair perches on her head fiercely, like a patterned football helmet. "The new medicine is helping you, you think?"

"I think."

"That's fine." She tugs gently at the cuffs of her blouse. Wanda changes her clothes before she brings me my dinner. Tonight, as every night, her skirt is demurely long and well pressed, her white blouse is creased and spotless and primly high-necked. Her deception would be flawless were it not for Wanda's innate laziness: she wears the identical costume each evening and I am not so naive as to think uniformity is her habit. One afternoon more than a month ago when she first came in from school I feigned loud distress, the choking and coughing and hysterical spasms that are the private province of the moribund, and thereby brought Wanda bounding up the stairs, panting and sweating, to breathlessly minister my passing. (Good Wanda is, in fact, most solicitous about my health, and in order to avoid the inevitable neighborhood rumormongering and the unfortunate possibility of official curiosity, I think that she will do all she can to stave off the moment of my demise.) That afternoon she paused outside my room, and certain that this was a sudden caution on her part I redoubled my gasping and throat-rattling and brought her spinning, nearly tripping on the carpet, through the door. Ah! My Wanda, here caught for a rare portrait in her natural habit by the wily eye and subtle snare of the infirm woodsman: she halts then, at the foot of my bed, when I appear to be in no critical state—faded baggy blue denims dragging about her bare feet, a thin yellow undershirt stenciled SMASH THE STATE! front and back, the A's precisely punctuated by her nipples, her long hair ironed arrow-straight and separated into a thousand independent strands down over her face and shoulders, her eyes sunk back deep in their sockets under the pressing weight of mascara that appears to have been applied by trowel.

I chose to play the jovial fool. "Costume day at school?" I ask her with the proper fool's quaver.

She steps more completely behind the footboard of my bed. "He... You're all right? I heard you..." She is the picture of concern.

"My throat." I point weakly to my throat as if it is an object not easily located. "In my throat. You know."

"You're all right now." No longer as a question.

I nod, with the exaggerated gravity of one who has glimpsed death.

Wanda looks down at her clothes. "I was going to paint."

"The house?"

"A canvas."

I stare.

"Oils, you know, oil painting."

"Oh. A new hobby?"

"New hobby." She edges toward the door. Wanda does very little for the soft idyllic life she has fallen into here.

"I'd like to see the results. Very much."

Wanda nods, turning to go out.

"I'll be looking forward to it. I'd like to see your paintings when they're done."

"Sure thing."

Wanda, I know, cannot even paint her eyelids neatly, so for several weeks afterward I ask constantly to see her canvases. From this she will learn to avoid hastily thought-out excuses.

That single afternoon was the only occasion I have caught Wanda out of her costume. Each evening at six she is at the door with my tray, hair tied back and face utterly without makeup. I embrace her nightly deception as a touching tribute to my invalid sensibilities and my apparently abysmal stupidity.

"You'll like the creamed spinach," Wanda tells me.

"George. His name was George."

Wanda is becoming exasperated with me. "No George, no Peter, no Ralph, no nobody."

"*Ralph*. I never mentioned a *Ralph*."

She leaves wordlessly. This perpetual strain of bantering with the bedridden is terrible to bear.

There is a nervous affliction within me that is traveling a slow pilgrimage up the two peninsulas of my legs. Last July, on the morning of Independence Day, this affliction first seized me about my ankles and brought me graceless to my hands and knees on the hot sidewalk two blocks from my home. At that moment the joints of my feet simply ceased to function according to my will: the hinge joints of my ankles became as fluid and precarious as greased metal bearings rolled between the hands. Stretcher and ambulance were required, a full set of mechanical contrivances to bear me the two blocks home in state and deposit me here, permanently, hapless victim of an inexplicable system of rebellious ganglia. The rebellion spreads. The muscles of my calves are now putty. Last month my knees—patellae and tendons once stiffened and powerful with rugby and soccer—began a slow secession from the dominion of my brain.

"If you're going to stay home you'll need someone to look after

Illustrated by Jean Lagarrigue

you. That is all there is to it." This from my sister, married twice and once divorced, seven years younger than I, flown in from Chicago to see me through the initial crisis of my degeneration.

"A nurse," I told her then. "I'll hire a nurse."

"Nonsense," as if the idea itself might be sprung from the worst depths of my illness. "Absolute nonsense." She stood next to my bed, her hair newly dyed a deep resonant red, amplifying the authority that her voice has carried since childhood. "We will let you have Wanda."

"Ah?"

One week later Wanda is at my door. The temporary nurse brings her upstairs. "You have a very wonderful house here, Uncle," are her first words to me. I have them written down somewhere, as a small keepsake.

I gather then that she views this new arrangement as a liberation of sorts and for nearly a month I am treated as if I am the prince of all liberators. When it turns fall and Wanda begins her final year of high school, her interests gradually shift away from my convalescence.

Tonight the thin odor of burning hemp cigarettes spirals up the staircase and silently invades my room. Wanda employs an inferior grade of incense that I do not think would mask the scent of fresh air. She offers solicitously to close my door, but I say no, I like the feel of ventilation. I enjoy the circulation of breeze and the exchange of odors, please, Wanda, leave my door wide open.

These parties of Wanda's have become a source of entertainment to me. Late in the summer when it became clear that she would stay on for the winter and attend school here, some random flash of intimacy motivated her to deliver a brief confession along with my dinner tray.

"You know I had some trouble in Chicago?"

I had heard family rumors.

"Something of the sort," I told her.

"You know what kind of trouble it was?"

"Ah. Not in detail, no."

Wanda stared at me, her brown eyes wide and perfectly clear. "Boy trouble."

Boy trouble. The essential cherubic innocence of the phrase propelled me into sympathy. "Well. We all have—"

"Bad boy trouble."

"Hmmm. It's not—"

"I mean serious boy trouble."

"Forget it," I told Wanda. Apparently she has.

The male voices that regularly echo ever so slightly from downstairs are not the thin adenoidal tones of boy trouble. If Wanda still feels she has trouble she must realize by now that it is man trouble. Truck drivers, certainly. Perhaps college football players or boxers or piano movers. Perhaps (the possibility just now occurs to me) professional TV wrestlers. It is unfortunately difficult to guess the identity of Wanda's visitors from those faint wisps of sound that float up the stairwell.

This, then, my evening's entertainment: to lie here encapsulated by my sheets and strain to catch the abbreviated fragments of conversation from downstairs. Wanda will not tolerate over-loud voices—on the very brink of numerous revelations I have heard her "Shhhh, for crissake, keep it down."

"—not dammit fourteen times, only—"

"Shhh," comes Wanda's voice, quiet, faintly venomous.

"—and you can take it and—"

"Shhh," is Wanda, dulcimer sweet.

"—if power does not derive from the people then—"

"Shhh," says Wanda, soothing, beneficent, maintaining still a fine edge of steel.

Tonight is no exception. The voices from downstairs flow around me, just at the edge of my perception, as if on some acoustical sea I lie at rest in the troughs of waves, only occasionally lifted up to glimpse the horizon.

"—yesterday was—"

"—no evidence of any—"

"—buy three more, is enough, three—"

Wanda is altogether and uncharacteristically silent this evening. Her guests (by now I have distinguished two slightly different timbres of voice) apparently monopolize the discussion.

"—either Mexico or—"

"—tracing back—"

"—gelignite—"

Gelignite. This word I extract from the conversation and retain for a moment. It seems to me that Wanda and her friends discuss a remarkable and eclectic range of topics. These three syllables have echoed up the stairwell on other nights, *gel-ig-nite*, and this is, I think, a word that I should recognize. In the morning I will have Wanda bring me the dictionary. For crosswords, I will tell her.

This morning Wanda, wrapped in her robe, brings my breakfast. I find myself wondering what sort of costume she wears to school now that the days have become warmer.

"Was the party enjoyable?"

"Party?" Wanda unfolds the short legs of the tray and sets it over me. "I stayed in last night. I'd tell you if I went out."

"I mean your friends. They left about midnight."

She tucks a linen napkin into the neck of my pajamas and smiles, shaking her head almost imperceptibly. She is a consummate actress. To watch her I could almost think myself senile. "No friends. I studied last night."

"Ah. Any trouble with your classes, something I could help with?"

"No." She has taken, these mornings, to even cracking my egg for me.

"What was it you studied?"

Wanda steps back to survey critically the breakfast tableau she has created. She smiles at me. "Government."

Before she leaves for school Wanda brings me the dictionary and sharpened pencils and my crosswords book. During the summer I did crosswords from the newspaper until Wanda saw fit to cancel the subscription. I ask her occasionally if she might renew it, but it is in my best interests, she tells me, not to be upset by the state of the world.

Page 448 of the dictionary. Just at the top of the left-hand column I locate my word:

> *gel-ig-nite* n. a high explosive in which the base is composed of potassium nitrate or a similar nitrate with wood pulp. A dynamite.

I read it twice, slowly: in my paralysis print has acquired a sensual quality that requires concentration. The rest of the day goes quickly. In the afternoon Wanda entertains two visitors.

Tonight while she serves me dinner I tell Wanda that the muscles of my thighs have begun a deterioration and it is no longer so easy for me to move myself about the bed. Perhaps, I suggest, we might install a telephone beside me in case I encounter some sort of emergency during the day when she is at school.

"We'll see," Wanda promises me.

"You could make a note of it so it wouldn't slip your mind."

"I'll remember."

Wanda has more guests tonight. I think I hear two motorcycles and two cars stop in front of the house. Of late Wanda has left off playing the stereo at these gatherings. My ears have become exceedingly keen at separating voices recently, and tonight my powers are at a peak. Three men and two young women, I am certain, besides the familiar drone of my Wanda.

Wanda has left a small chrome bell on my bedstand, as a substitute, I suppose, for a telephone. "Ring," she told me, "if you ever want anything." It has been there beside the water pitcher for two weeks and I have never touched it. Tonight, around midnight, when the unintelligible murmur of voices begins to bore me, I ring for Wanda, a single penetrating jangle. The voices downstairs stop instantly. In thirty-five seconds (I time her, idly curious) Wanda is at my door wrapped up in a blue dressing gown.

"Yes?" Her smile is magnificent.

I hold up my crosswords book, gripped with both hands, covering my face with it. "I was doing crosswords."

"You should be asleep." She approaches the bed to confiscate my book and tuck me in.

"I need a word."

"Tomorrow. Plenty of time for crosswords tomorrow."

"Just one word, tonight."

Wanda pauses in the middle of the floor. She is so patient with me. "One word. Then asleep, you promise?"

I nod. "Nine letters."

"Yes." She is all attention.

"Starts with g."

"All right."

"Ends with g-n-i-t-e."

(Continued on page 171)

The United States of Bananas

(If Napoleon calls, put him through)

There were, and are, only two classes of things in life to be afraid of: little things (the daily routine things, like what ye shall eat and what ye shall wear), and the Big Things (the Bomb, God, Things like that). In the past, most of the little things worked themselves out somehow, leaving free time and energy for the mind to devote itself to the big, ominous things. But these days, hardly anything seems little or simple enough to be taken for granted. It is no wonder you've begun to exhibit some early warning symptoms:

- You try to avoid being on the street at night and you think about taking karate lessons.
- You look for specks of mercury in your tuna fish.
- You try not to breathe deeply.
- You wonder whether there is a file somewhere in Washington with your name on it.

Such are the alert sirens of paranoia, wailing in the night. Paranoia, like everything else, used to be something that happened to others: a mental disorder characterized by delusions of grandeur, or, more commonly, persecution. Today it is the state of the union. In the Fifties, we pursued security; in the Sixties, under Kennedy, excellence. Now we no longer pursue—we are pursued.

This is the Age of Paranoia. Look around for fear and trembling; you'll find it in people's eyes, in current books, films, newspapers, television, and in every dark niche of the culture. But now there is a revolutionary new kind of paranoia, like no paranoia of the past. Charlie Manson has said: "Paranoia is just a kind of awareness, and awareness is just a form of love." Maybe he's right. Maybe paranoia is something we must all learn to live with.

Esquire would like to be as helpful as possible. To define a problem is to get closer to the solution. We are paranoid, thou art paranoid, he-she-it is paranoid, the whole country is paranoid, but we alone are prepared to get it all together out in front of your head. There are three stages of paranoia—Paranoia I, II and III—each of which has its unique compensations and drawbacks. Find out where you fit in and, for heaven's sake, try not to worry. After all, we have nothing to fear but um, ah, well, fear itself, and each other, and open spaces, and dark rooms, and germs, and heights, and a few other things you can read about in the next six pages.

PARANOIA I: You are frustrated because the world is in a mess and seems to be getting worse every day. The political system is bankrupt, the air is polluted, crime is on the rise, the drug problem is out of control. Your solution: replace misdirected action with wisdom and meet problems with rational thought and planning.

Key Figure

***Ramsey Clark** typifies the Paranoid I's approach to problem solving. His solution to crime is rational: attack at the roots. Ramsey Clark says that society must reduce poverty and illiteracy, not waste time calling for such hollow remedies as "law and order." For all his efforts Clark is always getting dumped on. J. Edgar Hoover calls him a "jellyfish." But, with characteristic restraint, Ramsey Clark chooses the higher road. Some people say he ought to be President.*

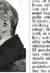
If you are Paranoid I you probably agree with Ramsey's ideas. But until the rest of the nation catches up with you, you keep your doors bolted. You'd like to maintain the decent view that man is driven to crime by substandard living conditions, but you just can't forget that you and your family could be the victims of: a murder every 36 minutes; a rape every 15 minutes, an aggravated assault every two minutes, a robbery every two minutes, an auto theft every 36 seconds, a larceny every 21 seconds, a burglary every 16 seconds. *(F.B.I. statistics)*

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR WATCH IS TONIGHT?

Key Publication

The *New York Times'* editorial voice is the voice of reason—and of Paranoia I. Always temperate, it maintains a concerned watch over us all. It sells good old-fashioned common sense. The line goes something like this: scrap the SST because the plane would be dirty and because the money would be better spent on social programs. Vietnam *was* a grave mistake, but we just can't pack up and leave thousands of South Vietnamese to be slaughtered. According to its sense of decency, *The Times* will never say that a President did something rotten *on purpose*; instead, *The Times* editorial will say: "President Nixon has misread the report of his Commission on Campus Unrest . . ." *The Times* is reasonable and fair. If you rely on *The Times* for guidance in shaping your opinions, why not have the paper delivered to your door?

Key Figure



Saul Bellow, the last great traditional novelist, writes on Paranoia I themes. They go something like this: *Why does cultivated man have all the heartburn he does? Well, you shouldn't ask.*

Key Event

Earth Day seemed like such a good idea at the time; a day called to focus attention on a serious problem and to bring men of commitment together to solve it. The sea gulls are coated with oil in Santa Barbara; the Los Angeles air is choking trees a hundred miles away; the bald eagle, our national bird, is on the endangered-species list; automobiles won't be reasonably safe from dangerous exhaust emissions until 1975 *at the earliest*. If people would settle for a wash less white than white, phosphates would stop flowing into lakes and streams. If everyone would boycott nonreturnables, recycling might become a reality. If man would get together to clean up the planet, everything would be a lot better and there would be a lot less to fear. Well, they got together on Earth Day and at the time it seemed like a pretty good idea.

Anybody remember what was supposed to happen next?

Recycle this page

Key Figure

Paul Ehrlich, author of *The Population Bomb*, is afraid that man will reproduce himself off the planet. And for good reason. By the year 2031, the United States will have twice as many people as now. (To prove his good intentions, Ehrlich had himself sterilized.) His plan for society is reasonable too: get more people to practice birth control. It is a workable plan only if men and women get together and do it (or not do it, as the case may be). The Paranoid I recognizes the implications of overpopulation: food shortages, waste materials, garbage, unsanitary living conditions, ruined resources. The Pill may well be the Final Solution, but in more ways than one. It will definitely do away with unwanted pregnancy, but it may also do away with you. Research shows that chemicals in two of the leading brands of oral contraceptives have caused nodules in the breasts of beagles. What's a mother to do?

A Football Coach Speaks

"It's getting to the point where being a coach isn't fun anymore. You live in fear of being fired, abused and who knows what else?"

[A Florida high-school mentor]

Key Cultural Theme

If there's a single word for the Paranoid I's basic condition it's impotence. Documentation for this assertion can be found in the current best seller *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. Take a Paranoid I to bed.

Man for All Seasons

A Paranoia I statement from Charles Reich, author of *The Greening of America*: Undirected technology is ruining "the landscape, the natural environment, history and tradition [and] slow growing social structures . . ."

Support Your Local Police

Chief James F. Ahern of New Haven was popular with the black and university communities for keeping cool during Panther Week at Yale, was a member of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest. He's a good man. America needs more [illegible]

Key Figure

David Susskind's television show features panel discussions of Paranoia I predicaments: "How to be a Jewish Son," "Don't Call Us Uncle Toms—the Black Middle Class," "Actors say, 'We're Broke and Fed Up!'" etc. Susskind is the archetypical Paranoid I *kvetch*.

A Hard-Hat Speaks

"You can take all the Democrats and call 'em Republicans and all the Republicans and call 'em Democrats. The country's so fouled up now, a fellow doesn't know what to think." *[A Ft. Wayne construction worker]*

Key Entertainer

"I mean, I don't get no respect. You know what I mean?"

A Dilemma

For years doctors have been recommending a diet low in saturated fats to avoid hardening of the arteries and heart disease. As a result, you've been eating the low-priced spread. Good thinking, because at a meeting of the American Heart Association the point was confirmed: two doctors reported that the death rate from heart disease of people on such diets is half that of people who eat typical American greasy food. But they added, the death rate from cancer is twice as high as that of people who eat typical American greasy food. Moral: All spreads are high-priced.

Eat your heart out

One cancer you can give yourself.
Horrible isn't it?

Key Ad

"Even your closest friends won't tell you."

Most Paranoid I's are uneasy consumers. They aren't comfortable with material possessions as long as there are tidal waves in Pakistan. Nevertheless, the Paranoid I doesn't want to offend. Nature has its place, but sometimes it smells funny.

Key Film

In *The Graduate*, Dustin Hoffman was a frustrated young man while Anne Bancroft was a frustrated middle-aged woman. What both had, neither of them needed: money, swimming pools, nice cars, and sex appeal. What neither of them had, both of them needed: love and understanding. Can you dig it? You can if you have Paranoia I tendencies.

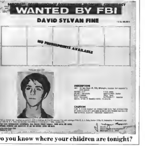
Key City

There comes a point at which bigness can't be managed. New York is that point. The Manhattan Paranoid I has things like these moving in on him: air pollution, roaches, rats, dogs, junkies, crime, Harlem, the Bowery, windowless office buildings, strikes, power failures, fuel shortages, bombs and bomb threats, radical chic, rent, the stock market, Mario Procaccino, the rat race, the dog-eat-dog world, subways, midnight cowboys, the fast buck. Things like these make New Yorkers afraid for their health, their property, their individuality. John Lindsay doesn't seem to have an answer; the only ones who do write letters to *The New York Times*.

Remember the neediest

Key Figure

William Buckley buys the same problems as Ramsey Clark but not the same solutions. Big government makes little confused people, he says, but man can save himself by returning to God and Yale (or what used to be God and Yale). Since Buckley's point of view has been getting stepped on for almost forty years, it's about time he had a Senator.



SABOTAGE, DESTRUCTION OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, CONSPIRACY

WANTED BY FBI

DAVID SYLVAN FINE

NO FINGERPRINTS AVAILABLE

DESCRIPTION

CAUTION

Do you know where your children are tonight?

Truth in packaging requires us to tell you that the eyes of Key Figures have been retouched.

PARANOIA II:

You are angry because certain people are conspiring to make you miserable. These people assemble lists; they infest the colleges; they work out master plans of repression; they plot to bomb important buildings. The issue is perfectly clear: you versus them, right versus wrong. Your mission: get them.

Key Figure

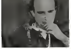
J. Edgar Hoover *knows how to finger the enemy. Through five decades he has put the heat on kidnappers, Mafiosi, Nazis Commies Panthers, Weathermen and outlaw priests. Many people think J. Edgar ought to resign, but he knows so much he doesn't dare let himself go. Right this minute he can tell you which particular conspiracy constitutes the gravest threat to the nation's security. Hoover's solution to the crime problem is "law and order" and he has no patience for coddling half-baked, softhearted, sob-sistering jellyfish. J. Edgar calls Ramsey the worst Attorney General he's ever known.*

Right-wing Paranoid II's are fed up with Spock-weaned crazies who blow up buildings and shoot cops They support J. Edgar, and believe his claim that a cell of Catholic leftists plotted to kidnap Henry Kissinger Left-wing Paranoid II's are fed up with F.B.I. agents infiltrating the movement They fear J. Edgar because he has files on 83,000,000 people. Meanwhile, Hoover says (comfortingly/threateningly), "F.B.I. accomplishments in 1970 reached new highs in nearly all areas."

Key Figure

Al Capp makes $4,500 a night talking on college campuses yet he believes that college students make trouble because *they* have too much money. While Capp is now a right-wing Paranoid II, he used to be left wing. This is an easy-to-make psychic shift because left-wing and right wing Paranoid II's are really echoes of each other and neither is very choosy

Key Film



Poor slob, that Joe. Joe is caught in the middle of the middle class's resentment of blacks on welfare, hippies on drugs, and the missus on his back. The right-wing Paranoid II moviegoer is pleased when Joe goes a huntin' hippies. The left-wing Paranoid II is pleased when Joe goes a *humpin'* hippies. All Paranoid II's have a difficult time telling sex from violence

Key Event

Chicago is your kind of town if you're Paranoid II from the Right or Paranoid II from the Left. If you're the former you believe that Chicago was invaded by outside agitators who crossed state lines to incite riots, desecrate the flag

and to violently disrupt a legitimate political process. They got what they deserved. If you're Paranoid II from the Left, you believe that concerned citizens came to exercise their right to peaceably and lovingly assemble. What went wrong? The Czechago pigs overreacted and beat on everyone in the great tradition of the American totalitarian cancer. Period

Key Entertainer

"This town ain't big enough for both of us, buster."

Burn this page

Key Cultural Theme

The Paranoid II hates television news coverage because it reflects the vested interests of the Corporate State or because it reflects the interests of vested New York liberals. Some Paranoid II's hate it because they can't understand how that dang box works nohow

Asked about the moon landing, a viewer from Miami said, "I saw all that on television, but I don't believe none of it. Man's never been to the moon. All that dirt and stuff? I don't know where they got it but it's not from the moon. That much I know"

Do you know where Orson Welles was on the night of July 20, 1969?

The New Army Game

Senator Sam J Ervin Jr accused the Army of exercising surveillance over Illinois political figures including Senator Adlai Stevenson 3rd. Army Secretary Stanley Resor denied all. Who do you believe?

Man for All Seasons

A Paranoid II statement from Charles Reich author of *The Greening of America* "The media systematically deny any fundamentally different or dissenting point of view a chance to be heard . . ."

Support your local police

(Paranoid II)

Commissioner Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia knows how to deal with snipers who shoot cops "They should be strung up—I mean within the law" he says For urban disorder he suggests "The only thing we can do now is buy tanks and start mounting machine guns" He's a good man. America needs cops like him. Lots of people want him to run for Mayor of Philadelphia.

Bulletin Board

- The C.I.A. hates the people so much it seeded clouds over Woodstock to cause rain
- The C.I.A hires swamis to immobilize the counter culture
- The C.I.A. has a data bank of 2,500,000 names supplied by clerks of the Civil Service who keep tabs on the underground press.

Know anyone in the C.I.A.? If so, ask him if there's any truth in the three persistent rumors listed above. If he says yes, you know he's lying because the C.I.A. never admits anything. If he says no but asks your name, keep moving.

Remember the Pueblo

Key Figure

The Reverend Carl McIntire preaches old time religion and old time Americanism over some 600 old time radio stations. Last October he organized a monster March for Victory rally in Washington and asked South Vietnam's Vice President Ky to come. Ky said he would, then said he wouldn't. Who got to him? Modernists? Liberals? Roman Catholics? Commies? All of the above?

Who is this man and what does he mean to you?

(a) He is Ted Koop, CBS executive and rumored to be the Chief Censor of the United States in the event of a national emergency

(b) He is Robert C. Mardian, recently appointed head of the Justice Department's Internal Security Division

(c) He is Charlie Fox, manager of the San Francisco Giants, who accused Leo Durocher of bugging the Giants dugout and stealing their signals

(d) He is Stephen Jones of the Oklahoma Civil Liberties Union who is challenging what he says is a state blacklist containing the names of 6000 peaceful demonstrators

Key City

Do you know the truth about what happened in Dallas? If you do, why are you covering it up?

Key Figure

Spiro Agnew became a household word by separating the We's (Silent Americans) from the Thems (everybody else). But while most Paranoid II's divide and conquer according to strict ideology, Agnew does his thing with natural rhythm. Examples: "*They* burn, pillage and destroy because *they* rebel against *their* lack of creativity." (Emphasis added.) "*They* were raised on a book by Dr. Spock and a paralyzing permissive philosophy pervades every policy *they* espouse." (Emphasis added.) "It doesn't bother me . . . that the press—as a group—regards the First Amendment as its own private preserve. . . . That happens to be *my* Amendment, too." (Emphasis his.)

"I have in my hand a list. . . ."

1) Representative Richard H Ichord, Chairman of the House Internal Security Committee, issued a list of supposedly dangerous campus speakers including poet John Ciardi, criminologist Jerome Skolnick and Dr Benjamin Spock 2) Writer Nat Hentoff, also on the list, sued Ichord and others to prevent publication and won but 3) *The New York Times* had already printed it and 4) *Time* magazine suggested the result of the whole affair might be to raise the speakers' status. Cui bono?

Civil Rights

Soul, a tabloid, accused *Playboy* of discriminating against blacks because photographs of dancer Paula Kelly were not as convincingly airbrushed as those of the usual bevy of white beauties

Key Figure

Eldridge Cleaver goes after the Man just as Norman Mailer goes after the Bitch. Like all great literary heroes they need tormenting muses to fear. Who's the Bitch? Only Aquarius knows for sure. Who's the Man? Anybody who's part of the Problem. What's the Problem? The Pigs. What's the Solution? The People. When the Revolution comes, will you be part of the Pigs or part of the People? Only Paranoid II's know for sure

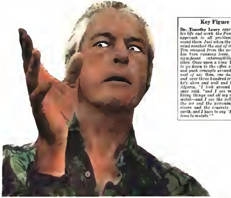
For a long time Paranoid II's have been screaming about the existence of fully equipped concentration camps in the U.S. Can it happen here? You bet. Six camps were authorized under the Internal Security Act of 1950 which enables the Attorney General under powers granted by the President to detain persons thought to be engaged in sabotage and espionage. Four of the camps have been sold, but two (including the one in Allenwood, Pennsylvania, pictured above) are still maintained by the Feds. Although the White House has said it would like to abolish the camps, *Time* reported that Sen. Daniel Inouye (D., Ha.) came away from a meeting with the Justice Department with the impression that [it] was against repeal

Do you know where your children will be *tomorrow* night?

The Whole Truth requires us to tell you that the eyes of Key Figures have been retouched

PARANOIA III:

You are confident that civilization as we know it will collapse in the next five years. Goody! War, famine, unutterable disaster are just around the corner. Excellent! Things can't go on like this. A Higher Power will step in soon. You're getting in touch with the Higher Power; you'll inherit the earth. Whee!



Key Figure

Dr. Timothy Leary *expresses, in his life and work the Paranoia III approach to all problems transcend them Just when the Western mind reached the end of its tether, Tim escaped from the pound and has been running loose with insignificant interruptions, ever since. Once upon a time Tim used to go down to the office every day and push concepts around like the rest of us; then, one day, Zonk! and over three hundred trips later, he's alive and well and living in Algeria. "I look around us," he once said. "and I see metal—all living things and all my cells hate metal—and I see the pollution of the air and the poisoning of the rivers and the concrete over the earth, and I have to say 'Baby it's time to mutate.'"*

By the time Tim slipped out of jail in California to join the raggle-taggle gypsies, he had become so mutated that he spoke of the Weathermen as "holy liberation saints," a label it's hard to avoid if you're far out enough. Are you far out enough? Is Tim your brother, father and son? Holy liberation saints of the world, unite! You have nothing to blow but your minds!

Key Cultural Theme

The earth is the mother of us all and nobody likes estrangement from his mother. Therefore, the thing to do is form agricultural communes, grow your own food, weave your own clothes, mow your own lawn, dig your own coal, smelt your own iron, bore your own artillery, and invent television all over again from purely organic materials, like a natural man should. The Manson family lived on garbage for months. Be like them.

Key Figure

Ken Kesey, novelist and electric prophet, first turned himself on, then his friends, then everybody in sight, Tomorrow the World! At present he's living on the West Coast, and when California falls into the sea in the next year or so, guess who will be left?

Key Film

2001 showed that the ultimate cause of all the little things is the One Big Thing, and that the universe is in charge at every moment, however you may doubt it from time to time. Things looked bad when HAL, the computer, flipped his reels and started killing off the crew of the Jupiter bound vessel—but that's the way the universe wanted it, for man's own good, so he should become at once an unborn child and a very old man, or something like that after a terrific light show. Paranoia III people know that, while Stanley Kubrick fronted for the real producers, actually the whole thing was found rolled up in a set of golden film cans under a giant black slab in Palmyra, New York.

Key Publication

Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things tend toward apocalypse, *Rolling Stone* thinks on these things. A journal of reportage not comment, *Rolling Stone* has the facts when Bob Dylan takes an honorary degree at Princeton, or when a raging populace provokes police retaliation at Palm Springs, or when any rock musician gets a hangnail on one of his working digits. All significant gossip appears in the letters column; everything there is to know about drugs appears as news, and thus is fact separated from opinion.

Smoke this page

Key Figure

R. Buckminster Fuller, geodesic theoretician, thinks up new domes to keep the rain off the future while ordinary architects futz around with urban renewal and similar life-destroying stuff. Bucky is the author of *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth* and probably the only qualified pilot around. The next time the vernal equinox rolls around on schedule be grateful for the steady hand of the man in the cockpit.

Man for All Seasons

A Paranoia III statement from Charles Reich, author of *The Greening of America*: "There is a revolution coming [which] will not require violence to succeed, and [which] cannot be successfully resisted by violence. This revolution will make green grass sprout up through cement."

Support your local police

(Paranoia III)

Writer Hunter S. Thompson *(Hell's Angels)* ran for Sheriff of Pitkin County, Colorado, on a Freak Power platform. He promised to rename Aspen "Fat City," plant grass in the streets, and put crooked drug dealers in the stocks. He lost. But he's a good man. America needs cops like him, and there'll be another election someday.

Key Figure

Michael Brody inherited a vast fortune—or maybe a not so vast one and then tried to give it away. Something prevented him—lawyers, accountants, facts, who knows?—so he tried for a career as a recording star. After the revolution anything that's for sale will go for a song, and Michael will have songs. That's when you'll know what a vast fortune is really worth.

Confirmation

According to the Bible it was 2000 years, more or less, from the creation of the world to the calling of Abraham. Then it was another 2000 years approximately, from Abraham to Christ. It is now very nearly 2000 years since Christ. That suggests that something big is about to happen, doesn't it? Paranoia III is ready.

Resurrection

Since all things will be made new soon, Paranoid III's are especially sensitive to signs that it may be happening now. Walt Disney is rumored to be not dead but preserved in cryogenic suspension in Arizona! Che Lives! is not a metaphorical political slogan but a proposition in New World logic. A few Paranoid III's are losing faith in Adolf Hitler, but only because he is eighty-two this month.

Remember Yukio Mishima

Key Event

LIFE
The Love and Terror Cult

The Sharon Tate murders were important, but not *that* important. Who did them is *certainly* not that important. What's important is that for the first time the media, in the form of *Life*, met Paranoia III, in the form of Charlie, and look who won. For the first time in history, your cover boy was a poet-philosopher-musician-prophet-hypnotist-tribal chieftain. As you look at this picture try to remember the actual living words of Charlie:

"I am just a mirror. Anything you see in me is you."

"Death is psychosomatic."

"Paranoia is the other side of love. Once you give in to paranoia it ceases to exist. That's why I say submission is a gift, just give in to it, don't resist."

That's the old water of life, all right. Now just stop resisting.

Key City

When the children of light pitched camp on Max Yasgur's dairy farm in 1969, the second largest city in New York was born. And it's still growing, though Woodstock has disappeared from the site, it lives on in the spirit world. One day it will descend again and the Paranoid III's will march right in to take up permanent residence. Meanwhile, like Brigadoon or the Emerald City, it can't exactly be located but it's nice to know it's all there. This way to the ingress: outside there is only darkness and gnashing of teeth.

Key Figure

Bishop James Pike, the teller of tales, the friend of God, disappeared from this plane a year and a half ago in the vicinity of Jerusalem but he has since been seen up, up in the sky, rapping with such heavenly big shots as Paul Tillich and Bobby Kennedy, thus proving that we are *not* all equal in death and that death is no big thing anyhow. Naysayers maintain that Bishop Pike is not in heaven but in hell. Paranoid III's are not prepared to admit that there's a significant difference since as Charlie has explained, God and the Devil are the same person, death is life, and X is not X.

Whatever happened to Pat Boone?

Apocalypse Now

Leaders of a branch of the True Light Church of Christ in North Carolina predicted that the world would end in 1970. In preparation for the apocalypse some members of the sect quit their jobs—including one man with twenty-three years of service with the post office. As of January 2, 1971, eighteen True Lighters had joined the number of the living unemployed. Asked what went wrong, one member explained, "I can't give you no satisfactory explanation." Once Paranoid III's believe something, there's is not to reason why—or why not, for that matter. Wait till next year.

Key Entertainer

"We all live in a yellow submarine, a yellow submarine, a yellow submarine."

How It All Comes Together

Leonard Bernstein (a Paranoid I) had a ritzy party for the Black Panthers (Paranoid II's) to find out if they were really being persecuted (Paranoia II concept) by the police (Paranoid II's). Tom Wolfe (your ordinary everyday neurotic) wrote Radical Chic, saying that the ritzy people at the party were moved by guilt, nostalgie de la boue, and the desire to be with it (all Paranoia I motives) rather than out of a lust to help the Panthers (a Paranoia II motive). Art dealer Richard Feigen (a Paranoid I) was moved to rage (a Paranoia II stance) by Wolfe's account, and called Wolfe "the white-suited Spiro Agnew of Park Avenue" (a Paranoia II evaluation). Thus Feigen moved from I to II. Next, Commentary, a Paranoia I journal, moved into Paranoia II by attacking The New York Review of Books as "in Tom Wolfe's words, 'the chief theoretical organ of Radical Chic'" and analyzing The New York Review as a clique of left elitists. The New York Review, feigning the Paranoia I posture, said in a review of Radical Chic that people like the editor of Commentary "imagine conspiracies" but revealed its true Paranoia II form by going on to point out that everything was the fault of people like Tom Wolfe. The whole thing shows that (1) it is impossible to move from Paranoia II to Paranoia I, and inevitable to move the other way, and (2) everything really is the fault of people like Tom Wolfe. The Realist (Paranoia III) characteristically ignored the affair.

Higher Truth requires us to tell you that the eyes of Key Figures have been retouched.

Two Lane Blacktop

A screenplay by Rudolph Wurlitzer and Will Corry
from a story by Will Corry

Where the road is and where it's going: the first movie worth reading

Interior of the Car on Sunset Strip. The camera picks up the profile of the Mechanic as he sits in the passenger seat staring at the Strip. He is twenty three years old. His features are soft yet raggedly defined. He occupies space with great assurance and poise, his gestures are fluid and coordinated. Whenever he approaches a machine or any problem requiring digital expertise he is totally focused.

There are two phone booths on the edge of the sidewalk. The Driver is in one, his back turned to the Car as he talks on the phone. The Driver hangs up and returns to his seat. He too is twenty three years old. His face is lean and angular. There is a perplexed and detached look to his eyes. His movements are graceful yet tense, nervous. When he is driving he is at one with the Car; when out of the Car he seems slightly lost, as if away from the center of himself. He fires up and the Car glides slowly into the flow of traffic. For the first time, the Car is completely visible. It is a '55 Chevy two door. It is several shades of primer grey. There are wide M&H Racemaster tires. The front end is molded into one piece of fiber glass that tilts forward. When opened the engine is totally revealed. The engine is a 454-cubic-inch high performance Chevy with aluminum heads. From the outside one can see the roll bar behind the two fiber glass bucket seats. Inside, the dashboard is bare except for Stewart-Warner gauges: Sun Tach, Water Temp, Oil Press and Amp Meter. There is a 4 Speed Transmission, Hurst Linkage and Covico Steering Wheel. The back seat area is filled with a tool kit, spare parts and two small, tightly rolled sleeping bags.

Driver *(speaking softly but with an edge of tension to his voice)*: Broadway Parking Lot on Crenshaw.

Credits come on as the Car slowly glides into the parking lot. There are two thousand cars in the lot. Most are parked but a small number of the more impressive Street Racers and fast Detroit cars move in a slow parade. The occupants of the parked cars mingle with each other. There is an air of secrecy and complicated maneuvering about the whole scene. There are lots of chicks and there is a certain amount of hustling and sounding going on, but mostly the talk is about other cars and side bets. The crowd is predominantly black. The buildings around the parking lot are the new sterile shops of a mammoth shopping centre. There are no lights on in the buildings. On top of the tallest building there are three plain clothes cops. One cop talks on a walkie-talkie. A helicopter hovers overhead, casting an ominous pool of slowly moving light over the crowd. The Car coasts slowly over to a man with a megaphone who talks constantly in a low, hushed voice to the passing drivers. The Car stops. The man is huge and pronouncedly black. He wears a faded blue denim jacket with gold lettering on the back: L.A. Street Racers Assoc.

Mechanic *(leaning out the window)*: You got anything fast?

Man *(quietly not using the megaphone)*: '68 Dodge Charger. Says he'll race anything. Hold on.

He is distracted by an aide.

Man *(using the megaphone addressing himself to three men with L.A. Street Racers Assoc. on their backs)*: Slim tell Motorhead to be cool. The man is all over the place tonight.

He turns back to the Mechanic.

Man: In ten minutes go out the far end. It's at Forty-second and Third Avenue.

Mechanic: Where's the Dodge?

Man *(distracted as another aide comes up)*: Over by the gate.

The Mechanic gets back in the Car. They drive slowly toward the Entrance Gate. The Car drives through the gate and parks alongside a Dodge Charger. The Driver of the Dodge is black. He is neatly dressed in fancy leather jacket, white shirt and blue and white ascot. He looks at the Driver and then slowly at the Car, shaking his head in painful deprecation.

Mechanic *(out the window to the Driver of the Dodge)*: Man says you want action.

Dodge Driver: Could be. But I don't see nothin' around.

Mechanic: That's true. All I see is a pile of De-troit shit.

Dodge Driver *(smiling slightly)*: That might have to cost you.

Mechanic: What do you have in mind?

Dodge Driver: A yard would be worth my time.

Mechanic: Make it a deuce.

Forty-second Street and Third Avenue. The quiet residential street has been sealed off. Two men with flashlights stand at the far end of the street. At the starting line three men with flashlights direct the lineup of cars. The Car is directed in line behind two Plymouth Road Runners. The Dodge Charger pulls up alongside the Car. The Plymouth Road Runners squeal off into their race.

Lights go on in two houses. The Mechanic reaches into his wallet and withdraws four fifty dollar bills. The Dodge Driver withdraws two hundred dollar bills. A man with a flashlight wearing a blue denim jacket with L.A. Street Racers Assoc. on the back moves in between the two cars and pockets the bet. The starter moves to the side and raises his flashlight to start the race as the credits end. He brings his flashlight quickly down and the cars burst from the line.

The Car wins by two feet. As the Car slows, the overhead revolving red light of a squad car flashes a block away. The Driver executes a 180° spin-out and roars back down the street where the other cars are scattering. The Car takes the first left and then the first right and then the first left.

Series of shots of the Car leaving L.A. The Car on the Freeway. The Driver keeping to the speed limit. The Mechanic sleeps in the back area.

The Car circling a ramp and moving onto another Freeway.

The Car on the Freeway. The Mechanic still asleep. Fewer lights and cars. The Driver turns on the radio. We hear the intimate and frenetic voice of an early morning disc jockey.

The Car leaving the Freeway. Moving through small, completely silent towns. First light of dawn. The Mechanic wakes and sits up. Then moves into the passenger seat. He turns off the radio.

Mechanic: Loose valve making noise. We might have lost a rocker arm.

An orange grove, dawn. The sun is beginning to rise over an immense field of orange trees. The Mechanic and Driver get out of the Car. The Mechanic takes his tool kit from the back area and opens the hood. The Driver leans against a tree and closes his eyes. The road is empty. The only sounds are birds chirping and the light tapping of the Mechanic's tools.

Driver: That Dodge had a Hemi with a torque flight. He got me good out of the gate. I pulled on him in second. Pulled right up to the door in third. That was when he stopped and I finally pulled him in fourth. I believe we saved that cat off even if we did lose two hundred.

The Mechanic never talks when he's working, as the Driver never talks when he's driving. The Driver closes his eyes. The Mechanic works on.

A gas station. Needles, later that morning. The Car stops in front of the pump. Inside the garage the feet of a mechanic are visible as he works underneath a car. Outside, an old man in coveralls works on a tractor. A boy, fifteen, comes out of the office. The Mechanic and Driver get out of the Car. The Mechanic opens the hood and starts to work. The Driver stretches and looks around. The boy looks for the filler cap but can't find it. The Mechanic comes over and opens the trunk. The filler cap is enormous, the tank holding thirty eight gallons. The boy starts to pump gas. He looks over the Car in awe as the gas pump dings.

Boy: Chevy block?

Driver: Yeah.

Ding.

Boy *(looking in the window as he pumps the gas)*: See you got a roll cage.

Ding.

The garage mechanic comes out from underneath the car and walks toward them, wiping his hands on his jeans. He is middle-aged and openly curious about the Car.

Ding.

Garage Mechanic: Lot of work.

Ding.

Boy: Is it a 396?

Ding.

Driver: 454.

Ding.

Boy: No shit.

Garage Mechanic: What kind of transmission?

Ding.

Driver: Four-speed.

Ding.

Garage Mechanic: You build the headers?

Ding.

Driver: Yeah.

Ding.

The old man in coveralls walks over to the Car and looks on.

Boy: How fast does she go?

Ding.

Driver *(vaguely)*: Depends on who's around.

Ding.

Old Man *(looking at the pump)*: Never heard so much bell ringin'. Thirty gallons and she's still goin'.

Ding.

Garage Mechanic: I don't believe we got a machine to properly shut you boys down. Nossir. Old Perky Sams might have done it but he done got his leg smashed.

The Mechanic lowers the hood and walks back to the pump. He looks at the pump and takes out his wallet. He gives the boy a twenty dollar bill. The boy gives the Mechanic his change in coins. They get in the Car and the Driver fires up.

Series of shots of the Car crossing the desert. The Car going flat out at 140 m.p.h. The Car driving through small towns at the edge of the desert and beginning to climb into the mountains.

The Car, dusk. A small middle-class Arizona town. The houses are new split-level homes. The Car driving slowly down a street at the edge of town. The Driver looks in the mirror as a Patrol Car slowly passes. There are two Troopers in the Patrol Car. The one on the passenger side looks at the Car suspiciously. He says something to the driver. Then the Patrol Car pulls in front of the Car and slows down to 20 m.p.h. The Car sputters.

Mechanic: You got to pass or foul the plugs.

Driver *(under his breath)*: Son of a bitch.

The Car sputters around the Patrol Car. When the Driver pulls back into the right lane, the Patrol Car's red light goes on. The Driver and Mechanic automatically buckle their seat belts and roll up the windows. The Driver accelerates. The Car fishtails briefly and then straightens out as the m.p.h. goes over a hundred. A puff of blue smoke comes off the rear wheels hitting fourth gear.

The two cars race through residential streets, out into the country and then back again as the Car spins out and doubles back on itself. The distance between the Patrol Car and the Car grows. Street and house lights go on as darkness settles swiftly over the town. The Car makes a hard right and then a hard left, momentarily losing the Patrol Car. The Driver cuts the engine and the Car glides into a driveway.

It is night. The Driver and Mechanic climb quietly out of the Car. The house is a comfortable ranch house, the kind one might see advertised for a young executive in *House and Gardens*. Warm light spills out of the windows onto the lawn and paved driveway. The Driver and Mechanic look in a window. The window frames a living room-dining area. The furnishings are comfortable Grand Rapids. A man sits on a leather chair watching color television. The news is on. The Driver and Mechanic can barely hear the words. A pretty woman in a skirt and blouse walks back and forth from the kitchen to the dining area. She sets the table, occasionally stopping to look at a baby lying in a crib near the couch or to watch a moment of the news. The couple are in their late twenties. The atmosphere is serene and ritualized. The Driver and Mechanic watch without comment. The man turns the television off and sits down at the table. The woman places roast beef and vegetables on the table and sits down. They eat. The Driver and Mechanic walk back to the Car. The Driver fires up and they glide quietly out of the driveway and into the night.

A field. The Driver and Mechanic are rolled up in their sleeping bags next to a dirt road. The Car is parked a few feet from them.

The Car, driving across Arizona, day. The Driver sees a Pontiac GTO in the mirror. The GTO drives parallel to the Car. There are two men in the GTO. They both look at the Car. The man in the passenger seat is an old farmer. He looks scared and uneasy. The driver of the GTO is in his early thirties. His light blue sweater looks expensive and yet there is a disheveled almost maniacal look to him. He grimaces, then smiles, then waves as the GTO blasts past the Car. The Driver and Mechanic keep their eyes focused on the road.

A luncheonette. The Car pulls up to a country hamburger stand marked EATS. There are two other parked cars and a 1948 brown van. The van has a peace sign on the front door and a water can attached to a fender. Window shades cover the rear window. The Driver and Mechanic enter, sit at the counter. There is one other man eating. Through the window the van is visible. As the Driver and the Mechanic eat their hamburgers a Girl gets out of the rear door of the van. She slams the door. She is crying. She is dressed in old Levi's and an Army fatigue shirt that is much too big for her. The name tag on the fatigue shirt reads Higgens. She stares at the Car, drying her eyes on the sleeves of the shirt. She walks over and looks inside the Car. Then she returns to the van, goes inside and comes back with a small laundry bag. She walks to the Car and climbs into the back area. The Driver and Mechanic finish eating and go outside.

The Mechanic gets into the passenger seat. He glances briefly at the Girl but his expression remains passive and cool. His eyes are focused straight ahead when the Driver gets in and fires up.

The Car traveling. The Girl speaks from the back area. She has a young whispery voice. It is slightly hysterical.

Girl: It's really bumpy back here. What kind of car is this, anyway? You guys aren't the Zodiac killers or anything like that, are you?

Mechanic *(in a broad imitation of a cowboy)*: Just passin' through.

Girl: L.P.'s truck was worse. He wouldn't even be awake yet when he would want to smoke up a joint. We were supposed to go to the Grand Canyon but he kept getting stoned and pulling off the side of the road.

They ride in silence.

Girl: Say, which way are we going?

Mechanic: East.

Girl: That's cool. I never been east.

The Car goes past a gas station as the GTO pulls out. The GTO pulls up alongside the Car. The driver of the GTO has another colored sweater. Every time we see him his sweater is different. There is another passenger in the GTO. As the GTO pulls ahead of the Car the driver sticks his hand out the window and gives the Car the finger.

The Car traveling, afternoon. The Girl massages the neck and shoulders of the Mechanic while looking at the Driver.

Mechanic: She don't seem to be breathing just right. It might be the jets—possibly too lean. You hear that, just a little flat spot there. The centrifugal advance mechanism in the distributor might be fucked up. Yeah, well, she needs a little attention.

Girl: I'm really hungry.

The Car turns down a dirt road and parks near a river. The Mechanic starts to work on the engine. The Girl sheds her Levi's and fatigue jacket and runs into the river. The Driver walks slowly to the riverbank and sits down, watching her. She splashes and swims around in small awkward circles.

Girl *(excited as she ducks in and out of the water)*: It's really beautiful.

The Driver rolls a cigarette. The Mechanic joins him and sits down. They watch the Girl.

Girl: Come in. Oh please come in. It isn't cold at all.

Mechanic *(to the Driver)*: You recall that Ford with the 427 that we totaled out by Johnson City? I sorely miss the feel of that automobile. I polished that crankshaft so fine the cylinders whispered my name. That was more r.p.m. without bursting than any machine I ever knew, excepting of course old Top Gas back yonder. I stroked that 427 crank. It slipped right in and increased the stroke from 3.78 to 3.98. We used to eat the tree with that Drive King.

Girl: It isn't cold at all. . . . It's really groovy.

She floats on her back and then swims out into the river.

Driver *(watching her)*: Yeah, that was a machine. But I got as many kicks from that VW we put the 911 engine into. That was a nice little body made for surprises. I got more satisfaction out of cracking off 13 second E.T.'s than most rievens. Webers, Mondello heads, Vertex—that was a radical little trip.

They watch the Girl. It is evening and the light is soft and fading.

Driver: Yeah . . . Space cushions.

The Mechanic stands up.

Mechanic: Yeah, well, it's not a bad thing to really brush off the line.

The Mechanic goes back to the Car. The Driver continues to watch the Girl as she comes out of the river.

A campfire, night. They sit around a fire drinking coffee and eating cheese and apples. The shadow and presence of the Car looms just behind them. The Girl wraps her arms around her legs and slowly rocks herself. She hums softly. The Mechanic climbs into his sleeping bag. His hands folded underneath his head, he stares at the stars. The Girl puts the cooking utensils into the Car. Then she takes off her

The Car, the Girl, the Mechanic, the Driver

clothes and gets into the Driver's sleeping bag. The Driver sits for a long moment staring into the darkness. Then he slowly takes off his clothes and gets into the sleeping bag with the Girl. They make love.

The Car, travelling, New Mexico, day. The Girl is lying in the back area. The Mechanic is nodding off in the passenger seat. The Driver concentrates on the road.

GIRL (*singing softly to herself*): Put your arms around me/ Like the circle round the sun. I want a little lovin'/ Like my easy rider done . . .

The Driver sees a yellow Porsche in the mirror. The Porsche screams past the Car on the inside and gets on it. The Porsche comes in and out of view in the twisting road ahead. The Car's r.p.m.'s remain steady. The Girl sits up in the back area and looks at the Porsche.

GIRL. Don't you want to race him? Isn't that what you guys do? I mean, didn't a car just roar up and challenge you? Aren't there always Super Cars roaring up and beeping and growling and exposing themselves so you guys can set your lips in thin lines and blast off?

MECHANIC. It's too heavy to do in a Porsche just for kicks. We'd take him in a quarter mile but he'd probably lose us in long time.

GIRL. Well, I don't know. It gets cramped sitting in an engine with a bunch of car freaks.

She sinks down into the back area, stretching her legs over the seat.

GIRL (*singing in a loud, falsetto, pre-sexual voice*): Oh let me be your side track / till your main line comes / I'll do more switchin' than / your main line ever done . . .

The Driver accelerates to 130 miles an hour, throwing the Girl's legs back against the rear window. He suddenly slows down and continues to cruise at 60 m.p.h.

GIRL. For Christ's sake . . . I didn't mean that kind of action. Just a little once, to break the monotony.

The outskirts of Santa Fe, afternoon. The Girl hangs her head outside the window on the Mechanic's side. The mountains around Santa Fe are brilliantly shaded in purple and red as the sun sets. The Driver drives into the center of town and parks near the small elegant plaza. A Mexican and Indian teen-age rock and roll band are playing on a bandstand in the small park in the middle of the plaza. A crowd watches the musicians and a Saturday night promenade walks casually around and through the plaza.

GIRL (*excited*). Listen, I really like it here and I want to stay in a motel. I've hardly ever done that.

DRIVER (*distracted, watching the band*). Okay . . . Let's do it. (*To the Mechanic.*) How much bread we got?

MECHANIC (*looking through his wallet*). Two hundred racing bread. Twenty to spend.

GIRL. I don't need a handout. I don't dig that. I can pay my own way.

DRIVER. I just thought you didn't have any bread.

GIRL. I'll get some. Take a walk or something. Go over and listen to the sounds.

They watch her as she walks down the street. She stops a middle-aged couple, obviously tourists. The man is dressed in a blue jacket, black string tie and sombrero. The woman, just as obviously his wife, is dressed in a grey suit and brown oxford walking shoes.

GIRL. Excuse me, sir, but could you lend me some change to help me get the bus home? I'm on my way to San Francisco but I got sick and had to use up the allowance my parents gave me.

The woman looks away, embarrassed. The man reaches into his pocket. Without looking he puts a handful of change into her hand.

GIRL. Thank you, sir.

She stops a man getting out of a pickup truck. He is obviously a rancher. He's middle-aged with a stern, weather-beaten face. He's dressed in cowboy boots, jeans and a red hunting jacket.

GIRL (*looking at him mournfully*). Excuse me, sir, but could you lend me some change to help me get the bus home? I'm on my way to San Francisco but I got sick and had to use up the allowance my parents gave me.

MAN (*frowning with disapproval*). Why don't you young people work for a change? I'm sick and tired of all this freeloading.

He walks away. The Girl stops an old couple coming out of a restaurant.

GIRL (*looking at them mournfully*). Excuse me but could you lend me some change to help me get the bus home? I'm on my way to San Francisco but I got sick and had to use up the allowance my parents gave me.

OLD WOMAN. I think you're disgraceful being out on the street like this. Why don't you work for a living?

GIRL (*moving away*). I just heard that rap, lady.

The Mechanic and Driver walk toward the bandstand while the Girl works the street.

Santa Fe, night. They drive through the streets.

GIRL. Twelve dollars and twenty cents. That's more than you guys got today.

The Driver takes a sharp turn to the left and follows a '34 coupe street runner. They follow the coupe as it makes a left turn and then cruises down a main street. The coupe is a beautiful car with '40 Ford axle assembly with spindles, a '56 Chevy rear end with Buick brakes and standard five windows. They follow the coupe until it turns into an A & W Root Beer Stand. They circle the stand, looking at the parked cars.

MECHANIC. Check that '67 'cuda . . . That's nice, a '57 Chevy . . . Hmm, a 442 Olds. There's a little muscle around tonight. What we got over there? . . . A Ford 429. An Anglia panel . . . Look at that Anglia panel. Beautiful. An AMX. Okay . . . Listen, we got to just rope one out. . . . I believe I got her spotted. Look at that '67 Plymouth Road Runner and that dude in those sharp threads eatin' a chili burger. That's a score. A Hemi, two four barrel Holley carbs. Chrome rims. Goodyear slicks. Headers. Probably a torque flight transmission. Yeah, well let's get it on.

The Car parks next to the Plymouth. The Driver gets out and walks up to the driver of the Plymouth. He is in his middle twenties, expensively dressed in leather jacket, slacks and black cowboy boots. He coolly looks over the crowd of assembled street runners. The crowd is mostly young kids eating hamburgers and drinking root beer, girls coming on to boys and vice versa. Inside a loud jukebox plays The Rolling Stones' *Honky Tonk Women.*

A Cop and GTO

DRIVER (*obviously polite and soft-spoken*). That's a clean machine.

The driver of the Plymouth looks at the Driver. He seems bored.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER. It's good work.

DRIVER. Not bad for a factory machine.

The Plymouth driver looks over the Driver and the Car for the first time.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER. It's not exactly a factory machine.

DRIVER (*putting him on*). You mean you've got some extras in there? Is it fast? Gee, mister, I'll bet it's pretty fast.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER (*testy*). You want to find out?

DRIVER. Well, sure. I'd be grateful to find out. Only thing is (*his tone changes, becoming more defined, firmer*) I'm not exactly in the habit of seeing the Chevy work against some two-bit piece of junk.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER (*angry*). Make it fifty.

DRIVER (*completing the deal, his tone hard and matter-of-fact*). Add a yard and a half and you got a deal.

A crowd has gathered around the scene. Kids are checking out the Car and making appropriate sounds.

BOY. Two hundred. Hey, Chuck, this guy just bet Steve two hundred dollars.

SECOND BOY. Look at the headers. What is it, a 396?

THIRD BOY. Might be bored out to 406. Probably got Crane rockers on her. Oh man, it's got a Weiand manifold.

FIRST BOY. It probably runs in the elevens.

DRIVER (*not paying attention to the crowd around the car*). Where to?

PLYMOUTH DRIVER. Las Palmas Road. You can follow me.

The crowd reacts by pouring into their cars and blasting off to Las Palmas Road. The Driver gets slowly into the Car, fires up. They follow the Plymouth out of the A & W Root Beer Stand.

Las Palmas Road. A poor residential street on the edge of Santa Fe. Beyond the low, squalid adobe houses is the desert. The sky is immense, seeming to burst with stars. There is only one streetlight on Las Palmas Road and only a few of the houses have lights on. A crowd has gathered at the selected start line. The Car and the Plymouth pull up. The Girl and the Mechanic get out. The Mechanic hands $200 to the boy who is acting as starter. Then the Mechanic crawls underneath the Car and unbolts the headers from the rest of the exhaust system. The boy walks over to the Plymouth and the driver gives him his $200. The two drivers look at each other. The starter feathers his fingers, moving the cars slowly forward. The crowd pulls back. The two engines rev. The boy chops his hands down for the start. They blast off together.

The finish line, a quarter of a mile down Las Palmas Road. The Car wins by three feet. The Car turns and comes back slowly, followed by the Plymouth. The Driver stops and the boy gives him $400. The Girl and the Mechanic get in. They drive slowly down the road in the direction of the finish line. The Driver turns left and suddenly they are in the desert. He drives very slowly. Then he stops. He cuts the headlights. There is no noise. There are no lights. The sky and the night are completely around them. They are silent. Then the Driver accelerates to 130 m.p.h.

A plaza in the center of Santa Fe. The Driver pulls up to the curb. He gets out and the Mechanic moves over to the Driver's seat.

DRIVER (*preoccupied, almost morose*). I'll walk to the motel.

He walks down the street. The Mechanic and the Girl drive off.

The motel. The girl jumps up and down on the bed. The Mechanic lies on the other bed looking at her. He gets up and turns on the TV and returns to the bed. The Girl joins him on his bed. Together they watch TV.

A street, center of town. The Driver walks into a bar. It is a workers' bar, dimly lit. A few Mexicans quietly drink and watch the TV over the bar. A fight is on. The Driver sits down at the bar and consciously turns his back to the fight on the screen. The bartender comes up to serve him.

DRIVER. A double Jack Daniel's with a water chaser.

Another crowded bar. The Driver sits at the bar drinking shots. The bar is crowded with young people. In the back a rock and roll band plays. People dance. The Driver is drunk.

A Spanish bar, quiet, tastefully furnished. The barmaids wear long Mexican dresses and jewelry. The Driver walks in, standing for a moment in the doorway. The driver of the Plymouth Road Runner sits at a table with his girl. The Driver stares openly at the driver of the Plymouth Road Runner and his girl. She is in her early thirties, very beautiful, her hair long and dark, her features open and floating in an intense, almost ravaged way. She is on the verge of tears.

GIRL. But you're not twenty-five. You're thirty-two. You can't play these kind of games anymore.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER (*trying to keep his voice controlled*). I'm going to do whatever I want to do.

GIRL (*her voice sarcastic, nearly hysterical*). That's right, we're not married, are we?

PLYMOUTH DRIVER (*bitter, his super show-down*). No, we're not.

He looks down at his glass.

GIRL. Don't withdraw on me. Just when I need you, you turn away. (*She begins to cry.*)

PLYMOUTH DRIVER. You don't need me. All you need is a lamppost to relate to.

GIRL (*half mean*). Oh, I hate you. I really hate you. You're so usual.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER (*angry*). And you're so out of your fucking tree. If it wasn't for your period I'd say you were clinical.

The girl rises from her chair, crying hysterically. She throws her glass on the table, breaking it. The Plymouth Driver stares at her. She runs out of the cafe. The Driver watches her go, then looks at the Plymouth Driver who is staring after her. The Driver gives him a slow "thumbs up signal." The Plymouth Driver looks at him and nods, then returns to his drink.

The motel. The motel is arranged around a square court with cars parked in front of the rooms. The Driver makes his way slowly to the Car. He opens the door and gets in behind the wheel. There is no expression on his face. It is quiet except for a few cars passing on the street nearby. The Driver gets out of the Car and goes to the room. He hears indistinct voices inside. He drops the key and sinks to the ground outside. The voices become more distinct.

GIRL (*very quietly, subdued*). Do you like this?

MECHANIC (*his voice low and distant*). Yes. I can say that I like that. Yes.

GIRL. This?

MECHANIC. That too.

GIRL (*moaning*). Oh . . . yes. Yes. Take me around the pool.

There are vague sounds of lovemaking. Then silence.

On the road, morning. A Texas Hitchhiker stands in the haze half a mile up the road. The GTO is going 85 m.p.h. It passes the Hitchhiker, then squeals to a stop. The Hitchhiker runs after the GTO and climbs into it. The driver's sweater is a light, very expensive yellow cashmere. The camera observes him more closely now. His blond hair is neither long nor short. He is of medium build and height. His face has regular features, although there is a puffiness around his eyes and mouth. His smile is a little too loose, his gestures a little too nervous and obsessive. He looks like an aging fraternity boy or slightly spaced young executive who has been seized by some mysterious and unconscious trauma. He is known as GTO. The Texas Hitchhiker is a small town business man in his middle forties. He carries a card board briefcase. He wears a cheap brown suit, brown boots and brown string tie. His manner is timid and bland.

GTO (*a little too loudly*). Which way you going?

TEXAS HITCHHIKER (*trying to get his breath after his run for the car*). Amarillo.

GTO. You're in luck.

GTO slams his foot on the accelerator and the GTO leaps forward, throwing the Hitchhiker's head back and his mouth open. He hastily straps on his seat belt as the GTO hits 100 m.p.h.

TEXAS HITCHHIKER (*gasping at the sudden acceleration*). Great God Almighty, mister.

GTO (*smiling with satisfaction at the Pontiac's performance*). She's got a hard pull, doesn't she? Zero to sixty in 6.4. She'll do a quarter mile in 13.40.

The Texas Hitchhiker nods his head in timid approval and sneaks a cautious glance at GTO. GTO's mouth is pulled into a firm line, his hands are over the steering wheel in nine and three o'clock racing position as the GTO hits 120 m.p.h. and then eases off.

GTO. Performance and image. That's what it's all about.

TEXAS HITCHHIKER (*shaken, his hands pressed together*). Mighty fancy auto-mo-bile.

GTO. It's out of sight. It's more than just a factory car. It's an institution.

The Texas Hitchhiker nods his head in desperate agreement and sneaks a glance at the speedometer, which registers 109 m.p.h.

TEXAS HITCHHIKER. I can see that.

GTO. I bought her in Bakersfield, California. I was testing jets at the time and it got so I had to have more action on the ground. You know what I mean?

The Hitchhiker nods cautiously.

GTO. I mean you can't stay high the same way forever. So when the 455 came out with the Mach IV Ram Air with tunnel port heads, beefed lower end and a Holley high riser setup I was on line—390 h.p. and 500 foot-pounds of torque whatever that is. It's in the folder in the glove compartment. But she's a Road King all right.

TEXAS HITCHHIKER. How come you ain't in Bakersfield?

GTO. Because I'm in the Southwest.

They ride in silence for a moment.

GTO. What kind of sounds do you like?

TEXAS HITCHHIKER. Beg pardon?

GTO. Rock, Soul, Hillbilly, Western. What's your taste?

TEXAS HITCHHIKER. It don't hardly matter to me.

GTO takes a cassette from the dashboard, looks at it and puts it in the tape recorder to the left of the glove compartment. The sounds of Bluegrass fill the car. The GTO holds a steady 100 m.p.h. on the narrow straight road across the desert.

The Car, New Mexico. The Car is pulled over to the side of the road. The Mechanic is working on the engine. The Driver and the Girl lie on the scrubby sand near the Car. There is no traffic on the road. The immense space around and above them stretches for miles until it fades on the horizon. The road cuts through the desert in an exact line.

MECHANIC (*on his way to the back area*). Fouled up spark plug.

The Mechanic takes two wrenches from his tool kit and goes back to the front end where he pulls the spark out with a wrench, gaps it and replaces the plug.

DRIVER. It's straight like this clear across Oklahoma.

GIRL (*vaguely*). I wish we were back in Santa Fe.

DRIVER. What about San Francisco?

GIRL (*brightening*). San Francisco is groovy. Or Denver. I was in Seattle once. I ate a lot of fish and sprained my ankle.

DRIVER. New Orleans, Miami, Boston and Chicago.

GIRL (*sitting up*). New York. What about New York?

DRIVER. That's definitely a town. The Big Apple.

In the distance they have come from a small point approaches. As it gets larger the point becomes the shape of the GTO.

DRIVER (*to Mechanic*). The fan belt sounded a little funny. It squeaks.

MECHANIC. I'll tighten it.

The GTO, traveling. The tape recorder plays the same cassette. Bluegrass music. The Texas Hitchhiker stares straight ahead, his face frozen into an artificial smile. GTO keeps the car at an even hundred m.p.h. He is driving with his left arm out the window, his right hand on the steering wheel, a cigarette between two fingers.

GTO. So after I got shot down twice over Korea I decided I needed some fun and games, you know what I mean. I just wanted to take off a few years. I ran out of cash and had to take a job testing jets. But I had to have more action on the ground.

The Texas Hitchhiker nods cautiously.

GTO. I mean you can't stay high the same way forever. Right? So when the 455 came out with the Mach IV Ram Air with tunnel port heads . . .

They pass the Car. The Mechanic is working on the fan belt. The Girl and Driver are lying on the ground next to the Car. GTO slows, looking them over, then speeds ahead.

GTO. Those sons of bitches have been following me clear across two states. Three states. They keep wanting to challenge me. They roar up behind and honk and then when I keep my cool and don't get into it they get hysterical. A bunch of small-town car freaks. They'd run over you if they had the chance. But that home made stuff can't stand up to the old 455. I'd lose them in twenty minutes. Cause me. Gone, baby.

TEXAS HITCHHIKER. Well, I'll tell you one thing, you sure have one hell of a fast automobile.

The Girl and the Driver lie on the side of the road. The Mechanic looks at the engine.

DRIVER (*watching the GTO disappear in the distance*). I've seen that GTO a couple times before. Believe he passed us in Arizona. Some kind of weekend warrior.

GIRL. Do you notice every car on the road?

DRIVER. A lot. Yeah, I see 'em come and go.

The GTO, speeding along road

The Car, moving along the road at a steady 85 m.p.h. The Girl lies in the back area, her legs tucked up into her stomach. She has decorated the area with magazine pictures of The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and Frank Zappa. The sleeping bags have been folded around her. Her head rests on her laundry bag. The effect she has managed is that of a small nest.

Girl. Why don't I ever get to sit up front? What is this anyway? Some kind of masculine power trip? I'm shoved in back with all the goddamn tools. Screwdrivers and wrenches don't really do it for me, you know.

Mechanic (to the Driver). We might have to put on a spare. The left rear is looking thin.

Girl. Oh man, you guys are too much. We never stop unless we break down or somebody has to take a leak.

Mechanic (to the Driver). Next station we'll get a change of oil. We ought to get us some action soon. We'll need bread to do a little work on the carbs and check out the rear end.

Girl. I don't see anyone paying attention to my rear end. Listen, I have to take a leak. Honest, you got to stop this car.

Mechanic (to the Driver). Put her out for a while.

The Driver accelerates to 120 m.p.h., passing a truck. The Car leaves the truck behind until it disappears in the distance.

A gas station. The GTO pulls in. Two Indians are asleep against the wall. An old man in Levi's and oil-stained work shirt comes out of the office to pump gas. GTO and the Texas Hitchhiker get out to stretch their legs. The Texas Hitchhiker looks relieved to finally be out of the car and heads for the men's room. The gas station is set on a bleak stretch of road. There are no other buildings around. It is very quiet. The old man keeps his eyes on the ground. GTO goes to the Coke machine, puts in a dime and receives a Coke bottle.

The Car pulls up on the other side of the pump from the GTO. The Girl crawls out and heads for the ladies' room, in this case the same as the men's room. GTO stares at the Girl and then at the Car. He puts his half-empty Coke bottle in the rack and then retrieves it, taking a furious sip.

The men's room is very small, with a sink and toilet and graffiti on the wall. The Texas Hitchhiker is seated on the toilet with his pants still on. His elbows are on his knees and his hands support his bent head.

Girl (looking at him matter-of-factly). Are you coming or going?

Texas Hitchhiker (looking up, startled). Huh. . . . Oh well, just leavin'. Just leavin'.

The Hitchhiker exits and walks toward the GTO. No one appears to notice him. He reaches into the front seat for his briefcase and walks to the side of the road. The Driver has gotten out of the Car. He leans against the hood, staring at the GTO. The Mechanic still works on the engine. GTO slowly puts the Coke bottle back in the rack. Then he walks deliberately over to the GTO and stares somewhat to the side of the Driver. The GTO separates them.

GTO (tense). I don't like being crowded by a couple of punk road hogs clear across two states. (*GTO appears slightly startled by the emotion of his accusation. He shifts his feet and tries to lean casually on the hood of the GTO but his gesture is awkward and he slips, and takes two steps backward.*) I don't.

Driver (impassive, calm). I don't believe I've ever seen you. Of course there's a lot of cars like yours on the road. . . . They all get to look the same. (*He looks away.*) They perform about the same.

GTO (trying to be cool, managing half a smile). If I wanted to bother I could suck you right up my tail pipe.

Driver (*walking away to the grass at the side of the station*). Sure you could.

GTO gets in the driver's seat of the GTO. The old man finishes pumping gas and starts on the Car. GTO pays him and then starts the motor. He switches it off and gets out. The Girl comes out of the men's room and walks over to the Driver. GTO gets back into the GTO and puts on a cassette. Then he gets out again and goes over to the Car, looking over the Mechanic's shoulder at the engine. The Girl sits down on the grass by the Driver, who looks at her and then looks away.

Girl. There's some nutty graffiti in there.

Driver. Yeah, I guess we're in Texas.

They are silent for a long moment. The Girl looks up at the Driver.

Girl. I never know where you're at.

Driver (slightly awkward). Oh, yeah. I was thinking about the clutch. The clutch is slipping a little.

Girl. I don't even know where to reach to. (*The Driver doesn't answer. He looks away, across the desert. The Girl looks down at the ground.*) It's a strange trip, just to drive around and try to go as fast as you can.

Driver (*going over to the Car*). I guess it is.

GTO sits inside and looks out at the Car. Emotions struggle through the rigid areas of his face. He rolls up the window and then rolls it down. The Girl gets in the front seat and picks up one of the cassettes.

Girl (*not looking at GTO*). These are groovy records.

GTO (*still looking at the Car*). Play one. Are you traveling with those guys?

Girl (*looking over the cassettes*). Yeah . . . Say, where'd you get such a far-out car?

She hands him a cassette to play. He holds it in his hands as he answers her.

GTO. Vegas. I won it shooting craps. Thought I'd drive to New York and spend some money. I don't care. I just want to hang loose. (*The Girl is not really listening. She is looking at the Driver while GTO is looking at the Mechanic and the Car. GTO puts on the cassette:* It's The Doors, *Break On Through To The Other Side.*) How fast does that car go?

Girl (*snapping her fingers to the music*). Oh I don't know. Pretty fast.

GTO. Well I can take him. I know I can take that antique.

GTO gets out of the GTO, starts to walk over to the Mechanic, hesitates and walks to the Coke machine. He drinks a Coke and watches the Car. The Driver comes over to the GTO, bends down to the window. The Girl is inside listening to the music and staring bleakly out at the desert.

Driver (*softly*). How are ya doin'?

Girl (*pleased to be asked*). Fine. . . . Better.

Driver. I think we got us a cool squirrel to run.

The Girl gets out of the GTO and goes back to the Car. The Mechanic lowers the hood and puts the tools in the back area. GTO places the Coke bottle back into the rack. He walks slowly and with great determination to the Car. He faces the Mechanic and the Driver.

GTO (*clearly, his words evenly spaced out*). You've got nothing inside that engine but a bunch of worn-out. . . .

Driver (*interrupting*). We'll race.

GTO (*startled*). Sure we'll race. You're damn right we'll race.

Driver. For pinks.

GTO. Pink slips? You mean for cars? You want to race for the whole shot?

Driver. Right. All the rolling stock.

GTO. Where to?

Driver. You name it.

GTO (*laughing sardonically*). Well, in that case, smart-ass, I'll race you to Washington, D.C.

Driver (*matter-of-factly*). Right. Washington, D.C.

GTO (*staggered*). Washington, D.C.! Wait a second, man. . . . No—you're on. You're definitely on. I was going there anyway.

The Texas Hitchhiker sticks out his thumb as a farmer in a pickup truck drives slowly by. The farmer stops and the Texas Hitchhiker climbs in. No one notices him leave.

Driver (*to the Mechanic*). Tell him how to do it.

The Driver and the Girl walk over to the Coke machine.

Mechanic (*to GTO*). We put the pinks in an envelope and mail it to D.C. General Delivery. First one there waits for his car. . . . Here, I'll do it. I've done it before.

The Mechanic pulls out his wallet and takes out his papers. GTO does the same. The Driver and the Girl go to the office and buy a bag of potato chips. The old man serves them without comment or expression. GTO goes to his car and takes out a road map of the U.S.A. He brings it back to the Car and spreads it out on the hood. The Driver, Girl, Mechanic, GTO gather around the hood of the Car looking at the map.

Mechanic (*marking the map with a pencil*). We'll stick to the country roads, the two-lane blacktops. Less heat that way. Never say you're racing. They'll bust you for it.

GTO. Not me, baby. They're not even going to see me.

GTO takes his map and goes back to the GTO. He gets in, slamming the door. His compressed lips and furrowed brow betray his struggle to make one last parting comment. He leans out the window as he fires up the GTO but is unable to say anything. The GTO squeals out of the gas station and streaks down the road. The Mechanic, Girl and Driver don't look up as it leaves. The Mechanic slowly and deliberately changes the rear tire. The Driver pays the old man. The Girl turns up the radio and listens to Western music, slowly dancing around the Car. The old man sits in a battered chair watching them fix up the Car. There is no expression on his face as he watches the Car drive slowly away.

The Car, traveling, late afternoon. The Car moves across the Texas Panhandle at 130 m.p.h. The Driver is totally involved with driving the Car. The Mechanic watches the gauge underneath the dash. The Girl sits cross-legged watching the country speed by. Over the radio an announcer lists the current beef prices, then switches to the political news from Washington.

Driver (*tight-lipped, his eyes focused on the road*). Turn that shit off.

Mechanic (*preoccupied with the gauges, not hearing*). What?

Driver. Turn it off. It gets in the way.

The Mechanic turns the radio off.

Mechanic (*stretching*). We got some good sleep last night. Leastways I did. We could be eatin' better for a long race. All that sweet stuff and Cokes get to you some night. How are your eyes?

Driver. Good. It all feels good.

Mechanic. I figure we can go straight through. Three stops for gas. Eat light. It's best to keep a hunger on. I'll relieve you in six hours.

Driver. I feel good. I can take it all the way.

Mechanic (*shutting his eyes*). Okay.

The Girl turns from looking at the road and stares at the back of the Driver's neck.

Girl (*reaching out to massage his neck*). There's a little muscle jumping around in your neck.

Driver. I like it that way.

Girl (*sitting back, then lying down*). I thought I would help out.

The Driver doesn't answer. He turns on the radio, fiddling with the dial until he finds a rock station.

Girl (*curled up on the sleeping bag*). You don't have to keep it on for me.

The Driver turns it off. We are left with the sound of an engine going flat-out at 130 m.p.h. The Girl lies in the back area, her hands rapped underneath her head, staring at the ceiling. The Driver and Mechanic stare at the road ahead. The Car holds to a steady 110 m.p.h.

Girl. I'm not going fast or slow. I'm just lying here completely still. I'm not hot or cold. I'm not hungry or sleepy. I'm not looking at anything because I don't even notice the inside of this car anymore. I'm not even horny.

Mechanic (*as a raindrop falls on the window*). It's going to rain. He'll have to find a relief driver or he'll be in trouble unless he's got him some uppers.

They drive in silence.

The GTO. Chuck Berry's *Maybellene* is turned all the way up on the tape recorder. GTO sings along at the top of his voice.

GTO (*singing*). Oh! Maybellene, why can't you be true?

GTO slams on the brakes and opens the door for a Hitchhiker running up the road. He is a large, weather-beaten man in a battered Stetson, Levi's, boots and red-and-white Western shirt. He runs awkwardly because of his boots. The Hitchhiker climbs in and sits in the bucket seat. He wipes his brow while breathing heavily. GTO blasts off, his tires leaving rubber behind him. He turns down the tape.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. This sure is a pretty car. I got a cousin that had one like this. Used to tear up the road with it, yessir.

GTO (*grimly, as if under dramatic strain*). It's a test car. I'm driving a test now, as a matter of fact. I'm racing a Chevy across the country. Detroit set it up. If I win it could mean millions to the organization.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. Is that a fact?

GTO. Yeah. I got him by about two hundred miles. No problem so far.

The Oklahoma Hitchhiker steals an awkward glance at GTO. For the first time we see that there is something strange and rather soft about his face, which at first looked rugged and virile, as if posing for a Marlboro ad.

GTO. How far you going?

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. Oklahoma City. You ever been there? They got a real sophisticated part of town there. It's not like most cities, you know what I mean?

GTO. Never been there. I can probably let you off somewhat to the south. I'm staying on the small roads on account of the law.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. Never was one for the law myself. Say, you don't mind if I make myself comfortable, do you?

GTO. No.

The Oklahoma Hitchhiker spreads out his legs and leans back his head, stealing another glance at GTO. Gradually his left hand sneaks across the area separating him from GTO. His hand eventually arrives at GTO's thigh. GTO stiffens and sets his mouth in a firm line.

GTO. I'm not into that.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker (*withdrawing his hand and letting out a sigh*). It might help you relax while you drive.

GTO. This is competition, man. I got no time.

The Hitchhiker sighs again, his whole manly facade seeming to fall apart.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker (*trying to be brave*). Well, I guess there's nothing wrong with trying. . . .

GTO leans over and turns up the tape recorder.

The Car, evening. A sudden cloudburst covers the Car with heavy rain. The Driver pulls the Car to the side of the road. There are no windshield wipers on the Car. The sound of the rain drowns out the radio. The Mechanic turns it off. They sit for a moment listening to the rain. It is impossible to see more than a few feet in front of them.

Mechanic (*leaning over the back seat, speaking to the Girl*). Hand me the wipers. They're in the left corner.

He takes the wipers from the Girl, opens the door and sprints outside. He puts on the wipers.

Girl (*watching*). Why didn't he have them on?

Driver. Too much wind resistance.

The Girl climbs over the seat and gets out of the Car. She raises her arms over her head, smiling and laughing, and walks through the rain. The Mechanic finishes putting on the windshield wipers and gets back in the Car. He is drenched. The Girl comes in and out of view. The Driver and Mechanic watch her for a moment. The Mechanic reaches in the back for a rolled-up towel and begins to wipe himself off. The Driver honks the horn. The Girl waves and then thumbs her nose at them.

Mechanic (*towel around his neck*). She's out of her tree.

Driver. Yeah, well we got to get on it.

He honks the horn again. The Girl has disappeared from view. The Driver fires up and the Car starts to move. The Girl appears in front of the bumper, holding up her hand. She comes around to the Mechanic's side. He opens the door and she climbs in. She climbs over the seat into the back area. She is completely drenched. The Mechanic throws her a towel. The Driver fires up again and they turn into the road. The Driver keeps the Car at a cautious 45 m.p.h.

Girl (*shivering*). You son of a bitch. You would have left me, wouldn't you?

The Driver keeps his eyes on the road.

The GTO. GTO pulls to the side of the road.

GTO. Okay, get your ass out of here.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. But it's raining. You can't leave me off here.

GTO. Out. I told you to keep your claws to yourself.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. Oh come on. How was I supposed to know. I thought you was AC-DC.

GTO. Out.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker (*petulantly*). Well, I ain't moving.

GTO angrily pulls the GTO into the road and drives off at 90 m.p.h., sending water spraying up over the car.

GTO. First town and you're out. I got no time for sidetracks.

Series of shots: the Car moving through the rain and night. Car passing the lumbering form of a giant trailer truck. Water splashes over the Car as they pass. Headlights coming through the rain, the sound of a car passing. Car moving slowly through a small town. There is no one on the streets, but the windows of the houses are well lighted. The Girl lies in the sleeping bag. Only her head is visible, resting on the laundry bag. She stares at the ceiling. She looks lost and afraid and seventeen years old. The Driver and Mechanic can see only a hundred feet of road from the headlights.

Girl. I'm hungry.

An all-night diner. The rain has stopped. Several large trucks are parked. Light from the diner shines through a red neon Coca-Cola sign. The gravel is clean and defined after the rain. The Girl, Mechanic and Driver climb stiffly out of the Car. The Girl's clothes have dried, as have the Mechanic's, but they all look generally bedraggled and dirty. As they walk into the diner they are silent and distant, as if fatigued and spaced from the road. The Mechanic stops.

Mechanic. I want to check on a couple of cinch studs I put in yesterday. Get me a cheeseburger with everything on it and a Coke.

The Girl and Driver walk into the diner. The diner is clean and well lighted with a counter and several booths. Four or five truck drivers sit at the counter. They look up as the Driver and Girl come in and stand near the cash register. A hard, middle-aged waitress comes over.

Waitress. What'll it be?

Driver. Two cheeseburgers with onions, mayonnaise, mustard, pickles and tomato and two Cokes.

Girl. And a B.L.T. on toast with mayonnaise and a Coke.

Waitress (*yelling through into the kitchen*). Harry, two C.B.'s through the garden, B.L.T. down with mayo. Draw three.

She goes back down the counter and talks to a truck driver. They both look over at the Driver and the Girl. The Girl walks over to the jukebox. The Driver sits down in a booth and rubs his eyes. The Girl selects The Rolling Stones' *Fun Fire*. Then she walks over to the booth and lies down, her head against the wall. The Driver does the same opposite her. The Girl sings softly along with The Stones.

Driver. You sing a lot.

The Driver

Girl. I only talk when I'm uptight. I'm not into words. I like to just flash on someone and get outside of word games. (*The Driver closes his eyes.*) You make me uptight.

Driver. Yeah. . . . Why is that?

Girl. You never say anything. I mean I dig you and all but you're not letting anyone into your movie.

They are silent for a long moment. The waitress puts their food into a bag. She stares at them. They are both lying in the booth with their heads against the wall and their eyes closed. A few truck drivers turn around and stare at them.

Waitress (*calling to them*). Hey, Romeo and Juliet. Your food is ready.

They don't respond.

Truck Driver. Try Bonnie and Clyde.

The waitress and the truck driver laugh, pleased with themselves. The Driver and Girl get up and go over to the counter. The Driver pays. The Girl and Driver go back to the Car. They are already eating their food. They get in the Car. The Mechanic puts the hood down and gets in. The Driver, eating with one hand, drives off.

The GTO. The GTO drives through a small town. The rain has stopped.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker (*grinning to himself slyly*). I'm not getting out.

GTO (*looking at the Hitchhiker in disgust*): What are you, some kind of car molester?

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. I'm stayin' as I like you.

GTO. Listen, you goddamn cowboy closet queen. If you don't quit this car I'm pulling over to the next cop and telling him your story.

Oklahoma Hitchhiker. Okay, Okay. (*The GTO pulls over to the side of the road, the Oklahoma Hitchhiker gets out and shouts as the GTO pulls away.*) It's guys like you that make traveling a real drag.

Series of shots. The GTO speeding down an empty road at 100 m.p.h., the red light of a Patrol Car in the background, the GTO climbing to 130 m.p.h., the Patrol Car keeping close.

The Car. The Girl lying in the back area in a sleeping bag.

Girl (*half to herself but extremely fast, as if the words were running up and over each other*): It's changed since we been on the straight line. There's no peace in a straight line. We can't just go to the right or left or get lost or stop. This is a heavy trip. This is one of the heaviest trips I ever been on. Wow. I don't mind little lines. Those short races against those weird cars. That's okay. L.P. never used to go too far before he'd pull over and just relax or collapse or whatever he did. He didn't play anything too seriously. But this is heavy. This is plugged into the truck or something . . . Wow. I must be losing control, tripping out into a word bag. I must not be gettin' laid enough. Maybe I should become a vegetarian. My mouth is sure working away. No question about that. Do you hear it working away? What do you guys hear anyway? Tell me to stop. Don't let me get into a speed rap. I'm afraid to stop. It's like if I stop, that engine will take over and I'll never be able to talk again. It's like we've been on this trip for weeks. But this isn't my trip. I hope you know that. This night is never going to end. It's going to be night forever. Oh wow, listen, tell me to stop . . .

Mechanic: Keep talking. It helps him stay awake.

There is a moment of silence.

Girl: I lost the thread.

The GTO and Patrol Car. The Patrol Car pulls ahead and forces the GTO off the road. The Cop and GTO get out of their cars. The Cop walks slowly toward GTO, his hand on his holster.

The Car. The Driver slows the Car as he sees the flashing red light of a parked Patrol Car. The Girl sits up to watch. As they slowly pass they see GTO talking to the Cop and pulling out his wallet. The Cop has his gun halfway out of the holster. GTO gestures wildly. The Driver pulls the Car parallel to the Patrol Car and stops. The Driver gets out. The Driver takes a few steps toward GTO and the Cop.

Driver: He's dangerous, officer. He passed us on the right a few miles back. Must have been going about ninety.

Cop: Come on over here. (*The Driver takes a few steps closer to the Cop.*) You say he passed you on the right?

Driver: That's right. He was weaving all over the road. He scared my wife half to death. He must be on something. (*GTO gives the Driver a murderous look.*) You need me as a witness or anything?

Cop: I can handle it.

The Cop turns back to GTO. The Driver gets back in the Car and fires up. He blasts off the side of the road and quickly accelerates to 90 m.p.h. The Cop and GTO stare at the disappearing Car in disbelief.

The Car

Girl: This is not really like a race. I mean, first we follow him and then he follows us.

Mechanic: He needs encouragement or he's likely to fade.

In the rearview mirror the Driver can see a pair of headlights gaining on the Car. He keeps the Car at a steady 120 m.p.h. The headlights slowly gain. He takes the Car up to 125 m.p.h. but the headlights still gain. The Mechanic looks in the mirror.

Mechanic: It's not the fuzz. So you know who it's got to be.

The Girl sits up in the back area and looks out the rear window. The Driver slows the Car down to 95 m.p.h. The GTO screams past, then cuts the Car off.

Mechanic: What the hell . . . That son of a bitch is . . .

The Car skids off the road and stops. GTO gets out of his GTO and strides over to the Car. The Driver slowly rolls down his window.

Driver (*to GTO*): Hi, man.

GTO (*furious, nearly out of control*): Listen, you creep. I don't need any help from you. Understand? I'm in this race all the way and I don't need to be patronized. Don't put me on. I've been around the track too many times for that. (*He sputters to a stop. The Driver, Mechanic and Girl look at him silently.*) Understand?

Driver: We just wanted to let you know we're right along with you on the road. We're all in this together. Right?

GTO: Listen, banana brain. I had that car eating right out of my exhaust pipe. You blew the whole thing. I was going to get a police escort to the state line because my wife happens to be having a set of twins.

Girl: That's beautiful.

GTO (*calming down a little, beginning to be self-conscious*): Just don't fuck around with me.

Mechanic: Okay. Right. Let's have a truce for a few minutes. You want a hard-boiled egg or something?

Girl (*handing him a hard-boiled egg through the window*): Here.

GTO takes the hard-boiled egg and mournfully bites into it. The Driver, Mechanic and Girl get out of the Car. The Mechanic offers GTO another hard-boiled egg but GTO shakes his head, his mouth full. He goes over to the GTO and opens up the trunk. He takes out a leather briefcase, snaps it open. Inside is an elaborate bar setup.

GTO: I got other items. Depending on which way you want to go. Up, down, sideways. (*He takes out a flask and fills up a silver shot glass. He lifts the shot glass in a cavalier salute.*) Here's to your destruction.

Driver (*drinking out of the flask*): Same to you.

He hands the flask to the Mechanic who takes a pull, then hands it to GTO. GTO pours himself another shot. The Mechanic walks over to the GTO, opens the hood and inspects the engine. The Girl gets into the front seat of the GTO. She puts on the safety belt and sifts through the pile of cassettes. She finally selects one of Ike and Tina Turner singing. She mouths the words: You got what I want / You got what I need / I want you to give it to me / Make me say: oh oh baby . . . / Oh . . . ohhh . . . unnnhhhhh . . . / Unhhh . . . oh ba . . . by . . . ohnnn / oh baby . . . Unhhhhhhhh.

GTO (*to the Driver*): Well, here we are on the road.

Driver: That's where we are all right.

GTO: I'm not worried about shutting you down. You know that, don't you?

Driver: I figured as much.

GTO: I've been around, you know. I get to one end of the country and I bounce off like a rubber ball and head right back to the other side. I've been scouting locations for a down-home movie on fast cars. But a real race is more interesting. I can always choose locations along the way. You do much of this?

Driver (*taking a small sip from the flask*): A little.

GTO (*drinking a shot and quickly pouring himself another*): I know you're a car nut. I can spot the type. But all this speed is going to run out on you one day. You can't be a nomad forever unless you flow with it like me. Now take a little trip I took . . . (*The Driver walks over to the GTO and looks at the engine with the Mechanic. GTO follows and peers over the Mechanic's shoulder.*) Not bad, eh? You dig the 3.90 Posi gears and high torque engine. I got hydraulic lifters, stick grind cam. I got all the top end I need, enough to pull me through the quarter at 124 m.p.h. in 13.48 seconds.

The Driver and Mechanic don't appear to be listening to GTO. The Mechanic points out little things to the Driver, who nods quietly. GTO looks at them a moment and then gets in the front seat of the GTO. The Girl looks at him and smiles.

Girl: Did you steal this car?

GTO: Huh? . . . Oh yeah, I stole it.

Girl: You said you won it in a crap game.

GTO: I did? Well, you know, I had loaded dice.

Girl: What do you think of them?

GTO: Who? . . . Oh them. Outside there. I don't know. (*They both look outside where the Driver and Mechanic are talking about the GTO's engine.*) Listen, why don't you ride with me. Those guys aren't for you. They're losers. All they know about is cars. They won't be able to show you the kind of time I can.

Girl (*watching the Driver and only half listening to GTO*): Where would we go?

GTO: Miami. Maybe Montreal. Or Mexico. Mexico is something else. The thing is to keep moving with a few dashes out of the country now and then. You got to have foreign taste to keep a balance. Otherwise you fall upset.

Girl (*looking at him*): You're not very well wrapped, are you?

GTO (*defensively*): Listen, baby, this automobile is one of the best rides in the country. Not only that but I got connections they haven't even thought of yet.

Girl: No . . . I don't know. Not now. Anyway, you'll probably lose the race.

GTO (*gripping the steering wheel in racing fashion*): I'm serious, you know. I'm not just kidding around.

She leans over and kisses him. Then she gets out of the car and joins the Mechanic and the Driver. GTO looks at them for a moment. Then he gets out of the car, walking around the rear end and coming up to the engine. The Girl stands next to the Driver on one side of the engine. The Mechanic and GTO stand on the other side.

Mechanic (*to GTO*): You could have yourself a real street sweeper here if you wanted to put in a little work.

GTO: What for? Nobody takes me now.

Mechanic: Listen, man, over a quarter we'd blow you off before you got into second.

GTO: Prove it.

Mechanic: Later, later. Look, what you need is a big Chevy Rat Motor that cranks in the mid elevens. Get yourself a '68 427 Chevy and stroke it out to 454. Get some L-88 heads, a Sig Erson cam, Crane roller-bearing rocker arms and Crower lifters. Thompson rods. Put on a three-barrel Holley with a 1050 rating— There's a lot more. Hell, you could really haul.

GTO: I go plenty fast enough.

Driver: You can never go fast enough.

Mechanic: I'll tell you another thing. You're not going to make it another fifty miles. Your shocks are loose and your threads are about ruined.

GTO: What am I going to do?

Mechanic: Get it fixed in the next town. If they get the parts right away it should only cost you an hour.

GTO (*taking a fast slug from his flask*): That's all I need. I might as well hand you my pink right now.

Driver: Didn't you mail it in?

GTO: Sure, that's right. Of course I did. But I can't survive a breakdown. I don't even have a relief driver. At least you guys can change off. You ought to see what I've been picking up off the road. One fantasy after another.

Driver: We'll wait for you. It doesn't interest me to be five hundred miles ahead. He's got to work on the car a little anyway.

Mechanic: It's not like we don't know we can shut you down.

GTO: How do I know you'll wait?

Mechanic: I'll ride with you. The next town is about ten miles.

Driver: I'll ride with him.

Girl: I can go. I like the tape recorder.

GTO: No, listen. I'll go in the Chevy. I never rode in one of those things.

Girl: Who's going with who? I can't drive, you know.

Mechanic: You and I are going in the GTO.

Girl (*looking at the Driver and then away*): Oh. Okay.

The Mechanic slams the hood of the GTO. He gets in the GTO with the Girl. The Driver and GTO get in the Car. The GTO pulls out, followed by the Car.

The Car

GTO: It's not too comfortable in here.

Driver: Yeah. It doesn't even have a heater. Slows it down.

The Car pulls up behind the GTO, then pulls parallel. The Driver revs his engine and looks over at the Mechanic. The Mechanic gives a little nod. Both cars blast off. GTO, who has failed to put on his seat belt, is thrown back against the seat, his neck snapping back, his mouth hanging open.

GTO: Holy shiiiiiit! (*As the Car pulls rapidly ahead of the GTO, GTO looks over at the Mechanic and yells.*) Come on, man, you can do it. Pull up. (*By the time the Driver has shifted into third gear, he is twenty feet ahead of the GTO. In fourth he leaves him behind completely. GTO looks back at the fast disappearing GTO.*) What are you trying to do, blow my mind? That wasn't even a contest.

The GTO. The taillights of the Car disappear ahead. The Mechanic slows down to a steady 85 m.p.h.

Mechanic: Where to?

Girl: It doesn't matter. Montreal is nice but Mexico is out of sight.

Mechanic: I'm serious.

Girl (*looking through the cassettes*): So am I.

Mechanic: I mean I feel too heavy about it.

The Girl chooses a cassette, Chuck Berry's *No Money Down*.

Girl: I know. Only thing is there's this other guy in this weird car just ahead that I . . .

Mechanic: I know.

Girl (*putting on the cassette, turning the sound up and singing along with Chuck Berry*): Well mister—I want a yellow convertible/four-door DeVille . . .

When the song ends they ride in silence.

The Car

GTO: When we get to that damn town nothing is going to be open. We're going to have to wait.

Driver: It'll be light soon.

GTO: I'm getting tired of strange towns. They're all strange to me.

Driver: Best to go through 'em fast.

GTO: Everything is going too fast and not fast enough. This car doesn't even go fast enough. Everything fell apart on me: my job, my family. Everything. I had this job as a television producer and one day I came in and . . .

Driver: I don't want to hear about it.

GTO: What do you mean, you don't want to hear about it?

Driver: It's not my problem.

The GTO. The night has faded and there is a faint light on the road, a hint of dawn.

Girl (*sleepily*): It's getting light.

Mechanic: We'll be there soon. Do you want to stop first?

Girl: No. I dig you and everything. But I never was any good at making it in cars. (*The Girl shuts her eyes. They drive in silence as the light expands the road. The GTO approaches a small town in Eastern Oklahoma, past huge silos and a tractor factory. The town is completely still. The buildings are old and rundown. The main street has only one stoplight. There are no cars on the street. The Girl opens her eyes.*) Where are we?

Mechanic: Some town.

Girl: Where are the others?

Mechanic: I don't know. Probably the gas station.

The Girl shuts her eyes. The Mechanic drives through Main Street and pulls into a gas station at the other side of town. The Car is parked. The Mechanic pulls the GTO alongside of the Car. The Driver is asleep. There is no sign of GTO. The Mechanic gets out of the GTO, letting the Girl sleep. GTO comes around the corner of the station.

GTO (*walking over to the Mechanic*): The men's room is locked.

GTO goes over to the side of the gas station and takes a leak. The Mechanic looks at the Girl and then walks slowly over to the other side of the gas station and stares back at Main Street. GTO comes back and opens the trunk of the GTO, taking out his flask. He takes a fast belt and walks over to the Mechanic, handing him the flask. Still looking at the soft light uncovering Main Street, the Mechanic takes the flask and slowly lifts it to his lips. He hands the flask back to GTO and walks to the Car. GTO watches Main Street. The Mechanic returns, carrying a screwdriver in one hand. He walks past GTO and crosses the street, then starts to walk down a side street. GTO follows him. They are about two hundred feet apart.

The street they walk down is on the edge of town. It is very poor. Several of the houses have tin roofs and outhouses. Several times the Mechanic stops and looks down a driveway. Finally he walks into a small field where there are several cars and a pickup truck. He looks at the back of each car. Finally selecting one he bends down and starts to take off the license plate with the screwdriver. GTO comes up behind him.

GTO: What are you doing, for chrissake?

Mechanic: This is the only one that has this year's plate. Looks like it has been totaled. They won't miss it.

GTO: What are you doing that for?

Mechanic: I get nervous around this part of the country. It's best to just be one of the kids.

GTO: Oh.

The Mechanic takes off the plate. He and GTO walk back to the gas station. The Mechanic puts the screwdriver into his tool kit. He wakes the Driver, who stirs and gets out of the Car, stretching and rubbing his eyes. GTO gets in the front seat of the GTO and takes another sip from his flask. It is empty. He gets out and opens the trunk, finding a bottle of Jack Daniel's underneath a blanket. He pours the Jack Daniel's into the flask, missing a lot because of his shaking hands.

The Driver looks in the GTO and then around the gas station. The Girl is no longer in the GTO. The Mechanic unfastens the plate on the Car and replaces it with his new plate.

Driver (*to GTO*): Have you seen her around?

GTO (*distracted and suddenly obviously drunk*): Wha?

Driver: The Girl. Higgons. Whatever her name is.

GTO: No . . . Listen, you don't know where I can find a plate, do you? I don't want to be left out in the cold. You know what I mean? I don't want to be from out of state.

The Driver doesn't answer but goes to the edge of the station and looks down Main Street. There is no movement, no sound. The Mechanic sits against a Coke machine and closes his eyes. GTO climbs in the GTO and takes another gulp from his flask. A truck goes by. The sound is unnaturally loud. The Driver walks down Main Street. Several other cars appear on the street. A drugstore opens. A milk truck goes by. He walks to the end of the street, looks both ways down the cross street and walks back. He looks in the GTO. No one is there. He looks in the Car. No one is there. He goes over to the Coke machine where the Mechanic is drowsing.

Driver (*to the Mechanic*): Where is she?

Mechanic (*sleepily*): I don't know.

GTO is at the far side of the station trying to take the license plate off a car that is up on blocks. He is having trouble as his coordination has failed him. The Driver gets in the Car and starts the motor. He drives slowly out of the gas station. GTO pauses from unscrewing the license plate. He looks at the disappearing Car.

GTO: Hey . . . ?

He shrugs and goes back to his license plate. The Driver drives slowly down Main Street. He takes a right turn onto a side street. The street is empty except for a milk truck and a boy on a bicycle delivering newspapers. He drives to the end of the street and then turns down another street. Finally he turns back to Main Street. He drives the full length of Main Street and out to the highway.

The Girl is standing on the edge of the road with her laundry bag. The sun has come up. The Driver pulls over to the side of the road and opens the door. The Girl gets in. The Driver drives away from town, into the country. They are silent for a few miles.

Girl (*staring straight ahead*): I like the other car. I like the way the seats feel and the tape deck. I could get to like the back seat.

Driver: It's just another goat.

Girl: What do you mean, goat?

Driver: GTO. They call it a Judge, too.

Girl: I like Judge. I don't get along with Capricorns.

The gas station, morning. A figure in coveralls walks down the street opposite the gas station and disappears. GTO doesn't see him, bent as he is on the extraordinary difficulty of unscrewing the license plate. The Mechanic gets up from the Coke machine and sleepily gets into the GTO.

GTO (*as he drops the screwdriver and sinks down behind the car*): Listen, I think I'm nodding off.

A country road. The Car has stopped on a dirt road.

Driver: Try it again. Put it in neutral. (*The Girl puts the Car in neutral.*) Now start it. (*The Girl starts the engine.*) Now put it in first. (*The Girl puts the Car in first. The Car staggers forward and stops.*)

Girl: Fuck it. I can't do it.

Driver: Shut your eyes. (*The Girl shuts her eyes. He guides her hand on top of the clutch and shifts it through the gears.*) First, second, third, fourth, reverse and now neutral.

Girl: Is this a game?

Driver: I don't know. Not yet. (*The Driver takes his hand away.*) You try it. (*The Girl tries to shift. The gear grinds on the way to first.*) You're right. You can't do it.

The Driver starts to undo her blouse. She opens her eyes and strokes his face.

Girl: I can do this.

Driver: You're right. You can do this.

The gas station. The Driver parks the Car next to the GTO. He and the Girl get out. GTO is slumped by the rear end of the car on blocks. The license plate hangs limply on one screw. The Mechanic is still asleep in the GTO. A station wagon drives into the gas station and

The Girl

parks near the office. A middle-aged man in coveralls gets out. He unlocks the door to the office and steps in. He peers out the window at the Car and GTO. Then he goes to the wall phone and makes a call.

In the field behind the gas station kids arrive and start to play baseball. Two of the kids come over and look at the Car.

Driver (*to the Girl*): It must be Saturday.

Girl: Or Sunday.

Driver: No, too much noise for Sunday.

Two motorcycles come in and park near the office. Their drivers get off and come to look at the Car. They stand silently. They are local teen-agers.

Girl: I think it's Saturday.

One of the ballplayers comes over and looks at the Car and then at GTO. It is 9 a.m. and the town is fully awake. There are cars and pickups on the streets and people walking about. The sun is up. They walk over to the GTO. The Driver wakes the Mechanic.

Driver (*looking at the gathering crowd*): We'd better get GTO together.

They walk over to GTO. The Driver pries the screwdriver from his fingers, and puts it in his pocket. The Driver and Mechanic lift GTO up and put GTO's arms around their shoulders. The Girl walks back to the Car, gets in. The Driver and Mechanic slowly drag GTO over to the GTO and put him into the passenger seat. The Driver fastens the safety belt around him and slams the door. A patrol car drives slowly into the station and parks near the office. The owner of the gas station comes out of the office and around to the driver's side of the patrol car. The cop leans his head out of the window and greets him. The owner points to the Car and to the GTO and then to the car up the block.

Driver: Let's get out of here. But do it slow. I'll drive the goat.

The Driver walks slowly back to the GTO and gets in. The Mechanic gets behind the wheel of the Car. The GTO pulls out of the gas station followed by the Car which is followed by the patrol car.

Mechanic: What's happening?

Girl: The town woke up.

The GTO turns on right blinkers and makes a right turn down a side street. The patrol car follows the Car out of town. As the Car reaches the highway the lights of the patrol car flash on. The highway is empty and straight. The Car screams up to 110 m.p.h. The patrol car, its siren wailing, stays behind. But then the Mechanic takes it up to 130 m.p.h. and then 140 m.p.h. and walks away.

The GTO. GTO is still out. The Driver pulls into a gas station at the other end of town. He gets out of the GTO, enters the gas-station office. The Driver orders parts for the GTO. Then he returns to the GTO and gets in. The Driver takes a side street that runs parallel to Main Street. He drives down the side street and parks on the corner of the road that turns into the highway. He is partially hidden from the highway. He lights a cigarette. The patrol car comes back down the highway. After it passes the Driver makes a right turn and drives down the highway.

The Driver holds the GTO to 60 m.p.h. There is a slight knocking in the engine. The country is flat, with immense fields that stretch to the horizon. It is a country of oil wells and cattle. The Driver passes a dirt road. He stops and backs up. He turns into the road. Parked a quarter of a mile down the road and partially hidden in a small declivity is the Car. The Mechanic is working on the engine. The Girl is stretched out on the ground looking at a field of cattle. The cattle are separated from the dirt road by a wire fence. A hundred yards from the Car a boy is repairing a section of fence. The Driver parks near the Car. He gets out slowly. GTO is still unconscious. The Driver opens the hood of the GTO but doesn't look at the engine. He walks over to the Mechanic who continues to work on the engine of the Car.

Driver (*to Mechanic*): She won't hold up another ten miles. The threads are gone. I got some parts.

Mechanic: I'll get to it. But I don't have much fondness for that goat.

The Driver lies next to the Girl who continues to watch the cattle. The boy repairing the fence has worked his way up to within a hundred feet of them. He looks at them curiously. The Mechanic works on the engine of the GTO while GTO sleeps inside, still supported by the safety belt. The Driver caresses the Girl's breast while she continues to watch the cattle. The boy inches closer. He is tall and rangy, dressed in Levi's and work shirt. His face is open and innocent and it is obvious he has seldom been off the ranch. The Driver unbuttons the Girl's blouse and kisses her breasts. She watches the clouds. The boy has worked himself to within twenty feet of the Driver and the Girl. He is no longer able to work on the fence. The Mechanic walks over, wiping his hands on his shirt.

Mechanic: I wouldn't give much for that machine. It's the Howard Johnson of the Freeway.

Driver (*lying on his back with his arm around the Girl*): When we get that punk we'll unload it.

The Mechanic sits down next to them. The boy stares openmouthed.

Girl: We could take it right now. We could leave him his briefcase and just take it.

Mechanic: I could fix it so that he could give us some competition.

Girl: I dig him, though. He's weird.

The Girl runs a vague hand over the Mechanic's face. All three are lying down, the Girl's chest still exposed. They are comfortable and quiet.

Mechanic: I got to change oil in the next town.

Driver: Let's wait till Arkansas. That cop probably had the radio out on us.

GTO slowly opens the door, sticking one hesitant foot out of the GTO. He starts to climb out but the seat belt hinders him. He groans and slowly unbuckles the seat belt. Then he gets out of the car. He leans on the fender and blinks his eyes. He slowly stares about him, finally focusing on the group lying on the ground next to the Car.

GTO: Where the hell am I? (*No one answers.*) It doesn't matter. (*He looks confused as if he's trying to remember something.*) Oh yes. Who won? (*When there still is no answer, he says earnestly, rubbing his head.*) Listen, tell me this one thing. Where's the road?

Boy (*awkward but trying to be friendly while staring at the Girl's breast*): Back yonder.

GTO looks at the boy as if trying to place him. Then he shakes his head and gets back in the GTO.

Mechanic: We got to get goin'.

The Mechanic and Driver get up and go over to the Car. GTO is still rubbing his head in the front seat of the GTO. The boy is still staring at the Girl lying on the ground. She props herself up on one elbow and slowly looks at the Car, then at the GTO, then, half turning, at the boy. The boy tries to smile at her but can't bring it off. The Driver starts the Car.

GTO (*half to himself*): Hey, where're you going?

The Girl gets slowly to her feet and walks over to the Car. The Mechanic opens the door for her and she gets into the back seat. The Car slowly drives down the dirt road and out onto the highway. As soon as the Car is fully on the highway the Driver accelerates to 120 m.p.h. GTO watches the dust made by the departure of the Car. He turns back to the boy, who is staring at him.

GTO: You with me? (*The boy slowly shakes his head.*) You know if they fixed my car? (*The boy doesn't answer.*) The bastards probably fixed it. (*He rubs his head, then shifts over to the driver's seat. To the boy.*) You want to drive? (*The boy shakes his head.*) Well, which way to Arkansas?

The boy points to the east. GTO starts the GTO and slowly backs around and heads down the dirt road to the highway. The boy watches him go with no expression on his face. The GTO accelerates to 60 m.p.h., then 80, finally 120.

The Car traveling, day. The Girl sits cross-legged in the back area watching the road. A car passes.

Girl: That car was from Florida. That's the first car from Florida.

Mechanic: That's thirty-two states.

They approach a car ahead of them. The Mechanic and Girl peer at the license plate.

Girl: Oh my God. It's North Dakota! We got North Dakota!

Mechanic: That's thirty-three.

They are quiet, looking at the road.

Driver (*trying to participate in the game*): I saw Rhode Island a while back.

They are silent.

Girl (*self-consciously, as if she is forgiving him*): We already got four Rhode Islands.

The GTO going through small town, leaving town, slowing for Hitchhiker. GTO opens the door for the Hitchhiker who walks slowly to the open door. He is black. In his late twenties or early thirties. He is dressed conservatively in a brown suit and shoes and striped tie. His face is tight and closed. GTO steps on the gas after the Hitchhiker shuts the door.

GTO: Which way, brother?

Arkansas Hitchhiker: Fort Smith, Arkansas.

GTO: Going through there myself. We got to make time though. Got a gig in D.C. You ever hear of the Washington, D.C. Amendments?

Arkansas Hitchhiker (*polite but reserved*): No.

GTO: It's a new group. They make some dynamite sounds. I got wasted back in L.A. and got to catch them before they go on in D.C.

The Arkansas Hitchhiker doesn't answer. He stares at the road.

GTO: What kind of sounds do you dig? I got a tape here.

Arkansas Hitchhiker: I like Cole Porter but I'm not really too fond of music.

GTO (*surprised*): Oh?

The Car. The news is on the radio.

Announcer: In San Francisco today at a meeting of the American Ornithological Society it was reported that several varieties of sea birds in the Aleutian Islands have been made sterile and will shortly be extinct. Scientists have discovered that masses of birds have been made sterile as a result of exposure to large amounts of DDT released into the Japanese Current. And in the world of sports

The GTO. The Arkansas Hitchhiker gets out at Fort Smith. The GTO passes a roadhouse. The Car is parked outside. GTO slams on the brakes, makes a U turn, and pulls into the roadhouse. He parks next to the Car.

The roadhouse is large and simple. Most of the customers are farmers or crews that work on oil rigs. The waitresses are young and testy from the comments and pats they receive. There is great energy in the roadhouse and a steady level of noise from talk and eating. The Mechanic, Driver and Girl sit at a Formica table in the middle of the roadhouse. They are receiving stares, but not hostile ones, mostly curiosity. GTO walks over and sits at their table. They don't acknowledge him.

Driver (*to the Mechanic*): Too much engine power. The clutch slips. I don't want too much rubber to burn.

Mechanic (*to the Driver*): You don't have to worry about frying the tires. Before you start you do a couple of burnouts and heat your tires before the run. You pop your clutch at high revs and hit it forward a hundred feet. Then you back up and do it again. Helps the E.T.'s. What you got to do is burn bleach or liquid rosin into the tires. That's how you get the pores open and get your traction.

Driver (*to the Mechanic*): That's artificial traction. How can they let them do it?

Mechanic: That's where it's at. Some of those boys qualified at Indy with E.T.'s between 6.43 and 6.74. It's traction.

Driver: Well, we'd be Class B, that is if we get down in the mid 10's. So what happens then?

Mechanic: You make the tire larger in diameter. You go up from a 28-inch tire to a taller 30 inch tire. An eleven hundred fifteen will do it.

GTO (*interrupting*): Did you fix my short?

Mechanic (*to the Driver*): Firestone has designed the carcass to run at 6 to 14 p.s.i. inflation on an 8-inch rim rather than the 6-inch rim. You get more balance above 100 m.p.h.

Girl (*to GTO, who looks stunned and hung over, the girl is bored*): You mean your car?

GTO: Yeah. Car. What you get into to go from one place to another. It takes a shorter time.

Girl: They fixed it.

GTO (*holding his head and looking at the table*): Well let me ask you this one thing. Are we still racing or what?

The waitress impatiently addresses GTO. The others are already eating hamburgers and Cokes.

Waitress: What'll it be, Junior?

GTO (*not hearing her at first*): I got speed to think of, you know . . . Huh? Oh . . . hamburger and glass of Alka Seltzer.

Girl: We're broke.

GTO (*not understanding*): What do you mean broke?

Mechanic: No bread. We got to get some competition.

GTO (*suddenly understanding*): Oh broke. That's a problem all right.

Girl (*looking off across the room, snapping her fingers and singing to herself*): I can't get no satisfaction / And I try / And I try . . .

A large beefy man at a neighboring table stands up and walks over to their table. He is dressed in work clothes and his bearing and physical appearance show the effects of living out of doors. He has been talking to two other men and looking over at the Mechanic, Driver, GTO and the Girl.

Man (*sitting down at the table and smiling*): Where you boys and girls from? My buddies and I been wondering.

Driver (*quietly*): Passing through.

Man: Passing through, eh? Now what do you all mean by that?

Driver: Going to Tennessee.

Man: Now that's a piss poor state if I ever seen one.

GTO (*forcing a smile out of his ravaged face*): These boys here are working for me. I'm their manager. We race that Chevy outside. We heard there's some good tracks down by Memphis.

Man (*calling to his buddies*): They're racing that Chevy outside. (*To GTO.*) We got a track down by the state line. Best track in this part of the country. Got some boys out there who'd shut you down without no trouble. (*Raising his voice and addressing his buddies.*) Ain't that right, boys?

His buddies nod in agreement.

Driver: We'll make it.

Man: See that you do. Say, you ain't hippies, are you?

GTO (*forcing himself to look up from the table*): No sir. I take care of these boys. They're hometown boys. (*He nods toward the Driver and the Girl.*) Mary over here is married to John and David is his brother. It's a big family. But we stick together one way or the other.

Man: Well, sure did talk to ya. Don't forget to make that track over by Jeffersonville.

GTO (*his facade of friendliness fading into a scowl at his glass of Alka-Seltzer*): We'll do it.

The man walks back to his table. One of the other men pays him five dollars.

Mechanic: We got the goat to get there. We'll use the goat to set up a grudge race.

GTO (*to the Girl*): The first chance I get I'm going to trade it in. I don't like the dash board. Never mind the overall performance. Inside is where it's at. You've got to live inside. It's your home. Your marriage. That whole shot.

Girl: I like the dashboard.

Mechanic: We can get there in three or four hours.

They stand up, leaving money on the table for the check. As they walk out, they receive a few stares and mumbled comments.

GTO (*to the Girl*): I got to get me a Cobra. Never mind an Eldorado or Lincoln Continental. If I had a Cobra or even a Corvette I could get some proper action. The chicks would crawl over the hood to get at me. Right? Right. A 'vette would be cool. I wouldn't turn down a 'vette. But I'd be dynamite in a Cobra. When I get to D.C. I'll sell that kiddie wagon you got and put the bread right down on something that really cooks.

They walk over to the Car and the GTO.

Mechanic: If you fix what you got you'd be okay.

GTO: No chance. I got to keep moving. You need to keep changing it around. Not like you punks with just one image. Where is that? Nowhere. You can't afford to get pinned to any one car. (*The Mechanic gets in the GTO. The Girl and Driver get in the Car. Through the window to the Mechanic.*) No good.

Mechanic: You might not be able to get there.

The Car, the Mechanic

GTO: That's true. I might not be able to get there. But then it's right down the road to Jeffersonville. Right?

Mechanic (*getting out of the GTO*): Right.

GTO gets in the GTO. The Mechanic gets in the Car, forcing the Girl into the back area.

The Car traveling. The Girl lies on a sleeping bag in the back area. The Mechanic and Driver ride in front.

Mechanic (*to the Driver*): I need to take a look at the inspector points in the distributor. She's not running right. We'll have to do it together. I want to watch the point arm while the engine is being cranked with the starter, the ignition off. I ain't sure if each lobe of the breaker cam is passing under the rubber block on the point arm. You know what I mean?

Girl: When do I get a driving lesson again?

Mechanic: Last time I tried I shorted the points to the distributor cam. You got to check for that spark between the coil wire end and the ground each time you open the points with the screwdriver.

Girl: Can't we go faster or something? There isn't any dope back here to help out . . . I need help. You know that, don't you? At least stop and buy me a movie magazine. I should have gone with GTO. I dig his tapes.

She lifts one leg up as if in exercise. Then she lifts the other leg up.

Mechanic: It might be that fiber block on the point arm has worn and won't make enough contact with the cam. Then you got to adjust the movable points.

Girl: I think that's it. It's the movable points that are fucked up all right. You take your one movable point and if it's not moving to the other point you're in trouble. Will you please turn on the radio. I'll do anything for you if you turn on the radio. Anything. (*The Mechanic turns on the radio. The program is a Billy Sunday-type sermon.*) I'll do anything if you turn the dial.

The Mechanic turns the dial to a station playing Country music. The Girl sings along with Hank Snow. A horn honks behind them. The Mechanic turns and looks back. The Driver looks in the rearview mirror. A black Dodge Challenger 440 Magnum is within a few feet of the bumper. The Dodge swerves to the left in an effort to pass but the Driver moves the Car over. The Dodge honks again.

Mechanic: One of them Dodge Challengers. Let him go by.

Driver: Not today.

Girl (*sitting up and looking back*): That guy driving that car looks weird. He looks like a road killer. He's even got a snap brim hat on. Now what does that mean? And a tie; he's got a tie on.

The Driver accelerates to 110 m.p.h. The Dodge stays on his bumper, honking furiously. But the Driver refuses to let him pass. The Driver accelerates to 130 m.p.h. The Girl lies down on the sleeping bag and curls up into a little ball. The two cars careen down the narrow blacktop road. They squeal around a corner. A truck lies on its side; a car next to it has completely turned over. Broken glass lies all over the road. A man is slumped by the turned-over car. A truck driver crawls out of the cab. The Driver manages to avoid the truck by hurtling into a field. The Car bounces and almost tips over but keeps upright. The Dodge Challenger avoids the truck by inches and keeps on going down the road. For a long moment no one in the Car says anything.

The Mechanic gets out slowly. He crawls under the Car. The Driver gets out, rubbing his neck. The Girl crawls out and lies on the ground. She is crying. The Mechanic crawls out from underneath the Car and walks over to the Girl.

Mechanic: How you doin'?

Girl: Jesus Christ. Oh Jesus Christ. (*The Mechanic kneels down and touches her.*) I'm okay But I'm scared I'm really scared

The Driver has been looking at her She looks up past the Mechanic and meets the Driver's look They stare at each other for a few long seconds. Then the Driver walks away toward the road The Mechanic sits down by the Girl. The Driver walks over to the man slumped by the overturned car He looks down at the man, then lifts his head The man's neck is broken. He is dead The truck driver walks over to the Driver

TRUCK DRIVER (*stunned, in a daze*) His neck is broke He was trying to pass this other car Came right around the corner right into me. The fool The goddamn fool

A pickup truck pulls up to the smashed car The driver gets out and walks over to the accident. A station wagon pulls up behind the pickup truck. A woman and three kids get out. The Driver walks back to the Car

DRIVER One guy got his neck broke The other one is okay We ought to roll before the cops get here.

The Mechanic looks at him and nods. He helps the Girl up and takes her over to the Car She gets in Then the Driver and Mechanic get in The Car drives slowly off the field and onto the road

The GTO GTO keeps the GTO at a steady 90 m p h The tape is on The Stones' *Time Is On My Side* GTO sings along with the tape at the top of his voice Time is on my side./Yes it is./ Time is on my side

GTO makes ecstatic faces at himself in the mirror varying the poses from a hard grim expression to a wide-eyed smiling idiotic look of wonder A Hitchhiker stands up the road. GTO slams on the brakes.

GTO Whoa big fella. Easy now Nothing to be afraid of

The Hitchhiker gets in He's tall and thin with a drooping moustache He is in his thirties. He looks tired and battered and slightly wary He wears faded chino pants and a work shirt. He has three-day growth of beard His hair is beginning to be long He throws his suitcase into the back GTO starts up and drives off

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER Appreciate it.

GTO No trouble How far you goin?

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER East.

GTO New York?

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER (*no expression on his face except the slight pain of having to talk to GTO*) Just east.

GTO I can take you two hundred miles. I'm going up to Memphis to run a few of my cars.

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER (*uninterested but trying to be polite*) Oh?

GTO A couple of Cobras and a Camaro They should do okay I'm a little worried about a few of the boys on the crew

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER Afraid they'll pull out on you?

GTO: No no The drivers are just a little young and inexperienced

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER (*weary sorry he's involved in a conversation*) It doesn't matter

GTO Beg pardon?

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER: It doesn't matter what this thing costs. The money bag isn't where it's at. What was it, seven or eight thousand?

GTO Well actually

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER It doesn't matter that the company laid it on you That medium is over You know, finished

GTO: As a matter of fact.

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER (*sadly distrustedly, looking out the window*) It doesn't matter Everything is out front now Out in the street. And the streets are full of fumes and guys driving off to race. What've we got? Thirty, forty years?

GTO (*forcing a laugh*) You don't exactly read me right. Not that I give a shit. But I'm into a little caper of my own, a little caper designed to

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER I believe everything you say, man. The point is how are you going to stop and what are you going to do when you get stopped?

GTO (*surprised*) You believe me?

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER Sure I believe you It's easier than not believing you

GTO (*angrily*) Listen, you don't have to put me on I'm tired of creeps getting in off the road and putting me on

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER (*calmly*) Right on

GTO (*angrily*) What did you say? You said something. You might as well tell me what you said.

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER (*wearily*) I said stop the car

GTO What do you mean stop the car?

TENNESSEE HITCHHIKER I mean take your foot off the gas and pull over I want to get off this machine. (*GTO pulls over to the side of the road The Tennessee Hitchhiker gets out and quietly shuts the door. The GTO squeals away peeling rubber*)

The Car The Girl lies in the back area wrapped up in a sleeping bag She stares at the ceiling She looks very young and forlorn. The Driver seems as always, although he is keeping the Car to the speed limit. The Mechanic rubs the back of his neck.

MECHANIC I pulled something in my neck But if that's all we got we're in good shape I got to check the points and valves when we get there Also the jets in the carbs.

GIRL (*in a weak, timid voice*) I just don't want to hear any of that.

They sit in silence The Mechanic his shoulder and neck hurting turns stiffly in his seat to look at the Girl He starts to say something, hesitates, and is unable to speak The Girl smiles thinly at him but doesn't speak. He turns back and stares at the road. He turns on the radio They listen to the weather report. When the weather report is over the news comes on The Mechanic turns off the radio

MECHANIC (*to the Driver*) The front end held up okay The shocks seem to be all right but I would like to

GIRL (*interrupting her voice unnaturally loud and amusing*) When I went to the Grand Canyon with L.P we didn't even get out of his truck We just balled out there when we did get out it was dark and we never saw a thing

As she talks the Driver accelerates the Car to 70 80 90, 100 110 120 130 m p h. The Mechanic looks at the speedometer and then at the Driver The Driver's mouth is set grimly As he goes faster the Girl talks louder

GIRL What about GTO? He'll go straight to D C and get the pink slip He'll own that car You know that, don't you? He'll own everything you have

She stops talking and the Driver reduces the speed to 70 m p h

MECHANIC (*softly*) We gave him a phony pink

They ride in silence.

The GTO GTO drives within the speed limit His face looks haggard and drawn He starts to play the tape but then changes his mind and turns it off He passes two kids hitchhiking holding a sign that says Nashville He slows down and looks at them then stops a hundred yards up the road The two kids run after the car GTO watches them in the rear mirror When they are twenty feet away he steps on the accelerator and goes from zero to 120 in 13.5 seconds The two kids shout and gesture unheard and unseen obscenities as GTO speeds away

The road winds through the Ozarks, past tar-paper shacks and subsistence farms through poor one light towns. On the outside of a town the GTO passes an old woman and a young girl He opens the door and the old woman ushers in the young girl The girl is nine or ten years old, dressed in a thin cotton dress She is shy and wide-eyed about entering such a fancy car With the girl secure in the back seat the old woman gets in the front seat. She wears a store-bought print dress and a small white hat Her shoes are black and wrinkled and her swollen ankles are only half covered by her white socks She is in her seventies toothless with a strange smile on her thin lips She is unable to close the door GTO reaches past her and closes it

OLD WOMAN (*sternly looking straight ahead, the tight smile never leaving her face*) Goin' to Endicott. Ten mile on Goin' to the graveyard.

GTO (*gently*) Glad to help you out.

The Old Woman looks straight ahead nod ding her head from palsy or old age

OLD WOMAN: Goin' to the graveyard. Her folks buried there Both of 'em killed on a Saturday night. Killed on the highway

The girl looks out the window, showing no sign of hearing the old woman

OLD WOMAN (*to herself*): Out of state

GTO I'm driving to Florida I bought my mother a house in St. Petersburg I want to fix it up before she gets there.

OLD WOMAN (*not hearing*) City car is what killed them

GTO looks at her and then looks away. The girl continues to stare out the window

GTO I'm sorry

OLD WOMAN (*nodding her head not hearing*) A city car is what killed them

They ride in silence The GTO pulls up beside a small country graveyard. American flags are on the headstones and fresh flowers The crosses are simple. There are no trees or shrubs in the graveyard It is a bare field with a wooden fence around it. GTO gets out of the car and goes around to the other side. He opens the door for the old woman and the girl. The old woman gets slowly out of the car and waits for the girl to crawl out. They walk slowly through the gate of the graveyard GTO watches them walk across the grass. They stop in front of a simple cross GTO gets back in the car and drives away

A series of scenes, the Car crossing bridge over the Mississippi to Memphis, driving through Memphis leaving Memphis pulling into drag strip outside of Memphis. A banner over the gate reads **Memphis Drag Strip** The Mechanic hands the Driver three dollars and they drive through the gate Then they pay another three dollars for a pit pass They park in the pit area The pit area is composed of trailers, trucks and various vans A wide assortment of dragsters stock cars and funny cars are in the pits. Everyone appears to be totally focused on their cars. The Mechanic and Driver get out. The Girl sits in the back area looking through the window The Mechanic opens the hood and starts to work on the plugs and valves. The Driver walks over to the Clearance Station a few feet away He signs a book pointing out the Car The Girl gets slowly out of the Car She stares around her curious seeming frail and lost. The Driver walks back to the Mechanic and looks at the motor The Girl walks over and looks at the motor The Driver and Mechanic don't notice her She walks away, looking at the scene. She stops next to a '34 Chevy coupe Two men are inside another working on the engine She looks in the window The two men look out, then they go on talking The engine in the coupe revs up The noise is total and startling The Girl steps back scared and upset.

She walks on Inside the grandstand dragsters are racing She seems hypnotized by their long thin chassis and narrow wheelbases She walks inside the grandstand which is two wooden platforms on either side of an asphalt runway Over the runway there is a booth where the Announcer sits. As a dragster is rolled up to the starting line the Announcer announces who he is and where he is from The Girl sits down as if in a dream on one of the narrow planks in the grandstand

ANNOUNCER Clear that Ford Station Wagon out. That's it. Now we have all the way from St Louis a fast machine driven by Johnny Magnum The Spirit of St. Louis.

The dragster revs up and blasts off The noise is literally deafening The Girl jumps almost falling off her *(Continued on page 142)*

Will Mr. William Kunstler Please Step Down?

by Joseph W Bishop Jr

A dissenting opinion on the practice of New Left law

The United States, long preeminent in the production of spectacular criminal trials, is today staging some which must be unique in legal history A highly visible and audible section of the defense bar (with the unintended cooperation of a few judges) seems to have set out to demonstrate by turning trials into combinations of political rally and five ring circus that the adversary system of criminal justice in which defense counsel play so prominent a role, is simply unworkable and ought to be replaced by something else, whose nature they have but dimly adumbrated The New Bar may number (by its own estimate) as many as four or five hundred lawyers (about .15 percent of the American bar), mostly fairly youthful Its dean and *avocat* (*sic*) is undoubtedly William Kunstler, who must in the last couple of years have received three or four times as much publicity as F Lee Bailey Melvin Belli and Louis Nizer (themselves no shrinking violets) put together He is probably the only member of the New York bar whose mere arrival on a campus can set off rejoicing and tumult comparable to the arrival of John Lennon at a rock festival or Adolf Hitler at a Nürnberg Parteitag circa 1938

The custom of giving the accused a lawyer and allowing that lawyer at least as much license as the prosecutor is by no means so deeply rooted as most Americans assume In a simple society, criminal procedure is also simple The Headman the Emir the Ahkoond, or whatever the dispenser of justice and protector of the poor happens to be called, sits on his throne, surrounded by his catchpolls, fanning himself and swatting flies Having heard and questioned the witnesses and the putative criminal, he strokes his beard and consults the public interest and the Canons of the Law Anon he pronounces judgment—some picturesque and fitting variety of capital punishment so many strokes of the bastinado or perchance as in the well-known custody case reported in I Kings 3 16-28 he calls for a sword and orders "Divide the living child in two and give half to the one and half to the other" No lawyers are needed or allowed. Were the accused to appear with counsel he would probably be awarded an extra couple of dozen lashes of the hippopotamus hide for contempt of court This style of justice is, of course, by no means extinct It survives not only in some of the so called underdeveloped countries, but in many so called civilized countries where the presumption of innocence exists in neither practice nor theory The role of the accused in most of the Communist countries is not to assert his innocence much less to sass back to the court but simply to expatiate on the blackness of his guilt and attribute it to the nefarious blandishments and machinations of revisionists dogmatists Trotskyites and/or agents of the C I A Even in this country a milder variety of the primitive procedure still exists in many inferior state and city courts where the offenses and offenders are routine decisions are unreported and

appeals infrequent, and the judge is likely to be a better politician than lawyer

The Sixth Amendment's provision that "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the Assistance of Counsel for his Defence" was a radical innovation in 1791 In Blackstone's time (and, indeed, until 1837) an Englishman charged with a capital crime (a category which included practically all of the modern felonies and many which today are only misdemeanors) was entitled to no more than to consult his lawyer on such legal questions as he himself might raise His lawyer was not allowed to waste the court's time and obfuscate justice by producing or cross-examining witnesses or arguing to (and with) the court.

Since the Bill of Rights however, defense counsel have added both to the drama and the fairness of criminal proceedings in the Republic. Some of them have been showmen quite as flamboyant as Kunstler. One thinks immediately of William F. Howe (of Howe & Hummel), the first to hire an appealing young woman to sit in the front of the courtroom, clutching an infant and weeping copiously while Howe pled for an acquittal; of Delphin Delmas, who filled the yellow press of sixty years ago with eulogies of that *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, Harry K. Thaw; of Bill Fallon, the Great Mouthpiece, who defended most of the eminent hoods of the Capone era. But Kunstler is to them what *Oh! Calcutta!* is to *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Kunstler and his disciples naturally prefer to compare themselves to Clarence Darrow. Indeed, Kunstler published in 1962 a commendable book, *The Case for Courage*, on ten great advocates, including Darrow, who did their damnedest for unpopular clients. But I do not think such men are the true progenitors of the New Bar. Darrow and the other lawyers who were Kunstler's heroes in 1962, though ready enough to stand up for unpopular people and unpopular ideas, operated well within the rules of court and the canons of ethics. Most of them had a powerful command of rhetoric, and they were not above using it to drug the intellects and rouse the emotions of jurors, but it was no part of their strategy to bait the judge, intimidate the jury or disrupt the trial.

Moreover, they were quite willing to undertake the defense of people with whose ideas and acts they had no personal sympathy. Kunstler, on the other hand, says: "I only defend those whose goals I share. . . . I only defend those I love." The trouble with this is that there are some defendants whom practically nobody loves—Leopold and Loeb, for example, and the obscure (and mostly indigent) people accused of raping and killing little girls. It is even conceivable that some of the people Kunstler loves might prefer counsel who loved them less but knew more law. Many lawyers think that Kunstler's forensic methods, though vastly enjoyed by his clients, are not best calculated to get them off. The point is that everyone accused of crime, be he Black Panther, Ku Kluxer or humble sneak thief, is entitled to a fair trial and the benefit of the Bill of Rights—but in some cases, it takes a good lawyer to see that he gets them. It is hard enough for such an accused to find a lawyer sufficiently skilled to do that job without having to find one who loves him. The New Bar never mentions, and may not know, the fact that many Wall Street lawyers have defended, without fee and without fanfare, radicals and apolitical thugs for whom they could not have had much personal affection—and defended them very ably, too.

Precedents which seem to me much more closely in point are furnished by the lawyers who in 1944 defended an assortment of homegrown and imported Nazis and by the (different) lawyers who in 1949 represented the satraps of the American Communist Party. In the former case, after several months of obstruction and delay, a mistrial was declared because the judge suffered a fatal heart attack. The government never mustered the energy to bring the defendants to trial again, and they lapsed into almost total obscurity. Who now remembers William Dudley Pelley, or Elizabeth Dilling, or even Joe McWilliams? Yet their pots were as quaintly cracked and their rhetoric as baroque and inflammatory as Abbie Hoffman's or Jerry Rubin's. *Sic transit dementia mundi.*

Harry Sacher, whose tactics in the defense of the Communist leaders were also strikingly similar to those of the Websters of the New Left, had worse luck. Although his performance had quite as much brass and brio as that of the Nazis' lawyers, he drew a durable judge who was not goaded into either a coronary occlusion or reversible error. Sacher's clients were convicted, and he himself was subsequently given six months for contempt of court (affirmed by the Supreme Court, 343 U.S. 1 [1952]) and disbarred from federal court practice. (It is an odd fact that the judge, Harold R. Medina, was one of Kunstler's heroes in 1962.) It is even doubtful that Sacher's clients properly appreciated his efforts, for the Old Left was always strong for Law and Order.

The Nazis' lawyers of 1944 and the Communists' lawyers of 1949 were isolated phenomena, ahead of their time. They were not held up as exemplars to law students or lionized by liberals. Kunstler, on the other hand, is a cult hero comparable to Che Guevara or Malcolm X. In any courtroom outside the backwoods he can count on an enthusiastic and leather-lunged claque, ready to whoop, dance in the aisles and chant slogans whenever he so much as clears his throat to make an objection. He must be the only alumnus of the Columbia Law School capable of sending adolescents into Dionysiac ecstasy. The minor prophets of the new jurisprudence, such as Gerald Lefcourt, draw good houses and plenty of publicity, but they are still no more than road-company stars.

Their fans are by no means limited to the junior Jacobins on the campuses. Many adults, some of them very solvent, are among their admirers. The reasoning of these devotees is simple. The New Left bar and its clients are strongly opposed to war, imperialism, racism*, tyranny (by the wrong kind of tyrant), poverty, pollution and probably also to *Spirochaeta pallida* and *Rattus norvegicus*. It follows that to deny them support is to aid and abet the whole catalog of deadly sins. There is, moreover, an ancient (and often honorable) American tradition of sympathy for people trapped in the machinery of the criminal law. Mark Twain described it in *Tom Sawyer*:

"This funeral stopped the growth of one thing—the petition to the governor for Injun Joe's pardon. The petition had been largely signed; many tearful and eloquent meetings had been held, and a committee of sappy women had been appointed to go in deep mourning and wail around the governor, and implore him to be a merciful ass and trample his duty underfoot. Injun Joe was believed to have killed five citizens of the village, but what of that? If he had been Satan himself there would have been plenty of weaklings ready to scribble their names to a pardon-petition, and drip a tear on it from their permanently impaired and leaky waterworks."

Today, of course, Injun Joe's lawyer would argue that since his client was not merely unpopular and sinister, but a member of a Minority Group, he could not possibly get a fair trial and therefore should neither be tried nor punished, Q.E.D. The Committee, finding this logic unanswerable, would communicate its views by planting a pipe bomb in the Executive Mansion. But the psychology and its principal exponents are about the same as in Mark Twain's day.

The popularity of the new jurisprudence also owes much to the congenital and probably incurable craving of Homo sapiens for irrational but beautifully simple ideas—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." For most of the history of the species, of course, the demand has been met by priesthoods of one sort or another. In recent years the sale of the old reliable nostrum has been disappointing. Its dispensers themselves hardly pretend to believe in its efficacy. Not many, however, are willing to abandon their calling and go to work. Thus the reverend clergy, their natural talents improved by the thorough and systematic training in unreason provided by the nation's divinity schools, have taken their rightful place in the forefront of the Movement and are very prominent among the supporters of Kunstler and his clients. Some of them hold the keys to treasuries more tangible than St. Peter's. The new law does not pay as well as a Wall Street practice, but there is no question that very substantial sums have been collected for the defense of Black Panthers and the more picturesque of the New Bar's other clients. Moreover, some of those clients are themselves very solvent, or have very solvent parents. I strongly suspect, for example, that Dr. Spock was fully billed for the considerable value of the services of Leonard Boudin. (I should add that Boudin, though he has defended many Old and New Leftists, is a very competent lawyer whose courtroom conduct is well within the traditional bounds.)

The trial tactics of the New Bar vary greatly from case to case. Some of its members are quite willing to (Continued on page 144)

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*The New Left's definition of "racism" is peculiar. It is not racism to hate W.A.S.P.s, Italians, Germans, Indians or Poles, or even Caucasians in general. Negroes but not other people are permitted to hate Jews. Neither is it racism to glorify indiscriminately Negroes, Mexicans, Indians or other non-whites.

Illustrated by Peter Green

L.B.J. Reconsidered

by Eugene V. Rostow

It wasn't his fault; he was destroyed by Kennedy, Eisenhower, Truman, Roosevelt and Wilson

Like other veterans of the Johnson Administration, I have thought a good deal both before and since January 20, 1969, about what went wrong—about what Johnson could have done or should have done differently to prevent the bitter and tragic division of the country over Vietnam.

While hindsight offers clues to alternatives of detail that seem plausible and attractive, at least in retrospect, I conclude, after canvassing the issue in a thousand ways, that the tragedy could not have been avoided, that its causes lie deep in our history, and that there is only one way to seek a cure: the nation must soberly reexamine its foreign policy before its foreign policy destroys the nation.

Almost all those who write and speak about foreign policy these days agree that American policy is significant to the possibility of peace. But American policy will not be credible, to friendly countries or to the other kind, until the American people come much closer to agreement on the nature of our national interest in world politics, and on the programs best calculated to protect that interest.

There is an outcry about foreign policy. The air is full of angry words about a new foreign policy that could liberate us from the burdens we have had to bear since 1945. Many Americans are frustrated and resentful, convinced that there must be a magic formula, a program not yet tried, which would permit us to bring the boys home, and return to "normalcy."

In fact, the outcry in the country is for the most part directed against the state of the world, not the state of our foreign policy. There is no magic formula, no hiding place, no easy option. The American government under five Presidents has made mistakes since World War II, including some major mistakes. But it has been on the right track. In my view it has had no real alternatives to the course it has pursued.

If I am right, or even half right, in this bleak proposition, it follows that we should study the issues in the debate about foreign policy as dispassionately and as analytically as our temperaments permit. Our methods should be intellectual, and our motto Cromwell's famous admonition: "In the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." For I remain of the view, despite ten years as a university administrator and six in our own government and the United Nations, that reason should be an important source of policy, and that most of the really catastrophic errors of our recent experience have been intellectual errors, errors of theory and of analysis, not errors of intention, of arrogance or even of pride. If this be rationalism in a romantic age, the reader is duly warned.

About Vietnam, President Johnson often said, quietly and decisively, "I've has made a promise. I have to keep it." The S E A T O Treaty, and all that lies behind it, was the key to Johnson's Vietnam policy. In making and carrying out foreign policy, I found Johnson stoic, detached, and a man of long views—extremely able and subtle, of course, but extremely simple, too, in the passion and fealty of his ultimate motives. Like a promise was a powerful force in Johnson's mind for a number of reasons: because he is that kind of man; because he believes the United States should be a nation whose word is good, as he said over and over again, notably in his Baltimore speech of 1965; and because he knew that the S E A T O Treaty is the essence of the Vietnam problem as a matter of international politics.

It has recently become fashionable at home, for obvious reasons, not to mention S E A T O in talking about Vietnam. But our silence on the subject, even in high places, does not alter the fact that the credibility of an American guarantee is a critical feature of the Vietnam maze, and that the outcome of the affair will be felt wherever political arrangements depend upon the deterrent power of America's promises. Senator Fulbright's important proposal that the United States guarantee a peace agreement in the Middle East won't have much deterrent power if the guarantee of S E A T O turns out to be worthless.

President Johnson's tragedy, like President Truman's, was that his foreign policy revived an unresolved division within the country—an intellectual and emotional division so intense as to make the President's withdrawal from politics a desirable step toward national reconciliation. Thus President Truman stepped down in March 1952 before the storm over Korea, as President Johnson did sixteen years later before the storm over Vietnam. In each case, I am convinced, the President could have had his party's nomination for a second full term.

President Nixon is already caught up in the same tensions. Making a virtue of necessity, he has articulated the issue as a matter of principle. But for many reasons we ought not to put our Presidents to such a test.

Destroying a President is hardly a minor ripple in the stream of history. Johnson's reputation will doubtless revive, as Truman's did. My concern here is not with justice to reputations, but with the impact of the fate of these two Presidents on the pattern of the future. Together the experiences of Truman and of Johnson pose a fateful question about the state of the American mind: must an American President expect to walk the plank if his Administration follows the kind of policy the United States followed in Korea under Truman and in Vietnam under Johnson?

Abroad, the question creates doubts, hopes and anxieties which are fundamental to everyone's foreign policy. What will America do, and what will it not do, to protect its own security, and those whose security is bound up with its own? What can people count on as fixed points in the spectrum?

At home, the question measures tension in the mind of every President—and every other American politician and bureaucrat—when there is conflict between what he regards as the imperatives of national security and the glittering appeal of his own career. Against the background of these events, any American President will use or threaten to use force in international politics most reluctantly, and only when he believes—rightly or wrongly—that his duty to the nation absolutely requires such action. And he will know, as Johnson knew, that in making his decision he may well be deciding also to be a one-term President.

This constellation of doubt and tension is in itself a major causal factor in world affairs. The history of this tragic and brutal century is a chronicle of miscalculations about intent. The Kaiser thought Britain would not fight for Belgium, and he was confident we would never enter the First World War. Hitler fell into the same traps. Those who planned *(Continued on page 158)*

Illustrated by Jean Paul Goude

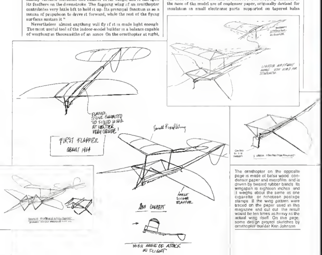
Flip, Flop, the Ornithop

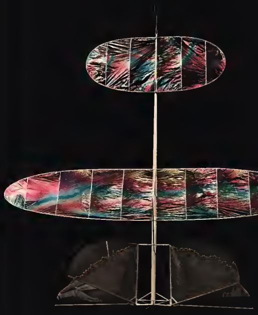
Finally, the ultimate in aeronautic technology: a model plane that flies like a butterfly

The shimmering object on the opposite page is not this year's idle trinket from Tiffany's, nor yet a glazed Amazonian butterfly from Brentano's. What it is, is an indoor flying model ornithopter from Reynoldsburg, Ohio, and a stablemate of the most successful indoor flying model ornithopter thus far produced in America. In the Spring of 1968, in a blimp hangar near Akron, a predecessor of this machine flew for five minutes, fifteen and two tenths seconds, thereby acquiring for its maker, Kenneth B. Johnson of Reynoldsburg, the United States record for indoor model airplanes with flapping wings. Five minutes and a bit may not sound like much, but in fact it's a lot more than any full-sized, man-carrying wing flapper has ever done. As a rule, imitating the birds doesn't succeed very well for humans, chiefly because they can't imitate the birds closely enough. Mr. Johnson, who has been building ornithopters since 1964 and ought to know, explains: "An ornithopter cannot be like a bird. A bird has constantly variable incidence and camber in its wings, and it can open its feathers on the downstroke. The flapping wing of an ornithopter contributes very little lift to hold it up. Its principal function is as a means of propulsion to drive it forward, while the rest of the flying surfaces sustain it."

Nevertheless, almost anything will fly if it is made light enough. The most useful tool of the indoor-model builder is a balance capable of weighing in thousandths of an ounce. On the ornithopter at right, the fixed surfaces—wing and tail—are covered with microfilm, a substance invented by an M.I.T. student in the 1920's, made simply by pouring a liquid from a bottle on the surface of a tank of water and letting it set (the manufacturers of microfilm do not care to reveal exactly what is in the bottle), so that in effect you have a coat of clear lacquer on top of a pool of water. Though microfilm is perfectly transparent, interior refraction and reflection between its surfaces result in the transmission and reflection of incident light waves out-of-phase, so that gorgeous colors appear as shown here, much like an oil slick or a butterfly wing.

Getting the microfilm off the water and onto the airplane is much more difficult than putting it on the water in the first place. Also tricky is rolling hollow tubes from .016-inch sheet balsa to make the fuselage of the model. (The manufacturers of .016-inch sheet balsa also aren't telling just how they cut it that thin, but claim that they can slice it down to .008-inch if desired.) The flapping surfaces at the nose of the model are of condenser paper, originally devised for insulation in small electronic parts, supported on tapered balsa





The ornithopter on the opposite page is made of balsa wood, condenser paper and microfilm, and is driven by twisted rubber bands. Its wingspan is eighteen inches, and it weighs about the same as one cigarette, or nineteen postage stamps. If the wing pattern were traced on the paper used in this magazine and cut out, the result would be ten times as heavy as the actual wing itself. On this page, some design project sketches by ornithopter builder Ken Johnson.

spars which are connected to the rubber band by an 013 inch steel-wire crank The entire machine ready to go weighs about forty thousandths of an ounce—that is to say if you had twenty five of them you would have an ounce of ornithopters—and is so delicate that it can only be flown indoors with the windows shut preferably in a blimp hanger or other adequate space (Last year's world indoor-model championships were held in a Romanian salt mine) In fact, should the machine encounter the turbulent air caused by a man walking in front of it it would probably be wrecked "If you see one heading for you," Mr Johnson advises, "just stand still. It's *so* light that it won't be hurt by the collision but if you try to get out of the way it's likely to be torn up by the air currents "

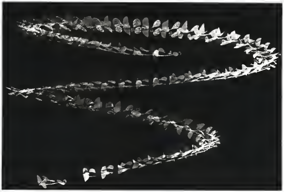
If the reader happens to have an ornithopter that will fly *longer* than five minutes, fifteen and two-tenths seconds and desires a little recognition he may get in touch with the Academy of Model Aeronautics which is a division of the National Aeronautic Association which in turn is affiliated with the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale and arrange a demonstration Since as Ken Johnson tells us, there are 'maybe about ten guys flying indoor ornithopters today,' your chances of reaching the top are much better than if you went in for drag racing or water skiing or any of the noisy, expensive mechanical sports The A M A also governs record claims for indoor helicopters autogiros and numerous other classes of more orthodox propeller-type flying machines most of which tend to be even lighter than ornithopters since they are not required to withstand the vibration of a pair of wings beating up and down Competitive winning flight times for rubber powered indoor models of the larger sorts run into forty minutes and upward which if you will think about it, is a very long time for a rubber band to spend unwinding

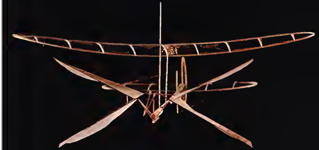
Readers who desire to try indoor ornithoptering will not find the necessary materials at the local hardware shop but they may be had from Micro X Products at 5200 Seven Pines Drive in Lorain Ohio Their catalog features such items as 008-inch balsa wood in eighteen-inch lengths at fifty cents a sheet (one sheet goes a long way) and 0005-inch Nichrome wire used for bracing wings and so on which is impossible to feel with the fingertips and almost impossible to see with the naked eye but nevertheless exists Though your ordinary newsstand model-airplane magazines give occasional information about indoor flying your real specialist s journal is *Indoor News and Views* Box 545 Richardson Texas

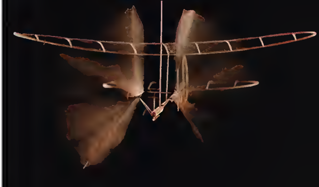
What, you may well ask, is the place of ornithopters in man's endless quest for whatever it is he is after? We can only refer you for an answer to the movie *Brewster McCloud*, in which the eponymous hero representing the Human Spirit and its Thirst for Freedom, flutters about the Astrodome in a man powered ornithopter of his own making (actually the product of three months' labor by an art director plus a few invisible wires) Alas, in the real world ornithopter experimentation more or less subsided except among the very persistent with the Wright Brothers' demonstration that, as far as people were concerned the air belongs to the propeller and not to the flapping wing Before that though, the nineteenth-century death rate for ornithopter builders ran around fifty percent Three years ago you could have read in this very magazine about one John Seney a qualified engineer from Delaware who thought back then, that man-powered ornithopter flight was just within his grasp We haven't heard from Mr Seney since, come to think of it

In any case yesterday's technology is always, or almost always today's aesthetic—any machine that's old enough will eventually wind up in The Museum of Modern Art—and a beautiful translucent ornithopter ghosting through a blimp hangar at slower than the speed of a man walking is much prettier than an SST, adds nothing to the atmosphere and can t be heard for more than a few feet Leonardo da Vinci, as is well known, designed ornithopters in his spare time and persuaded a servant to try one out (Leonardo, a genius, wouldn't go up in the thing himself) That nexus persists for Ken Johnson by profession an advertising art director, once entered an ornithopter in a Pittsburgh art show, winning third place in Crafts and Sculpture, plus a cash prize of seven dollars and fifty cents To be sure the last Leonardo painting to change hands did so at a price somewhere above five million dollars, but Leonardo s ornithopter didn t work at all

The photograph below shows the action of an ornithopter in motion on the opposite page. The rubber driven crank that flaps the two pairs of flappers to make the whole thing go can be seen at the nose of the model on top. Normal flying speed is around three miles per hour







Photographed by Ben Rose

A Peephole in the Gate

by Isaac Bashevis Singer

Accidents happen—thanks be to a careful God

I was invited to South America by the Yiddish Press. On the Argentinian boat I occupied a luxury cabin that had a Persian rug, soft chairs, a plush sofa and a private bath as well as a large window facing the water. The first-class passengers were outnumbered by the crew assigned to serve them. There was a special wine steward just for my table and every time I took a sip from my glass he immediately refilled it. Luncheon and dinner meals were always accompanied by an eight piece band. The band leader was told that I was a Polish Jew living in America, and in my honor he often played Polish, Palestinian and Yankee melodies. Almost all the other passengers were South Americans. In spite of all this catering I suffered from ennui. I could converse with no one and it is also difficult for me to strike up easy acquaintanceships with strangers. I brought a chess set but couldn't find a partner and one day I went to the second class to look for one. There were only two classes.

The first class was half empty while the second class hummed with activity. In the large lounge, men were drinking beer from mugs, others were playing cards, checkers and dominoes. Women sat in groups and sang Spanish folk songs. Some of the faces seemed strangely wild, reminding me of animals or birds. I heard brutal voices. Women with enormous bosoms and behinds ate out of baskets and laughed with uncanny joy. A giant with moustaches that reached to his shoulders and brush like brows told jokes in Spanish and his belly shook like bellows. The others applauded and stamped their feet. In the crowd I recognized a passenger from the first class whom I had been seeing in the dining room three times a day. He sat there by himself. He always wore a tie and jacket even for breakfast. Here he walked around in an open shirt exposing a grey-haired chest. His face was red and he had white brows and a veined nose. I thought he was a Latin but now, to my amazement, I saw him carrying a New York Yiddish newspaper. Approaching him, I said: "In that case let me say sholem aleichem to you."

His brown eyes that had bluish bags under them looked at me in astonishment for a while and then he replied: "Is that so? Aleichem sholem."

"What are you trying to find in the second class?" I asked him.

"What are you doing here? Come, let's go out on the deck."

We went outside and sat down on two steamer chairs. The ship was approaching the equator and the weather was warm. Sailors stripped to the waist, sat on coils of mooring rope and played with greasy cards. One sailor was painting a beam while another was sweeping up the rubbish on the deck with a long broom. The air stank of vomit and fish. I said: "The crowd here is having a much better time than we upstairs."

"Sure, that's the reason I come down here. Do you live in New York?"

"Yes, in New York."

"I lived in New York for years, but then I moved to Los Angeles. I was told it was a paradise, but the winters are cold and we have smog in addition."

"I see that you were not born in America."

"I am from Warsaw. Where are you from?"

"Also from there."

"We lived on Grzybowska, Number 5."

"I went to cheder on Grzybowska, Number 5," I remarked.

"At Moshe Yitzhak's?"

The moment the man mentioned this name, he became like a relative to me. The distance of the ocean and the whole foreign atmosphere vanished in one second. He told me that at home he was Shlomo Meir, but in America his name was Sam. He left Poland over fifty years ago. "How old do you think I am?" he asked.

"I would say in the sixties."

"I will be seventy five in November."

"You are well-preserved."

"Well, I had a grandfather who lived to the age of a hundred and one. In America if you don't get a heart attack or cancer you keep on living. In the old country people died from typhoid fever or perhaps even from hunger. My father rented out flat-bottomed wagons to merchants. We had horses and stables and employed over a dozen coachmen. We lived in comfort. My father sent me to cheder and also hired a private tutor for me. I studied a little Russian, a little Polish and what have you. My mother came from a better house. Her father was a lawyer—not a lawyer like here. He didn't attend a university. He filed petitions, sometimes served as an arbiter and held the litigants' money in escrow. My mother wanted to make a scholar out of me, but I was not cut out for an education. My brother Benjamin and I had a pigeon coop on our roof and we used to stand there for hours chasing the pigeons with long sticks. We also went out with girls and attended the Yiddish theatre on Muranow Place as well as the Polish one—Nowy, Letni, the opera. On Leszno Street there was a summer theatre called Alhambra and there it was easy to pick up a serving girl. All the maids got half a day off on Sundays and for a bar of chocolate a girl gave you everything. In those days men were not careful. The girl got pregnant and her mistress threw her out. There was a special clinic for such cases where each unwed mother had to nurse her own baby for six months as well as several foundlings. These children usually grew up and became firemen, janitors and sometimes policemen. What became of the girl babies I really don't know. Respectable women at that time hired wet nurses and these illegitimate mothers made a living that way. There were men whose business it was to impregnate these women and for that they got a bowl of soup or a slice of bread. Since you are from Warsaw you should know these things yourself."

"I know, I know."

"Well, I got my share of the fun. I always had a pocketful of money and a gulden wasn't difficult to come by. If we wanted to, we went to the brothels in Pociejow and Tamka. Do you care to listen to more?"

"Yes, I do."

"Being that you're from Warsaw also, why don't we share a table?"

"I would be happy to sit with you."

"I will speak to the dining room steward. Sitting alone becomes lonely and one doesn't know what to do with oneself. So I eat a lot and gain weight. The Latins can eat without end. Did you notice their females? How can one get close to such a mountain of flesh? In the States everybody is on a diet. Here they stuff themselves like gluttons. Do you drink beer?"

"No."

"Then I will order some for myself."

"As long as you are young," Sam continued, "you don't look into things too deeply, but when you get older you want someone you love and who loves you. To pay for it is no trick. I became acquainted with a girl from Gnojna Street. Her name was Eve—just like the Eve who gave Adam the forbidden apple and because of this all men must die. She seemed like a decent girl, with a round face, shapely legs and a nice body. Eve was eighteen and years ago this wasn't so young anymore. My mother didn't approve of the match because her father was poor. He worked in the kosher slaughterhouse where his job was to skin the animals. Eve came from a large family and didn't have any dowry. But what did I need a dowry for? I knew I could make a living. To make it short, an engagement party was arranged and plates were broken for good luck. I wasn't exceptionally pious so I took her to the theatre on the Sabbath. During the week we used to go to a delicatessen where we ate hot frankfurters on rolls with mustard and washed them down with beer. Such crispy rolls as they baked in Warsaw are not to be gotten anywhere else. They melted in your mouth. Well, it was a real love affair. Fifty years ago an engaged couple did not behave as they do today. A girl had to remain a virgin until her wedding, but we did plenty nevertheless. This gave us a glimpse into the pleasures we would give each other after the wedding. We already argued about how many children we would have. I wanted six and she ten. Her father set the date for the Friday after Tisha b'Av, though this seemed like an eternity to me. It wasn't easy for a poor man to marry off a daughter, especially without a dowry. My parents gave Eve fine gifts: a gold watch, a chain, a brooch. Her father could not afford to give me anything of much value. He bought me a silver goblet for the Sabbath benediction over the wine. It was all a game to us and our love burned like fire.

"I will tell you what happened. Even talking about it now makes my blood boil. It was Saturday and we attended the theatre. I still remember that they played *Chasha, the Orphan*. After the play we went to Kotik's restaurant and had a big supper: fish, meat and all the trimmings. Her father had an eleven o'clock deadline for her to be home. If she came in late he took the strap off his pants and whipped her like a small girl. I approved of his strictness. I didn't want to marry a runaround. As a matter of fact when we became engaged I stopped chasing the shiksas. Eve made it very plain that what I had done before was past, but now I was hers. It wasn't always easy to keep my promise. We had a maid and I used to go to her at night in the kitchen, but I had given Eve my word that I would behave. That Saturday night after we finished our meal we took a droshky from Nalewki Street to her home. It was not long after Passover. They used to close the gates in Warsaw about ten-thirty and when we got there the gate was already closed. We kissed before the gate, again and again, and then I rang the bell. The janitor's son came to open it. His name was Bolek—a mean fellow, a bully. He was often followed by a vicious dog.

"Most of the gates in Warsaw had a small peephole for the janitor to look through when someone rang the bell, because it might have been a burglar or a prowler. As a rule, when I took Eve home it didn't occur to me to look through the peephole. What was there to see? This time I yearned for her so much that I wanted to watch her walk from the gate into the courtyard. I bent down and I almost died from shock. If there was an open grave before me I would have jumped into it. Eve was standing there kissing and hugging Bolek. I thought that I was seeing things or that I lost my mind. They kept embracing and kissing like old lovers. This lasted for about ten minutes. I was stronger than iron that I didn't get apoplexy on the spot. I won't burden you with what I went through that night. I tossed in bed as if I had a high fever. I wanted to hang myself. My mother came into my room and said: 'Shlolmele, what's the matter with you?' I could not tell her about my disgrace, so I gave her some excuse. I suffered the most terrible torments until daybreak. In the morning I fell asleep and when I awoke my mouth felt as bitter as gall. I decided that I could no longer remain in Warsaw. Many people from my neighborhood had gone to America. All one needed was passage. There were agents who got you a ticket for the ship and allowed you to pay it out in installments after finding work in America. My father had a strongbox where he kept his money. I knew where the key was hidden. When my father left for the stables and my mother went to Ulrich's Bazaar to do her shopping, I opened the strongbox and took two hundred rubles. There were many thousands there, but I wasn't a thief. I sent the first moneys I earned in America back home, but this is already putting the cart before the horse.

"I went to Gnojna Street where Eve lived and I walked up the stairs. Usually I went there Saturdays and Wednesdays. I found Eve standing in the kitchen frying a pancake. No one else was at home. She saw me and her face lit up. 'Shlolmele,' she exclaimed and tried to kiss me. I said: 'Don't let the pancake burn.' 'What brought you so early in the morning?' and I said, 'Someone told me that the jeweler we bought your gifts from is a swindler. The gold is not pure fourteen karat. It's mixed with silver.' She seemed frightened and, taking the pan from the stove, she went to bring me the jewelry. I put it all into my pocket and caught her by the hair. She became pale as death. 'What are you doing?' she asked. 'I watched you through the peephole last night and saw what you did with Bolek.' She lost her tongue. I gave her one swift punch in the mouth and she began to spit out her teeth. She spat out one tooth and then a second and then a third. The best dentist couldn't have done a better job. I felt like killing her but I am not a killer. I spat at her and left.

"My dear man, what is your name? Isaac? My dear Isaac, I didn't take leave of my father or my mother or of my brother Benjamin—no one. I ran to the Vienna station and bought a ticket for Mlawa. I knew that there one could cross the border illegally into Prussia. The contrabandists—they were called guides—smuggled you over the border with a passport for three rubles. I had nothing with me. Not even a shirt. The guide asked me, 'Where's your bundle?' 'My bundle is here,' I said and pointed to my heart. He understood what I meant. At night I crossed the border and early in the morning I took a train to Hamburg where I bought a ticket for the ship to New York. I still had a nice sum left from the two hundred rubles. I also sold Eve's presents and bought myself ready-made linen, a suit and a pair of German shoes.

"I traveled steerage and even though I considered myself a modern man, I refused to eat non kosher food. The truth is, I could not eat altogether. Most of the passengers suffered from seasickness and vomited their guts out. You could die from the stench. I was also sick, but it was in my head. I was afraid I would lose my mind. I now hated all women. Lifting my hands to heaven I swore never to marry."

"Did you keep your word?"

"I have six grandchildren."

Sam asked: "Shall I continue? You want to hear more?"

"Please do."

"It's a long story but I won't drag it out. Can the story of a person's lifetime be told? In the Yiddish papers they print stories that go on for months or even for years. I read them. I love to read. To me, a writer is greater than a rabbi or a doctor. He knows everything that goes on in your soul as though he were right there. But when I travel I cannot get the papers. Someone in America saves them for me and when I came home I read the entire batch of them. Yes, I swore never to marry, but to be alone is also difficult. Years ago those who went on a ship to America became like one big family. We called ourselves ship brothers and ship sisters. Since we refused to eat non-kosher food, all we got was potatoes in their jackets and the brine of herring. In Hamburg I had spent some of the money I had with me to buy kosher salami and liverwurst and on the ship I treated everyone. This made me a real klug. The girls and women all came to me for a slice of wurst and they praised me and kissed me, but I knew it was all for the wurst. After what happened with Eve I trusted no one. Among us greenhorns there was a little young woman who was returning to America. She had gone back to Europe to bring over her aunt. They both occupied a cabin, but the old woman became seasick, so the niece spent most of her time with us, the immigrants. Her husband was a ritual slaughterer in Brownsville. What did we know about Brownsville? In Warsaw the wife of a ritual slaughterer wore a wig or a bonnet, but this woman went about with her head uncovered. She was dark, with laughing eyes. She pulled jokes out of her sleeve. Every day I gave her a large slice of salami. She nicknamed me Baby, even though I was tall and she so tiny I could put her in my pocket. She was a big talker and clever as the dickens. For her, things didn't have to be spelled out. One look and she knew all about you, like a gypsy. Her name was Becky. Though her real name

was Breindel. In America it became Becky. I never met anyone so quick. She was everywhere and knew everything. She hopped around like a bird. Of course she could speak English. She said to me, 'Baby dear, if one woman was false to you, it isn't necessary to blame all of us.' 'How do you know that a woman was false to me?' I asked. 'Baby, it's written on your forehead,' she answered. The next day Becky invited me to her cabin. Her aunt lay there like dead. Seasickness is a terrible thing. I thought that she was dying but Becky was laughing and winking at me. She signaled me to lean toward her while she raised herself on her tiptoes. She gave me a kiss that I still remember. That the wife of a ritual slaughterer should kiss a strange man was something new to me. I said to her, 'Don't you love your husband?' and she replied, 'Yes, I do love him but he's busy slaughtering in Brownsville and I'm here.' 'If he knew what you were doing he would slaughter you too.' And she said, 'If people would know the truth, the world would collapse like a house of cards.' We made love right then and there. I never knew that such a small woman could have such large desires. She tired me out, not I her. All the while she kept on prattling about God. Sabbath Eve she put three candles into three potatoes, draped a shawl over her head, covered her eyes with her fingers and blessed the candles. And so we arrived in America. On the dock a large crowd stood waiting for the new arrivals, and my piece of merchandise recognized her husband, the slaughterer. 'Listen, Baby,' she said to me, 'nothing happened between us. We are complete strangers, forget the whole thing.' I later saw her hugging the slaughterer. She kissed him and wept and I renewed my oath never to believe a woman. Shlaimele, I said to myself, it's a false world. Years later a rabbi told me that it's written in the Torah that all humans are liars."

"Not in the Torah," I said, "but in the Book of Psalms. 'I said in my haste, all men are liars.' "

"That's it. Most of the passengers were taken to Ellis Island. The Island of Tears, it was called. I was as healthy as a bear and had money so they let me through immediately. Agents from all sorts of factories came to the ships and the moment an immigrant landed they hired him to work. The pay was never more than three dollars a week and sometimes even less. Since I had money in my purse I was not in a hurry to become a slave. Downtown there was a square called The Pig Market. People came there to look for work. Every tradesman carried his tools as a sign of his skill. I saw a tailor carrying the head of a sewing machine, a carpenter held a saw. This is how it is in America. In one trade there's a need for workers and in another it is slack. Everything depends on the season. Agents tried to employ me but I wanted to look around first. A young man came over and said, 'You cannot sleep in the street. Let's go and find lodgings for you.' We walked as far as Attorney Street. The streets were crowded. People ate in the street, read the papers in the street, discussed politics. Even though it was the middle of the day a whore tried to lead us to her basement room for the price of a quarter, but we refused to go with her. It seemed that my companion was a middleman. He took me into an apartment on the third floor where boarders were lodged and introduced me to the Missus. Her name was Molly. Molly is an Irish name, but it's also a Jewish name. The flat had only cold water and a toilet in the hall. If you wanted to take a bath you had to go to the barber. For two dollars a week, the landlady gave me bed and board—all three boarders in one room. Her husband was a house painter. She washed our linen for a few pennies extra. She was a decent woman who killed herself for her husband and her children, but her husband was a bum who ran around with others. Her daughter came home two o'clock every night and necked with the boys right in front of the door. Thus Molly's cooking was fit for a king. How she could have given us all this for two dollars a week I still don't understand. She bought bargains from the pushcarts on Orchard Street.

"My dear man, I held out and did not marry for ten years. I'm not a philosopher but I kept my eyes open. I thought about life and saw what went on. As long as people believed in God they were afraid of the fires in Gehenna. But our Yiddish papers wrote that there was no God and that Moses was a capitalist and a bluffer. So what was there to fear?

"When I came to America there were already cars and even a few trucks, but most of the merchandise was carried in express wagons. There were troughs on many of the streets with water for the horses. I knew all about horses from Warsaw and I went into the express business. At first I drove a wagon for another man, then I bought my own express wagon and a pair of Belgian mares. I soon bought a second wagon and the number kept growing. I had entered America with my right foot and was lucky in whatever I did. I worked sixteen hours a day but I had more than enough strength. Today I take sleeping pills. At that time I would lie down on the bare floor in my wagon and before I knew it, I slept. I could sleep without interruption for ten hours. Bums used to steal into my wagon and they slept there too. Business was good and I became rich, or what was then thought of as rich. A thousand dollars bought more than ten thousand today. I had my own apartment on Grand Street. This was considered uptown. Matchmakers were after me but I spoke to them openly. 'Why should I marry and let another man sleep with my wife? Let the other one marry and I will sleep with his wife.' These were not just words. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand."

No you can't be too smart. Heaven and earth have sworn that people cannot outwit fate. I already told you that I love the Yiddish theatre. Can you latecomers know what the Yiddish theatre meant to us? The great actors were still alive then, Adler, Tomashefsky, Madame Liptzin, and later Kessler. Most of the shopworkers could only go to the theatre on Saturdays, but I, a bachelor with money, could go whenever the desire came to me—and it came to me almost every night. Today's plays are worthless. In the Yiddish plays I'm talking about there was something to see—King David, Bathsheba, The Destruction of the Temple—real history! The Jews fought the Romans and the whole battle was right before your eyes. I had plenty of women and girls to take out but I often liked to go to the theatre by myself. There was one actress, Ethel Sirota, whose name was printed in small letters, but the first time I saw her act it made my heart jump. She hasn't been onstage now for God knows how many years. She is the grandmother of my grandchildren.

"If I were to tell you how I became acquainted with her and how I took her away from her husband, I'd have to sit with you three days and three nights. How did I, a simple coachman from Warsaw, come to an American actress? But love has strange power. She later admitted to me that she often felt my gaze on her all during the show. I always bought a ticket for the first or second row. Her husband acted in the road companies. He was never engaged for the New York productions. I once saw him act in Philadelphia—a piece of wood. They had no children. Well, we fell in love. The first time I went out with her I thought I would go mad with happiness. We ate in a restaurant on Broadway and afterward went to a nightclub. There were plenty of naked women in the show but I was burning with passion for Ethel. We drank champagne and I became tipsy. 'What do you see in me?' she asked. 'My husband is ready to trade me in for the lowest yenta.' And I told her that what I saw in her could not be put into words. We kissed and each kiss was like fire. Just as they write in the novels. The very first night I proposed marriage to her. When her husband, that laghead, heard that someone else was interested in his wife, he again developed an appetite for her and a game of cat and mouse began. He finally convinced himself that it was me she wanted, not him, and he demanded money. I counted out two thousand dollars in cash. Then it was a fortune—and he divorced her. It's easier said than done. It didn't happen quite that fast. Actually it dragged out for a long time and while waiting we lived as man and wife.

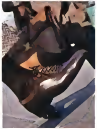
"When we became close and I began to question her about her past she swore to me that her husband was the only man she ever had. But I will give you a rule. If a woman tells you that you are her second, you can be sure you are her tenth, twentieth or perhaps her fiftieth. It's written someplace in the Bible that snakes creeping on rocks and ships crossing the sea leave no trace. If I'm not mistaken King Solomon said it and you know what he was referring to. The more I queried her, the more I learned. Before she appeared in the New York theatres, she too acted in the road companies and in order to get a part you had to sleep with the director or whoever was in charge. Actually it wasn't much different on Second Avenue. Without liquor Ethel kept silent but the moment she got high she spoke freely. I jotted down a long list of her lovers and each time I thought the list was complete, another name popped up. Meanwhile she became pregnant. I had taken her from her husband and because of me she left the theatre—how *(Continued on page 152)*

Illustrated by David Wilcox

Shoes for spring: a trend toward the two-toned

If shoes are constantly taking new turns, becoming, season after season, more imaginative and, on occasion, outrageous, it is not surprising. Over the years, no other article of apparel has exerted so special an appeal. Shoes have engaged the admiring attention of aphorists and men of letters alike, from Thomas Dekker and *The Shoemaker's Holiday* to George Bernard Shaw, who observed in *Pygmalion*, "He's a gentleman: look at his boots." Nor has any other aspect of dress ever been of more fussy concern to even the most masculine of men, with such an early exploiter of *machismo* as the Duke of Wellington himself spending two years collaborating with Hoby the Great on the creation of the boots that bear His Grace's name. And today, more than two and a half centuries later, the shoe fetish is still so assertive that the clothes-conscious man looks first not at another man's tie or shirt or suit, but at his shoes. If he is often a little astonished by what he sees, it is only to be expected, for now, as is only appropriate to the Peacock Revolution, the male is shod less shyly than ever before, with the trend toward the two-toned becoming progressively more apparent day by day. When we introduced the two-tone more than a year ago, we did not know whether we would be damned or deified. Now it is clear that we were, if anything, a little too conservative. In the Spring of 1971, designers seem determined to outdo one another in the boldness of their footwear for men. The photos on these two pages testify to this, with the textures running the gamut from shiny patents to velvety suedes, with linen and leather combined, and an amazingly as

The brown-and-beige suede ankle boot above has a strap and brass buckle. It is by Freeman and a pair of them is $32. The socks of Orlon, Marvess and nylon are by Interwoven; $1.50.


Rossetti's brown calf with taupe suede has metal hook speed lacing for those wearers of slip-ons who forget how to lace ($18). Nylon bouclé socks by Schiaparelli are $2.

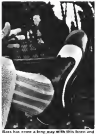
Stacy-Adams combines white buck with brown calf for a classic six-eyelet shoe with capped toe. The price is $48. The patterned socks by D'Orsay made of Orlon and nylon are $2.50.

Florsheim overlays alligator-grained patent with toe suede, laces pass through loops in the suede to form a novel configuration; $35. Royce's socks of Orlon and nylon are $2.50.

The high shoe is of black and tan suede with a squarish toe and heel. It has a seven-eyelet tie, by Velare, $65. D'Orsay's geometric-pattern socks are Orlon and nylon, $2.50 a pair.

Verde's unusual tan-and-beige suede shoe has a four-eyelet tie, an extended wing-tip and beveled toe ($26). Schiaparelli's nylon-and-Marvess socks have a diamond pattern; $2.50.

The perforated cap-toe and heel section of this high shoe are of black leather, as is the trim. The rest is linen, E.E. Taylor, $33. All socks on these pages are over the calf.


Bass has come a long way with this linen and glove-leather shoe with rounded toe and six-eyelet tie ($25). The Orlon-and-nylon socks have vertical ribs, by John Weitz, $2.50.

White patent leather is coupled with linen in a squared toe shoe with three-eyelet tie by Renegades, $27. Schiaparelli's ribbed polka-dot socks are of nylon and Marvess, $2.50.

The demi boot of linen and brown leather has side zippers and is by Johnny Carson, $32. The boot effectively hides the sock and emphatically cuffed trousers finish the effect.

Nunn Bush provides this rugged shoe of linen-look burlap with brown leather trim and high construction ($24). Burlington's plaid socks of Orlon and nylon are $1.50.

The linen slip on with brown leather trim has a monk strap with a double row of eyelets. It's by Barletta, $35. John Weitz's socks in diamond pattern of Orlon and nylon are $2.

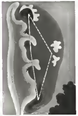
Photographed by Michael Russ

YOU AREN'T PLAYING THE COURSE, YOU'RE PLAYING THE DESIGNER

by David Pearson

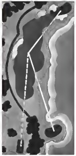
Six golf architects comment on the aesthetics of the game

In the final analysis the golfer plays against the man who designed the course. The game can be seen as a vast board game in which the board always changes. It does so from day to day according to the weather, and from course to course according to the personalities and tastes of the men who lay out the landscape. Few golfers pause to consider the individuality rampant at the very basis of their game, and, as a corrective, Esquire here presents six of the top designers. Each man is pictured at a particular hole of his own devising, one which best sums up his own concept of design. First, at left, is **Desmond Muirhead**. As a community planner and golf-course architect, he is building communities around golf courses and creating new ecological entities, such as Mission Hills at Palm Springs, where he stands near the sixth hole. Muirhead's sculptured styling is revealed here as almost a compulsion to heighten the aesthetics of nature—as if to compensate for a deteriorating environment elsewhere. Depending upon the tee, Muirhead's sixth may be played from 350 to 410 yards. If the golfer has the guts, he'll take the peninsular route (the solid line in the diagram above) for a more favorable approach. "The designer's challenge is greater than ever," Muirhead says optimistically. Anyone who stands with his back to a golfer about to hit his approach shot has to be an optimist.

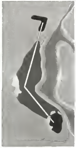


Photographed by Paul Barton

Pete Dye, shown at right, reveals his concept of design when he gives advice on how to play the fifteenth at La Romana, a course he recently designed in the Dominican Republic: "The area that looks most hazardous offers the biggest rewards." Damn the risks. Dye gave up a large income selling life insurance to plunge into golf-course building. After all, there are rewards other than money—especially if you have a lot. It should also be apparent that Dye has something else: an audacious imagination commingled with a respect for tradition—all neatly camouflaged by a quiet reserve but clearly manifest on his drawing board. In many ways his golf courses resemble the gems of yesteryear — pygmy greens (à la MacKenzie), sprawling fairway bunkers (à la Ross)—in modern settings. While playing value is always paramount, Dye's playgrounds abound in ambience. He has used railroad ties to bank a water hazard, sawed-off telephone poles to shore up a bunker, a freight car to bridge a creek. On the fifteenth at La Romana he has built a rock wall around an elevated tee to capture the conquistadorial flavor of the place above the thrashing waters of the Caribbean. The confident player — Dye for one—will naturally take the hazardous route (the solid line in the diagram), hugging the shoreline with his drive. A successful tee shot will then reward him with an accommodating approach to the graded green. The less intrepid golfer will probably decide to play from an alternate inland tee, favoring the safer left side at the expense of longer carry. Five bunkers compound the risks of this 450 yard par four. If you're looking for insurance, Dye is no longer a man you can depend upon.

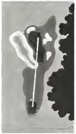


Robert von Hagge is standing in what he calls a "descriptive signal." If it looks like a bunker, that's because it is a bunker. But, von Hagge assures us, it is not really hazardous. At least not in its placement. It is simply a device like a buoy, to warn the golfer to hit away from it. All this takes place on the twelfth hole of the Gold Course, the Miami Doral's latest addition, its fifth. According to von Hagge, the new Gold, which is four shots tougher than Doral's Blue monster, is



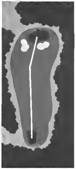
one of the toughest new courses in the world. Perhaps that is the reason for having descriptive signals—to make sure golfers don't bypass the real hazards. Anyway, it's consoling to know that von Hagge has been taken off the garbage detail and has returned to the Miami scene. For a while he was assigned to the Florida flatlands, where he tested his ingenuity for converting swamps and city dumps into honest-to-goodness three-dimensional golfing playgrounds. Von Hagge, who is forty, has moved in architectural circles all his life. His father was also a designer. Before going out on his own some years ago, the younger von Hagge worked with the late Dick Wilson, one of the best builders in the business. A descriptive signal of von Hagge's radical approach to golf-course design suggests there are some wild seeds growing in the sun house of his imagination. He has already announced that someday, when the world is ready, he plans to build the first redesignable golf course made of artificial turf. Meanwhile, back at the twelfth tee, von Hagge's descriptive signal (a body of water seen at the right in the diagram) reminds the player to drive toward his own right side for the best approach to the entrapped, elevated green. The par-four hole measures 423-456 yards. Ace it and you win a poncho.

Robert Trent Jones, in his thirty-six years as an architect, has designed some four hundred courses throughout the world dedicated to the proposition that all golfers are not equal. Consequently, his elongated tees and vast undulating greens serve to discipline the champion and encourage the dub. A typical Jones layout with tees ranging in length from fifty-five or sixty to a hundred yards can be shrunk to 5600 yards or stretched to tournament proportions of 7200 yards simply by moving the tee markers around. Like stretch socks his courses are made to fit everybody. It is this democratizing that has prompted some clubhouse sociologists to regard Jones as a peculiarly American phenomenon, even though he was born in England, and they see his courses as a microcosm of America—big, beautiful, beneficent. A more precise description perhaps would be Jones as a good businessman who knows his business. Golf, says Jones, should be "a hard par and an easy bogey," a bargain he doesn't always fully keep on many of his well-trapped, par-three water holes. His 160-yard twelfth at Spyglass Hill



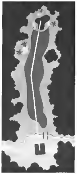
(where Jones is shown with sons and associates Robert Trent Jr. and Rees) plays from terraced tees down to a ribbon of green carved out of a hillside. Lake and traps, as you can see in the diagram, leave the player no alternative but to play a straight iron to the undulating green. Comfortable bogey? The only quarter Jones gives the average player here is distance. For this hole, the rule should have been: comfortable par (for the pro), uneasy bogey (for everyone else). But this is nit-picking compared to the fury of pros who have been humbled by some of Jones's tournament monsters. None of which seems to have marred Jones's reputation for producing golf courses that embody his three cardinal virtues of beauty, challenge, and feasibility.

Frank Duane and Arnold Palmer, who have teamed up in a course-building venture, were holding a conference recently from the rim of a crater on the Hawaiian island of Molokai. "We'll make this one a par three," said Duane. Palmer's eyebrows shot up. "You've got to be kidding!" Duane wasn't. When the distance from prospective tee to prospective green was subsequently measured, it came to only 190 yards. Duane's ability to spot an illusion comes from years of collaborating with nature. "If the natural contours of a golf hole are there," he says, "and the designer messes with them too much, he can never duplicate whatever peculiarity the land itself has to offer." He starts out with no preconception of what a golf hole should look like, doesn't try to impose a specific Duane trademark. He just lets the land do the dictating.



Typical is the 390-yard seventeenth at the Northampton course in Riverhead, Long Island, left and above. The original bowl-shaped contours have been retained, giving the illusion that the hole is wide open from the tee. But it isn't. Unless the player drives as shown, dead down the middle of the fairway, where it's flat, he'll find himself with a sidehill lie for his approach shot. Some of Duane's finest design work has come out of forests, swamps, and rolling hills. Four of his courses were completed from a hospital bed six years ago, when myelitis paralyzed him from the neck down. Duane managed to meet his commitments with the aid of a draftsman. He even received some new assignments. Now that he is slowly recovering, he says, "It was all done from the neck up."

George Cobb is on your side. If you can't break ninety, or even a hundred for that matter, play one of Cobb's courses. In a rich South Carolina drawl he says: "The game should be fun. People suffer enough frustration just getting through the normal day. I build courses that the average guy can manage, can score on. I want him to go home with a feeling of triumph, not defeat." His mind is no dark chamber of gothic horrors. To triumph on the par-four, 375-yard twelfth at Cobb's Sea Pines Ocean Course on Hilton Head Island: 1) Study the diagram. 2) Relax. 3) Avoid heavy woods on either side by keeping tee shot on fairway. 4) Relax. 5) Try not to over-swing on your approach shot so you won't hook or fade into the shallow traps flanking the wide green. 6) Relax. 7) Putt. There are five other equally pleasing courses designed by Cobb on Hilton Head Island, including two at Port Royal. At Myrtle Beach there's the Surf Golf and Beach Club and the Myrtlewood Golf Course. Golfers should be reminded not to try to retrieve balls from the lake off the tenth fairway at Surf Club. A ten-foot alligator in residence is the reason. There may be others. Many of Cobb's courses were built for resorts and land developments on the worst land available. Says Cobb: "I've got a right brotherly feeling about alligators." He also likes trees. The developers of Sea Pines had planned to sacrifice the mighty magnolia tree shown at right, when Cobb persuaded them to save it. Cost of the reprieve: more than $100,000 in fairway lots.



Photographed by Fred Baldwin ➢

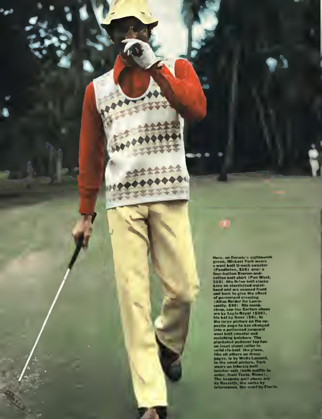
The chic of the casual

Not the least important part of [illegible] is that the [illegible]tion should never [illegible] t. But the garb of golfers has, until recently, been the most contrived, the least casual. The clothes shown on these six pages avoid that fault. They are ideal for the game but, except for those at left, are not golf [illegible] exclusively. Movie actor [illegible] at left, an Orlon knit shirt ($[illegible] [illegible] an alpaca-and-wool cardigan ($36), by Arnold Palmer for Robert Bruce. Palmer also designed the Dacron slacks ($22, Teller's Bench). The Aztran shoes are by Bexter ($25), the hat by Dobbs ($5). In the small photo, York coordinates a string-knit shirt ($35) with Orlon knit slacks ($30), both by Allan Raider for Lucrasanity

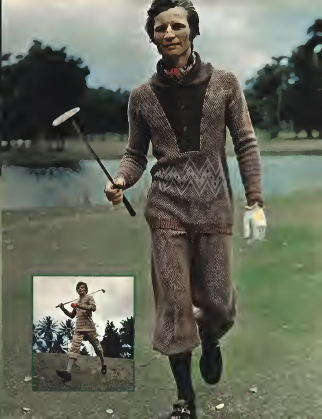
Photographed by Bill King

Although Michael York's ensemble on this page is not recommended for wearing in the water, even the most graceful of golfers knows moments when he somehow submerges his ball. At such times, clothes like these will do very nicely. And dry, they have a dimension lacking in so-called golf wear, being appropriate not only for the links but for lounging around the clubhouse. York's zigzag-patterned cotton knit shirt with four large button-flapped patch pockets and epaulets ($55) is paired with medium-wale cotton corduroy slacks ($30), which are belted with a wide suede-and-silvered belt ($25). All are by Bill Blass for PBM. The photos on these six pages were taken at the Dorado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico, a sumptuous establishment with two eighteen-hole championship golf courses designed by the eminent Robert Trent Jones.

[illegible] York, a young British actor whose mastery of his craft gives great credibility to his performances in such films as [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] left. [illegible] (about [illegible] actor from Jersey [illegible] lone). The [illegible] check shirt [illegible] the [illegible] on [illegible] in a white-trimmed [illegible] ton knit shirt ($45), cotton slacks in a blue-and-white matchstick print on brown ($45), and a white, brass-buckled belt ($30), all by [illegible] for PBM. In the small picture, his three-button, epauleted cotton canvas jacket is by Ralph Lauren for Polo ($175) and his Avril-and-cotton shirt in a brown-and-white polka dot print is by Creighton ($11).



Here, on Dorado's eighteenth green, Michael York wears a wool knit U-neck sweater (Pendleton, $16) over a four-button Dacron-and-cotton knit shirt (Pan West, $12). His Orlon knit slacks have an elasticized waistband and are seamed front and back to give the effect of permanent creasing (Allan Reider for Lucrasanity, $30). His monk-strap, cap-toe Corfam shoes are by Eagle Royal ($28), his hat by Knox ($6). In the large picture on the opposite page he has changed into a patterned jacquard wool knit sweater and matching knickers. The placketed pullover top has an inset shawl collar in solid rib-knit. His glove, like all others on these pages, is by Wells Lamont. In the small picture, York wears an intarsia knit knicker suit (both outfits to order, from Tosto, Rome). The bespoke golf shoes are by Rossetti, the socks by Interwoven, the scarf by Fioris.



(Continued from page 114) sent The dragster roars down the quarter mile strip in a cloud of blue smoke

ANNOUNCER 7.81 . . . Not quite enough for a qualifying time

GTO pulls up alongside the Car He gets out and looks around. He walks over to the raised hood of the Car. The Mechanic and Driver are working on the engine.

MECHANIC *(looking up)* Did you get cleared?

GTO What's that?

DRIVER I'll do it.

The Driver gets in the GTO and backs it up to the Clearance Station GTO looks over the Mechanic's shoulder The Mechanic works on the engine not paying any attention to GTO GTO walks away toward the line of dragsters waiting outside the entrance of the grandstand to get to the starting line. He stops next to a Dodge Challenger which has been completely stripped down Three men are looking at the engine which has no hood on it.

MAN She'll do in the low twelves I swear to God. Old Luke had her down to Nashville the other day and made him some money

GTO tries to listen but is unable to comprehend what they are saying He walks on stopping by a '48 Ford Anglia The driver of the Anglia, whom GTO can't see because the windows are clouded up, revs up the engine. The noise causes GTO to hold his ears and step back. He walks on. Another car revs up and he grabs his ears again. The effect unnerves GTO and he looks shaken, his mouth twitching slightly

The Girl sits in the grandstand holding her ears as the dragsters blast off

ANNOUNCER There's about twenty minutes left in qualifying Okay All clear on the other end The competition qualifying mark is a quick 6.78 and the Howard Cam Special qualifies with a 6.66 . . . Will the security guard get those people back? That's it. All right here we go

A dragster blasts off The Girl gets up and walks out of the grandstand. She seems in a daze She walks through the cars lined up to qualify GTO is standing by a Cobra, looking around, but the Girl passes without their seeing each other

It is evening and the lights at the drag strip have been turned on The Girl waits in line to buy a hot dog A boy eighteen, in white coveralls and a baseball cap walks by looking at her He walks by again and then gets in the line behind her The Girl pays for her hot dog and goes over to a table to put mustard and relish on it. The boy follows her

BOY You with Mickey Spain?

GIRL *(startled, spilling the mustard)* No

BOY You from Memphis?

GIRL No.

The Girl moves away through the crowd The boy stares at her and then walks after her They wind through the cars. The boy passes a car with a man working on the engine. He stops to talk When he looks up the Girl is gone.

The two cars are next to each other The Mechanic now works on the engine of the GTO The Driver leans on the front fender of the Car Other drivers come by and look at the Car and the GTO GTO comes up to the Mechanic.

GTO How does it look?

MECHANIC Terrible

GTO Who are you going to race?

MECHANIC You Only I'm driving

GTO doesn't appear to be interested He goes over to the Car and looks in the back area Then he walks away

The Girl comes over to the Car She looks at the Driver He meets her gaze for a while and then looks away The Girl gets in the Car and sits in the driver's seat She turns on the radio and then turns it off The Driver gets in next to her They stare at the rear end of the car in front of them The Girl tries to shift the stick shift. It doesn't go

DRIVER *(looking straight ahead)* Use the clutch. *(The Girl uses the clutch and tries to shift She makes it into first and then can't find her way out The Driver puts his hand on top of hers and guides the stick shift)* Up Down Up and over Down and over Up *(The Girl bites her lower lip in concentration.)* That's it. *(He shifts it into neutral and works it back and forth He stops but leaves his hand on top of hers)*

GIRL *(trying to find something to say)* Where are we going after this? *(An engine revving and barking drowns out his reply He shrugs and looks away She pulls at his sleeve He looks at her trying to speak to say something He shakes his head and gets out of the Car The Girl leans out the window speaking to the Driver)* It's too heavy

DRIVER *(unable to hear because of a motor)* What?

The Girl shrugs and looks away The Driver goes over to the Mechanic who is working on the GTO The Girl gets out of the Car and wanders away She wanders through the line of cars staring at them without seeing them Men stare at her but she doesn't seem to notice them She passes a 1955 Chrysler 300 No one is in or near it She gets in the back seat. Engines bark and growl around her She curls up in the back seat her arms around her head her knees tucked into her stomach

GTO looks blankly at the parade of cars running off qualifying times The cars have changed to Funny Cars. GTO is unable to watch. He leaves the grandstand walking back through the line of stock cars. He looks vaguely at the cars. He passes the Chrysler, looks in the back window and stops. He gets in the front seat of the Chrysler.

GTO *(hands on the steering wheel)* Where to?

GIRL *(from the back seat still curled up)* Around the block.

GTO *(looking in the rearview mirror)* There's a car following us.

GIRL You get used to it after a while

GTO Should I pull over?

GIRL No Keep going

GTO Should I lose our tail?

GIRL It doesn't matter

The door of the Chrysler opens. A large man in a blue sweat shirt looks in the passenger side

MAN Where'd Harry run off to?

GTO He's setting up some kind of grudge race.

MAN He's crazy This man won't even qualify

GTO He's been weird lately

MAN See you all up at Vic's Tavern after I shut down old Sam.

GTO Right.

The Pits The Girl and GTO walk up to the head of the line where the Car is lined up against the GTO The Mechanic sits inside the GTO and the Driver sits inside the Car The Girl and GTO walk between the two cars and into the grandstand. They sit high up in the stands The Car and GTO come up to the starting line The starter gets them lined up They blast off The GTO wins by four feet

GTO *(looking down at the end of the track)* Who won?

GIRL You

The Girl stands up and starts to walk out of the grandstand. GTO looks at her a moment and then follows. His face looks strained and weary He suddenly looks old

The Mechanic parks the GTO in the parking lot He walks back to the line where the Driver has pulled the Car up to a blue '48 Anglia. The Girl and GTO stand by the Car The Driver talks to the owner of the '48 Anglia. The Mechanic hands the keys of the GTO to GTO GTO takes them and puts them in his pocket. He walks back to the parking lot. The Mechanic opens the hood and starts working on the carburetor The Girl gets in the back area of the Car She collects her articles and clothing and puts them in her laundry bag The Mechanic gets into the passenger seat. He looks straight ahead.

MECHANIC We'll be in D C for dinner tomorrow

The Girl doesn't answer The Driver gets in the driver's seat.

DRIVER *(to the Mechanic)* I set it up We're going against the Anglia I put up the tools against $300 This is the big one He dug that we lost to the GTO

The Mechanic opens the door, looks back at the Girl. She avoids looking at him.

MECHANIC I got to check the valves

The Driver grips the steering wheel, unable to speak They sit for a long moment in silence The Driver starts the Car and they move up a few feet in the line.

DRIVER *(still looking ahead)* She's running good

GIRL *(barely audible)* Beautiful.

DRIVER After D.C. we'll go on down to Florida They got some good beaches down there.

They sit in silence The Driver gets out and walks down the line The Girl gets out of the Car with her laundry bag She walks away, toward the parking lot The Mechanic starts to follow her but then returns to the engine

GTO sits in the driver's seat of his own car The tape is softly playing Ray Charles' *Hit The Road, Jack* In the near distance are the sounds of the drag strip The Girl opens the door and throws her laundry bag into the front seat and shuts the door GTO looks at her She bites her lower lip and stares straight ahead GTO starts the GTO and slowly drives out of the parking lot and onto the highway

The grandstand. The Mechanic watches the Car face off against the blue Anglia They blast off The Car wins by inches

The GTO GTO drives at 120 m p h through a winding hilly road. It is two a m and the road is empty except for an occasional car The Girl is half asleep GTO drives with intense concentration

GTO I got a good lead He can't catch me As soon as we get that pink we'll split to New York Right?

GIRL *(half hearing nodding off)* Right.

GTO *(nodding to himself)* That's right.

The drag strip The Car is parked in back of the line The Mechanic walks up to the Driver who is standing by the front end

DRIVER The wheels didn't grab off the start I barely got him *(He hands the Mechanic three hundred dollars)* Where is she?

MECHANIC *(putting the money in his wallet)* They split

DRIVER *(his voice suddenly urgent)* Let's go

The Driver starts to get into the Car

MECHANIC Let it be. We don't want that goat.

DRIVER *(from the driver's seat)* Come on.

MECHANIC *(getting into the passenger seat)*: Yeah . . . okay . . . But she's going to burn you.

The GTO The Girl is asleep GTO drives with maniacal fury

GTO I've got three hours on them As long as they don't pull up even I'm all right. I'll sell both cars and put down ten grand on a Cobra. . . . Yes sir *(He pauses a moment.)* It won't happen I don't know why, but I'm not going to get a Cobra. Maybe a Thunderbird . . . Listen, I don't know where I'm going You probably didn't suspect that but it's all I can do just to keep moving I get uptight just thinking about tomorrow

The Car The Driver keeps the Car flat out at 147 m p h His hands clench the wheel. His mouth is tight with anxiety The Mechanic unable to look at the Driver watches the road. His face is grim even frightened The Driver is taking chances Passing a truck at the top of a hill. Blasting through a small town at 140 m.p.h. Taking corners on two wheels

MECHANIC *(as the Driver squeals around a corner)* *Easy . . . Take it . . . easy* You're gonna kill us.

The Driver doesn't hear

The GTO Light is beginning to uncover the details of the road The Girl is still asleep

GTO *(gently to the Girl with great intimacy as if they are on a honeymoon)* Darling, we have time for a quick bite Then we'll go on It doesn't matter where . . . As long as we can rip off a quick piece now and then. . . . No, no, forget I said that I'm crazy about you *(He is silent as he swerves the car from one side of the road to the other)* Here's the way it will be When we get the Cobra we'll go to Florida for a rest. We'll just lay on the beach and get healthy Let all the scars heal. Then maybe we'll go to Arizona where it's always warm and the roads are straight. We'll build a house That's what we'll do We'll build a house because if I'm not grounded pretty soon I'm going to go into orbit.

The Car The Mechanic and Driver concentrate grimly on the road as they speed through patches of early morning fog The Driver is obsessed.

A diner The GTO pulls into the parking lot. Next to it is a gas station Several trucks have pulled up to be serviced Outside the diner two pickup trucks and a large van and a motorcycle are parked GTO parks next to the motorcycle and gently shakes the Girl

GTO Food baby Let's get some food I'm falling asleep

The Girl opens her eyes not knowing for a minute where she is She rubs her eyes stretches and looks at GTO

GIRL Where are we?

GTO Food breakfast.

GTO walks into the diner followed by the Girl The diner has tables near the window and a long counter Two truck drivers sit at one table A farmer and a boy in a motorcycle jacket sit at the counter The boy looks at the Girl as she and GTO sit down at a table near the window The Girl notices him She stares back He is thin with a handlebar moustache leather jacket and soft self-absorbed expression. He smiles brightly She smiles back.

GTO *(rubbing his hands as the waitress comes over)* Yessir, now, champagne and caviar and chicken sandwiches on toast. . . . No, ah, let me have two eggs over bacon coffee and white toast.

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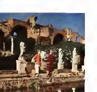

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7

The waitress takes the order and looks at the Girl, who is looking at the boy. She looks at the waitress.

GIRL Oh. Coffee.

GTO (*his face reflecting confidence and joy*) Maybe we'll go on up to Chicago. I got some connections in Chicago that are out of sight.

GIRL (*sleepy, distracted by the boy*): I don't want to go to Chicago.

GTO That's cool. We'll check out New York.

The Car. The Car is stuck behind a large truck. The road is narrow and winding up a hill. The Driver honks but the truck keeps going at a snaillike pace up the hill. The Driver leans on his horn and passes the truck at the top of the hill. A car coming up the other side of the hill slams on its brakes. The Car swerves, narrowly avoiding a head-on collision and keeps on at 80 m.p.h.

The diner. GTO eats his bacon and eggs. The Girl slowly sips her coffee and looks at the boy, who slowly sips his coffee and looks at her.

The Car, early morning. The Driver drives past the all-night diner at 140 m.p.h.

MECHANIC (*five miles past diner*) You passed 'em five miles back.

The Driver does a spin-out in the middle of the road and starts back the other way.

DRIVER Where? (*The Mechanic doesn't answer.*) I said where?

MECHANIC (*slowly, evenly*): It's going to take a long time. You'll have to pull over. (*The Driver looks at the Mechanic angrily. He pulls over and stops.*) They're at a diner on the left side of the road.

The Driver starts up the Car but this time he drives within the speed limit.

The diner. GTO mops up his egg with a piece of toast. He looks at the Girl but is unable to say anything. The Car pulls up outside the diner. GTO recognizes the sound first before he stares out the window. His right hand, holding a piece of toast, stops halfway to his mouth. The Girl looks out the window.

GTO: Shit.

They sit silently as the Driver and Mechanic come through the door. The Driver sits down opposite the Girl. The Mechanic sits down opposite GTO. The Driver looks at the Girl calmly. She looks at her plate.

DRIVER (*looking at the Girl*) Figured we'd go on up to Columbus, Ohio. A man got some parts up there he wants to sell cheap.

They are silent. Outside in the parking lot a car drives up and parks next to the Car. It is a chopped and channeled '32 Coupe. It's a beautiful car, black enameled with the motor exposed on the sides of the hood. The driver of the Coupe gets out and looks over the Car. A mechanic from the gas station comes over and talks to the driver of the Coupe about the Car. The Mechanic looks at the action outside.

GIRL (*looking down at her coffee*) No good.

The boy at the counter slowly pays his check and stands up. He looks directly at the Girl. She returns his look. He goes outside. GTO stands up and goes to the men's room. The Girl stands up and walks out the door after the boy. The Mechanic and Driver watch her go over to the GTO and get her laundry bag. Then she goes over to the motorcycle and gets on the back behind the boy.

GTO comes out of the men's room in time to see the Girl ride off on the back of the motorcycle. The Mechanic takes a sip of the Girl's coffee. They both stand up and walk out the door. GTO pays the check and walks outside. GTO passes the Car. As he walks by he can hear the conversation between the Driver and the owner of the Coupe.

COUPE OWNER That's a bitchin' car you got there.

DRIVER (*his voice tired and flat; he speaks the ritual without feeling*) Yeah . . . Yours ain't so bad either. What you got underneath? A big Chrysler Hemi?

COUPE OWNER It might cost you a little to find out.

DRIVER We got plenty of time. I reckon we could see you for a hundred.

GTO (*passing the Mechanic, who is working on the valves of the Car*) See ya.

MECHANIC (*looking up briefly*) Later.

The GTO, late morning. GTO passes two soldiers hitchhiking. He squeals to a stop. The soldiers run up to the car. One gets in the back, the other in the front. They are young and clean cut, privates on leave after basic training.

FIRST SOLDIER (*as GTO starts up*): You got a great set of wheels here.

GTO: How far you going?

2ND SOLDIER Going up to New York City. Got ten days leave.

GTO You're in luck. I can take you all the way—

FIRST SOLDIER What's it got, 390 horsepower?

GTO Yeah . . . 390. I won it flat-out. I was driving a '55 stock Chevy across the country and got into a race with this GTO for pink slips. I beat the GTO by three hours. Of course the guys in the GTO couldn't drive worth a damn. But I'll tell ya, there's nothin' like building up an old automobile from scratch and wiping out one of these Detroit machines. That gives you a set of emotions that stay with you. You know what I mean? Those satisfactions are permanent.

An abandoned airfield, early evening. A hundred cars line either side of the runway. The airfield has been deserted for years. Tufts of grass grow up between the cracked cement. The tall pine trees surrounding the airfield are blackened and charred from a forest fire. The setting sun creates long and mysterious shadows over the runway. Most of the crowd are still in their cars, a few walk slowly from one car to another.

The Car and the '32 Coupe are lined up at the far end of the runway. A thin middle-aged man with a gaunt and weary face acts as the starter. The camera sees the engine and each part of the Car is a particular focus. The Mechanic carefully shuts the hood and backs off. Blue smoke from the tail pipes. Shattering total noise as the engine revs.

Closeup on Driver. His face is completely concentrated, completely involved in the moment. His lips are tense, his eyes slightly squinted. Inside the Car it is absolutely quiet. All sound ceases until the end of the movie.

The Driver's right hand. The hand grips the stick shift and pushes it into first. The Driver's hands on the steering wheel. The airstrip is visible and the '32 Coupe lined up on the right. The sun is sinking fast. On the left, the starter chops down his hands. The race starts. We're instantly propelled forward within the Car. The Car seems suspended outside of time. It is as if the projector were running down as the Car floats slower and slower toward the finish line. The film stops. The heat of the projector lamp burns a hole in the frame and the entire frame dissolves. ##

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WILL MR. WILLIAM KUNSTLER PLEASE STEP DOWN?

(Continued from page 118) resort to the traditional techniques of criminal lawyers, including shrewd and hard plea-bargaining. But others, notably Kunstler, seem to prefer a "political" strategy—to some extent, no doubt, because it is what their clients want. Its standard arguments and scenario go something like this:

1) Label the prosecution as "political," and therefore in violation of the First Amendment. The fact that the defendants may have been indicted for propagating their reformist ideas by first-degree murder or by planning to blow up a random assortment of department-store customers is irrelevant as long as their motives were "political" and pure.

2) If the prosecution is political, it follows that the charges are patently incredible and the evidence forged or suborned. Every case is a Reichstag trial. That the defendants may have regularly proclaimed their intention to do what the indictment charges them with doing does not detract from the indictment's inherent absurdity.

3) Since the charge is a frame-up, there is by definition no chance of an acquittal or a fair trial. The prosecutor, his witnesses, the judges, both trial and appellate, and the jury are all part of the conspiracy, reading lines from a script prepared by Attorney General Mitchell, J. Edgar Hoover, Mayor Daley and the C.I.A. If there is a genuine corpse of a murdered man—a corpus delicti in the most literal sense—it only shows the lengths to which the Establishment will go to put dissenters in the electric chair.

4) Since the trial is a charade and the court of the kangaroo variety, there is no reason for the defendants to cooperate by observing the rules or focusing on what the prosecution pretends is the issue in the case—i.e., whether the accused are guilty, beyond a reasonable doubt, of having violated a constitutional law.

5) The true role of the defense, therefore, is to expose the proceedings for what they are and the judge for what he is. Kunstler does not himself scream "Fascist pig!" at the judge, but he certainly does not discourage his clients from doing so, nor from shouting other epithets whose transcription reduces court reporters (who are mostly middle-aged and virtuous ladies) to tears and the use of dashes or asterisks. Some of Kunstler's clients and their supporters in the audience probably could not be controlled by anything short of a police riot squad, but most lawyers in such a situation would warn their clients to control themselves or get a new lawyer. Kunstler treats it as a natural and even praiseworthy reaction to the outrages being perpetrated upon them—entirely the fault of the judge. This attitude alternates with a sort of New Left version of "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," which must be more infuriating than straightforward abrasive abuse to elderly (and, in the case of Judge Hoffman, somewhat testy) jurists accustomed to deference, not to say soapy politeness, from counsel.

6) Since the whole proceeding is political, defense counsel should stick to politics in his arguments. Thus, Kunstler at every opportunity orates, with or without the permission of the judge. He frequently answers the gavel by explaining that he wishes merely to add one sentence, but with him one sentence is a purely hypothetical quantity, like one martini. Kunstler's speeches are by and large neither better nor worse than the average of New Left polemics, but they are delivered con brio and *fortissimo*, with a maximum of emotion ("Is law so dear and order so sweet as to be purchased at the price of our brothers chained in slavery?") almost unadulterated by fact or logic. As a longtime fellow townsman of the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., I am something of a connoisseur of fustian as a citizen of Reims is something of a connoisseur of champagne. New Haven is the very home of it. Kunstler's is almost a greater vintage than Coffin's. But Coffin, after all, is a clergyman, and I, being a lawyer, hope for something different from lawyers. The effect which Kunstler's jeremiads produce on me is such that if he were to attack venereal disease I would find myself examining the case for gonorrhea.

Even so, Kunstler's postulates are not sheer fantasy. Most of his clients make careers of saying and doing things which are calculated to shock and repel the class of people from which most jurors are drawn. They burn flags and threaten to burn cities and even suburbs; some of them wear bizarre and unsanitary costumes and shout obscenities still more bizarre; they yell for revolution, preferably bloody; they show no reverence for God, the Constitution, soap or motherhood. Plainly, it is not easy to find twelve citizens who have not even a subconscious prejudice against such defendants. The defense can challenge a limited number of the panel without cause and an unlimited number for cause, but a thorough investigation of the backgrounds of prospective jurors requires a good deal of time and money. Most trial lawyers would concede that the mechanism for the exclusion of prejudiced jurors is very imperfect. Similarly, a judge can be asked to disqualify himself, but it is not easy to convince an appellate court that his refusal to do so was an abuse of discretion. The problem is aggravated by the news media's liberal use of their First Amendment freedom to report and comment on the accusations and the accused—and much of what they print and broadcast is calculated to inflame even the most cool-headed of potential jurors.

But unless we accept the proposition that a man who makes himself sufficiently detested may violate the law ad libitum, all we can do is our best to see that he gets the fair trial to which the Constitution entitles him. This is primarily the job of the courts, both state and federal—for the federal courts can and do review state convictions if the defendant claims that his trial, including the selection of the jury, violated his rights under the Constitution of the United States. In recent years, at least, American courts, headed by the Supreme Court, have by and large done a pretty good job in this respect.

A fact which the New Bar knows but does not emphasize is that the prejudice of jurors may (and often does) operate in favor of the defendants—and it takes only one to hang the jury instead of the accused. The classic examples, of course, have been the Mississippi juries which regularly refused to convict Klansmen accused of murdering Negroes or civil-rights workers. The contention of the Black Panthers that trial by a jury of their peers means trial by a jury of other Panthers, or at least other blacks, is in essence no more than a demand for the benefits long accorded to Ku Kluxers. In fact, any jury trying Black Panthers is pretty sure to include some Negroes—and a black man may need considerable courage, both moral and physical, to vote for conviction, just as it takes a brave white man to vote Guilty in a Mississippi trial.

If we concede the extreme difficulty of keeping bias out of the jury box, the only alternative is to make the judge the trier of the fact as well as the law. Judges, although they are human, and often all too human, are probably by training and experience better able than most to find facts on the basis of the evidence rather than preconceptions. A number of states permit a man accused of crime to demand trial by judges instead of jurors. Connecticut has such a law. I find it interesting that the Black Panthers who are being tried in New Haven on various charges arising out of the kidnapping and murder of a suspected informer have made no such demand. Kunstler's other clients are probably somewhat less likely to find jurors who are friendly or can be intimidated, but even they can reflect that there is a good chance that at least one of the twelve will have some sympathy for the ideology of the New Left. In short, I have serious reservations about the premise that conviction is so much a foregone conclusion that a serious defense on the merits is a waste of time and concedes the legitimacy of the process of railroading.

The *strategy* of the new forensics—the goals which its tactics are designed to achieve—is unclear. Whether it improves the clients' chances of staying out of jail is at least debatable. The clowning, the screaming of threats and insults and the scuffling with marshals may alienate impartial or even sympathetic jurors. Against this drawback may be set the possibility that some judges like Julius Hoffman can be goaded into displays of prejudice and the commission of reversible error—which, however, usually gets the accused nothing more than a new trial. But if one starts from the assumption that ultimate conviction and punishment are part of the plot and inevitable, counsel should not worry about diminishing the nonexistent chance of acquittal.

The really important objective seems to be to make effective use of the splendid forum which a courtroom provides for the propaganda of the Movement. History is full of examples, from Socrates to Sacco and Vanzetti, of defendants whose ideas gained a better hearing in the context of a trial for the speaker's life than ever they got when he was at large and unpersecuted. The trial of Charles I made the Stuart restoration almost inevitable. Danton's eloquence might have secured his acquittal if the Committee of Public Safety had not shut him up. It certainly foreshadowed the fall of Robespierre and the Thermidorean reaction. Adolf Hitler, as many men still living can recall, made enormous political capital out of his trial for treason after the beer hall putsch of 1923. Leading off with a speech lasting four hours, he cross-examined the witnesses, interrupted the proceedings with other notable harangues, and wound up with a genuine classic of rabble-rousing—all of which, being fully reported in the entire German press, spread his name and fame far beyond the borders of Bavaria. Hitler, to be sure, had the advantage of judges whose fears and sympathies conduced to extraordinary tolerance, but even if Kunstler had William O. Douglas for a trial judge it is improbable that he would get such results. He has neither Hitler's extraordinary ability to inflame ordinary half-wits nor his demonic political genius. Kunstler, though capable of generating plenty of excitement and by no means indifferent to the delights of being followed around by reporters and television crews, is not himself a messiah—and apparently does not aspire to the role. He sees himself rather as a John Baptist for the genuine world-shakers, such as Bobby Seale, and the seminal intellects, such as Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin.

It is a truism that the first person an advocate convinces is himself. Until three or four years ago Kunstler was merely one more conventionally liberal lawyer and author of a type which is as common on Manhattan Island as rabbits are in New South Wales. Although he now describes himself as Martin Luther King's lawyer (which he was on Southern Christian Leadership Conference matters), none of the veterans who fought the civil-rights battles of the Fifties and early Sixties seem to be able to recall any great thing he did. None would have predicted the majestic eminence he occupies today.

Although the New Bar accuses the Wall Street lawyers of supinely reflecting their clients' political views, the charge is far more applicable to themselves. The Wall Street lawyer, in fact, is likely to shape the politics of his clients, which is certainly not true of counsel to the New Left. Kunstler, for example, has progressed far beyond the milk-and-water liberalism of his early years. He now appears to believe in every single tenet of his various clients—Black Panthers, Weathermen, Yippees, Crazies, Catholic radicals and Maoists. This takes some doing, for they do not all believe the same things. The New Left has fissioned along almost as many lines as Christianity, and its members are likely to be at each other's throats whenever the pigs give them a breathing space.

Kunstler's role as the Great White Father of the Black Panthers does not, to be sure, confront him with serious ideological problems, for the Panthers, although they sometimes repeat for the benefit of white contributors the clichés of the New Left, are notoriously short of ideology, with the doubtful exception of Eldridge Cleaver; they have no philosopher of even the intellectual status of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg or Dr. Herbert Marcuse. Faced with even the primitive dialectics of the Maoist faction of Students for a Democratic Society, they commonly take refuge in unimaginative obscenity. They bear less resemblance to a political movement than to the long series of slum gangs with members recruited from a particular ethnic group. The Bowery Boys, Dead Rabbits, Hudson Dusters, Gophers and Five Pointers never discovered the advantages of carrying on their cop fighting, extortion and looting in the name of social justice—although the draft riots of 1863 may be an exception to this tion—and it certainly never occurred to the literati and reformers of

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to extol their culture and leap to their defense on the occasions when the police laid them by the heels. But their weltanschauung was otherwise very similar. They were wild men; their hands were against every man, and every man's hand against them. The Panthers' political ideas do not go much beyond a feeling (for which there is considerable justification) that society has dealt unfairly with them and that they are therefore entitled to wage guerrilla war against society, beginning with the police.

The David Dellingers and Tom Haydens, on the other hand, do have an ideology, or ideologies, of sorts. They would probably describe themselves as Marxists, if only in the sense that Bishop Pike described himself as a Christian. I confess that I am quite unable to expound their philosophy in detail. In the line of duty I have tackled some of the opera of the principal philosopher of the Movement, the *doctor angelicus* Professor Herbert Marcuse, but with indifferent success. As a lawyer I have had some practice in deciphering impenetrable prose, but Marcuse beats anything in my experience. Such opaque sentences could be composed (in either English or German) only by one steeped in the worst stylistic traditions of German philosophy. They call to mind, indeed, the works of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, whose ability to write lucid prose, as exemplified in *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, was comparable to Marcuse's. The two share the knack of writing sentences like: "Finite being is incomplete realization, subject to change" and "The new grasp of the world is not a dogma but an attitude." (The first quotation happens to be Marcuse's and the second Rosenberg's, but either sage could have written either sentence, and been proud of it.)

Although the Marcusian philosophy diverges in some important respects from the philosophy of the Bill of Rights, to which Kunstler makes frequent and favorable reference, Kunstler seems to have swallowed the ideology of this section of his clientele without visible discomfort or difficulty. Indeed, the catholicity of his faith is such that he finds much to admire in grotesques like Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, whose ideology seems to consist largely of a lively appreciation of the comic potentialities of a general massacre. (Even they are not quite without historical analogues. There is, for example, Bertrand Barère de Vieuzac, whose flow of jokes and general high spirits lent a note of farce to the Terror and earned him the sobriquet of "Anacreon of the Guillotine." Still farther back is the hangman of Louis XI, called Jean Qui Rit, who brightened the last moments of his customers with merry jests and good-natured badinage. He had a partner, Jean Qui Pleure, who balanced the comedy with ghastly counsel to the condemned. For some reason neither of them was really popular.)

One proposition on which Kunstler and all of his clients clearly agree is that (in Kunstler's words) "the legal subsystem itself is nothing more than the new tyrants' most reliable weapon" and that in consequence "those lawyers who can no longer remain their society's most complacent eunuchs must pass from passive or active acceptance to open resistance." The courts have few modern precedents to help them deal with this challenge. The Bill of Rights and modern criminal process generally, were framed to deal with a totally different problem—the protection of the defendant and his lawyer (when he had one) from hectoring, bullying judges such as Lord Chief Justice Scroggs and George, Baron Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor of England from 1683 to 1688. Jeffreys, the archetype of the hanging judge, is best remembered for the Bloody Assizes of 1685. He habitually terrorized offenders with lurid descriptions of the punishment he proposed to inflict:

"And I charge him that puts the sentence into execution to do it effectually, and particularly to take care of Mrs. Hipkins. Scourge her soundly, and the other women . . . and since they have a mind to it this cold weather, let them be well heated.

"Your sentence is this—that you be carried from hence to the place from which you came, and from thence be dragged tied to a cart's tail through the streets, your bodies being stripped from the girdles upwards, and be whipped till your bodies bleed."

Nor was he much gentler to counsel: "Mr. Wallop, I observe you are in all these dirty cases, and were it not for you gentlemen of the long robe who should have more wit and honesty than to support and hold up these factious knaves by the chin, we should not be at the pass we are at." One wonders how Kunstler would have fared in the reign of James II.

"In blunt Anglo-Saxon—[illegible]*"*

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Modern judges, no matter how prosecution minded, can hardly browbeat defendants, lawyers and juries in the style of Scroggs and Jeffreys. Still, they are not wholly defenseless. The Supreme Court, which has not recently been accused of excessive harshness to criminal defendants, made that clear in *Illinois v. Allen* (397 U.S. 337), decided in March, 1970. The constitutional right to be present at one's own trial and personally to confront witnesses does not deprive a trial judge of power to remove an obstreperous defendant from the courtroom, or to cause him to be gagged and shackled. He can punish the defendant—as well as lawyers and spectators—for contempt, although it is doubtful that such punishment can constitutionally exceed six months imprisonment even if, like Judge Hoffman, the court attempts to circumvent the restriction by inflicting separate penalties, aggregating several years in the hoosegow, for separate incidents of contempt. Even Justice Douglas concurred in the Court's decision, though he thought the Court should have waited for a genuine "political" case (Allen was a commonplace robber whose trial had no "political or subversive overtones") before laying down so much and so important law on the control of courtroom disruption.

Different and more serious problems are presented by a school of activists who regard the Black Panthers as Uncle Toms, or at best parlor pinks. These progressives believe that the repression implicit in trying them on charges of robbery and assault is properly to be resisted by kidnapping and shooting the judge. The trial tactics employed in the San Rafael shoot-out, which I don't think were employed on the advice of counsel, are not without precedent in California. In 1889, Judge Terry, once of the California Supreme Court, resenting a decision which he thought reflected unfavorably on the character of his wife, assaulted Mr. Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court. When he reached for his Bowie knife, he was shot dead by a United States marshal assigned to guard Justice Field. The curious tale is told in *re Neagle*, 135 U.S. 1 (1890).

Finally, counsel can be disbarred, as Harry Sacher learned. This presents no serious problem when the lawyer violates the Canons of Ethics by himself engaging in "undignified or discourteous conduct which is degrading to a tribunal." Things are not so simple when counsel's own conduct amounts to nothing worse than an exaggeration of ordinary forensic bad manners, as by continuing to argue and object after the judge has made a ruling and told him to sit down. Most of the conduct for which Judge Hoffman punished Kunstler and his junior, Leonard Weinglass, was of this description. The court also found (with what justice a typed transcript cannot reveal) that Kunstler had shouted and pointed at the judge in a disrespectful manner. (Kunstler conceded that his tone was "angry.") He undoubtedly accused the judge of "outrageous statements," and described his conduct as a "disgrace" and the trial as a "legal lynching," to the accompaniment of cries of "Right on!" from the spectators. Some lawyers would describe this as "discourteous conduct" within the meaning of the Canons; the New Bar would probably characterize it as mere wholesome frankness. (As Kunstler phrased it, "I was not insulting. I told you the truth this morning.")

The really serious interferences with orderly proceedings at the Chicago trial, as at others, were the work of the defendants and their supporters in the audience. Judge Hoffman found that Kunstler "encouraged and approved of such behavior" and that he "fanned the flames of the disorder with inciting comments." This may well be true, and Kunstler declared on one occasion that his clients' "groans" were more

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than justified considering the circumstances at some ruling of the court But again it is hard for one who has only the bare record before him to say to what extent the defendants were egged on by counsel It is doubtful that they needed much encouragement; most of them would probably have behaved about as they did if they had been represented by the Dean of the Harvard Law School It does seem clear that Kunstler made little or no effort to persuade his clients to behave but the extent of his duty to do so is less clear The American Bar Association's Code of Professional Responsibility does not seem to deal squarely with the matter. The American College of Trial Lawyers takes the position that a lawyer has a duty to "advise any client appearing in a courtroom of the kind of behavior expected and required of him there and to prevent him so far as lies within the lawyer's power, from creating disorder or disruption in the courtroom" Query how far it lies within the power of Kunstler or Weinglass or any other lawyer, to compel the likes of Bobby Seale, Jerry Rubin or Abbie Hoffman to conform to rules of decorum made for souls less free than theirs.

The New Bar is very positive that criminal law, as it exists in this country today, is simply one more instrument of tyranny which ought to be broken up and cast on the dustheap of history But as is commonly the case with the thinkers of the New Left, they have not described the judicial system with which they would replace it, indeed I doubt that any of them—certainly not Kunstler—have very clear ideas on the subject. Most of their clients find much to admire in Dr Castro's People's Courts, which are about as likely to acquit the accused as were their namesakes, the Nazi *Volksgerichtshöfe*. The New Bar and its clients would, of course deny and with unfeigned indignation, the accusation of fascism, whether leveled against themselves, or Dr Castro or Chairman Mao It is true that their People's Courts would punish somewhat different sorts of crime and crimethink. It is also true that 'Fascist' is a word of very uncertain meaning—as an epithet it is used as freely as "Communist" was twenty years ago George Orwell probably came closer than anyone else to defining it

"By 'Fascism' they [i.e., ordinary people] mean, roughly speaking, something cruel, unscrupulous, arrogant, obscurantist anti liberal and anti working class Almost any English person would accept 'bully' as a synonym for 'Fascist.'"

That seems to me a pretty accurate description of all the factions of the S D S the Black Panthers and many of the New Bar's other clients. (The nominal Marxists among them sometimes speak favorably of working people but their real contempt is plain enough and often explicit] The New Bar being lawyers, have been bred in a different tradition In one compartment of their minds there is real respect for the Bill of Rights. But they are as a group highly emotional and impressionable, and they believe that a lawyer who does not love his clients, who does not wholeheartedly accept their values, is no better than a prostitute. To the extent that they model their thinking and conduct on those of their clients they bring themselves too within Orwell's definition ###

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(Continued from page 127) could I destroy her life? We quarreled and it came to blows. Her tears could have moved a stone. I realized that this was my fate. Eve kissed the janitor's son and Ethel sold herself for a part. Now that she was married and pregnant she promised to behave. But she could not give up the theatre altogether. We went to see all the shows. She got the tickets for nothing. Every cashier knew her. Once you have been part of the Yiddish theatre you are never forgotten. Ethel gave birth to a girl and we called her Fanny, or Feigele, after Ethel's mother. Two years later she had twins, a boy and a girl. These are my children.

After her second delivery she again yearned for the theatre. Parts were offered to her, the telephone kept ringing, but I told her in no uncertain terms that if she returned to the stage I would leave her. Before marriage I looked upon actors as gods, but when I learned how they conducted themselves and how the girls had to sleep around to get parts, I stopped worshiping them. On the stage you see a man dressed like a rabbi in a satin coat and a fur hat, reciting 'Hear O Israel' and sacrificing himself for the Holy Name. Two hours later he would be telling some aspiring wench either to go to bed with him or forget about the theatre. I had good friends and the minute they came to my house they started to warm up to my wife. She was pleased. Why not? But after what happened to me in Warsaw at Eve's gate I lost my taste for such monkey business. When one of my cronies got too close to Ethel, I grabbed him by the collar and showed him the way out. This gave me the reputation of being a jealous savage. Ethel lamented that I was driving our friends away. I stopped going to the Yiddish theatre and the English one didn't attract me. There they don't act, they just recite.

"In time the express wagons were all replaced by trucks, so I formed a trucking company. Everything would have been all right but my blood was poisoned already. When I wasn't brooding about Ethel, my thoughts returned to the double dealing of the slaughterer's wife. At night when I lay with Ethel I questioned her about all her lovers. She had to confess every single detail. If she denied anything I gave her hell. In every type of business one has to travel occasionally, but each time I imagined that the minute I left town, Ethel's lover would be with her. I was successful with women and when I saw how other women behaved I felt that Ethel could not be different. Just as soon as you turn your back your wife is already winking at someone else. It's like a grab-bag game. Things reached such a state that I had to go to a nerve doctor. Instead of giving me a prescription he made things worse. He himself was divorced from his wife and he was paying her alimony. He pointed to his sofa and said, 'If this sofa could talk, many couples would be divorced.' At night I was tormented by bad dreams and they all had to do with my suspicious nature. I would awaken in the middle of the night with an urge to strangle Ethel. I couldn't have done it but I was overcome with rage. And when I realized that two daughters are growing up in my own house and that they will one day be as sly as the other females, I wanted to kill them too—my own children. Do you understand such insanity? Do you consider me a murderer?"

"You are not a murderer."

"What am I?"

"A man."

They rang the gong for supper and we both went up to the first-class dining room. Sam arranged with the steward to seat us at the same table. My wine steward now served both of us. Between one course and the next there was a long wait because every dish was cooked to order. The supper lasted two hours.

I asked Sam, "Did you stay with Ethel?"

He pushed his plate aside.

"We were divorced. I wanted to leave New York and she wouldn't live away from it. She kept on dragging me to the Yiddish theatre and the Café Royale where she met her former boyfriends. As soon as I sat down at the table with my wife we were immediately joined by some rascal who had slept with her. I could not put up with it. I may be a simple fellow, the son of a coachman, but in our home such goings on did not exist. My mother, peace be with her, had one God and one husband. I was so overwrought I was close to killing Ethel and then committing suicide because I was not cut out to rot in prison or go to the electric chair. Our fighting and quarreling continued for so long, it turned our love sour. She became, how do you call it, frigid. She complained that when I made love to her it was painful. I went with her to a nerve doctor and he said it's from the head. We parted, then made peace, then parted again. When Ethel finally did go back to the theatre, the play folded the first week. The editor, I've forgotten his name, wrote that the whole performance was one long yawn. He didn't even mention Ethel's name. These critics only pay attention to the big shots. Now it was she who demanded the divorce. I haven't fallen so low that I would force myself on anyone, so I sent her to Reno and all was finished. Of course I supported the children. She believed that once she got rid of me all the theatres would be open for her but they kept on closing one after another. The new generation does not know Yiddish. And why go to a theatre downtown when for forty cents you can see in your own neighborhood a Hollywood movie with music, dancing and gorgeous girls. She lived without a man for six years and refused to speak to me when I came to see the children. She locked herself in the bedroom or left the house. Later she married a druggist, a widower with five children. New York oppressed me. She poisoned the children against their father. My oldest daughter Fanny spat at me. Today she's a doctor. The younger one was married to an actor and tried to follow in her mother's footsteps but it didn't work out and she was divorced. As a matter of fact she's twice divorced. I don't even know where she is. I think somewhere in the Middle West. She had studied nursing. My son is a scholar, a professor in Madison, Wisconsin. Sociology. He married a gentile girl. This boy loved me. He used to visit me in Los Angeles. He has five beautiful children but they are not Jews. Their mother sent them to Catholic parochial school. Sundays they had to go to church. Torn away from their roots.

"I moved to Los Angeles, first because I began to suffer from colds, secondly because I couldn't be in the same city as Ethel. Then I had a partner in business and partners are a heartache. Either they are lazy or they are thieves and sometimes they are both. The Hitler war began and I read in the papers what they were doing to the Jews. My parents had long died. My father, may he rest in peace, refused to come to America because here Jews worked on the Sabbath. My brother Benjamin fell in the First World War. My whole family was wiped out by the Nazis. I am far from being learned, but when I read how strong, healthy murderers dragged little children out of their cribs and later played ball with their skulls I became desperate. While still in New York I used to go to the meetings of the landsleit or sometimes to a protest meeting at Madison Square Garden. What the speakers said made sense. They asked for money and I contributed. Just the same I noticed that the people took it all lightly. I could see that even the speakers themselves didn't take it too much to heart. I was told that the speakers had to be paid and they even bargained about their fee. For some reason I took it to heart more than the others. Perhaps because I lived alone and had difficulty sleeping at night. I lay awake in my bed with the newspaper and my brain whirred like a machine. If educated people could commit such cruelties while the rest of the world played dumb, what difference is there between a man and a beast? When you live with your family you don't have time to think. A wife lies near you, you are surrounded by children. When you are alone with the four walls you begin to take score. Well, I left for California.

"How could California help me? However, I began a new business and became very busy. In Santa Barbara I got acquainted with a widow and it looked like love. As we kissed and squeezed and fondled each other I kept thinking in my heart that she had just put her husband, the father of her children, in his grave and now she was already replacing him. All my thoughts led in one direction, there is no love, there is no loyalty. Those with whom you are close will betray you even faster than total strangers. In the beginning the widow said that she demanded nothing from me, only that I should be friendly to her. Before I turned around I was supporting her. One day she wanted a mink coat and the next day a brooch or a diamond ring. Then she insisted that I take out a quarter of a million dollars' worth of insurance, not a penny less. I told her right off that if I have to pay, I will pay those who are younger and more beautiful. She raised a rumpus and I sent her away. She was too clever for her own good.

"Since then I lived alone. From time to time little affairs began but as soon as I made it clear to them that I don't like to mix love with money, they ran like from a fire. I gave much thought to these matters. It is true that my mother was also supported, but she gave my father children, worked in the house from morning till late at night and was a faithful wife. When my father had to go to Zielin or to Wengrow he didn't have to worry that some dandy would enter his home and kiss his wife. He could have gone to America for six years and my mother would have remained loyal to him. Modern women—"

"Your father was a faithful husband," I interrupted him. "But you only demand faithfulness from others."

He pondered and looked at me inquisitively.

"Yes, this is true."

"Your Eve kissed the janitor's son and you kissed the maid in your home."

"What? I promised Eve to be true, but from time to time I had to have a female, if not—"

"Without religion there is no faithfulness."

"So what shall I do? Pray to a God who let six million Jews be killed? I don't believe in God."

"If you don't believe in God you have to live with whores."

He didn't answer for some time and then he said, "Therefore I went away from everybody and everything."

Sam emptied his glass and the wine steward filled it at once. I also took a sip from my glass and this too was immediately replaced.

I asked, "Where are you running to? Buenos Aires?"

Sam pushed away his glass.

"I have nothing to do in Buenos Aires. I have nothing to do in any other country. I'm retired and have enough to live on even if I reach one hundred. I don't wish it to myself. What for? For a man like me life is a curse. I had hoped that old age would bring me peace. I reckoned that after seventy a person stops musing about all petty things. But the head does not know how old it is. It remains young and full of the same foolishness as at twenty. I know that Eve is no longer alive. She must have perished in the Nazi slaughter. Even if she were alive she would be a tottering old woman by now. But in my mind she is still a young girl and Bolek the janitor's son is still a young boy and the gate is still a gate. I lie awake at night, not able to sleep a wink, and I burn up with rage at Eve. Sometimes I regret that I didn't hit her harder. I know that I would have married her if I hadn't looked through the peephole that night. Her father wanted to arrange the wedding in a hall. A carriage would have been sent for her and Bolek would have been standing there winking and laughing."

"It may be," I said, "that if you didn't look through the peephole that evening you would never have gone to America. You and Eve and your children would all have been burned in Auschwitz or tortured to death in some other concentration camp."

"Yes, I thought about this too. One look through a peephole and your whole life is changed. You would still have been here at this table, but not with me. Ethel wouldn't have married the druggist. She would have remained the wife of that bully. She would never have had any children. He was supposed to have been sterile. That's what the doctor told her. What does all this mean? That everything is nothing but a miserable accident."

"Perhaps God wanted you to live and therefore he made you look into the peephole."

"Now my dear man, you talk nonsense. Why should God want me to live while millions of other people are destroyed? There is no God. There isn't any. I have no education but I have brains in my skull, not straw

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"I want you to know that I have a woman on this ship." Sam suddenly changed his tone.

"In the second class?"

"Yes, in the second class. I told her that I am a shoemaker and that I am going to Buenos Aires because it's cheaper there and I can live on my social security payments."

"Who is she?"

"An Italian woman. She lives in Chile. She's returning from a visit to her sister in America where she stayed for three years and learned a little English. Four of her six children are already married. I walked around on the deck and then I sat down near her steamer chair. We began to talk. She must have been pretty in her young days. Now she's over fifty and in these countries women age faster. I asked her questions and she told me everything. Her husband is Spanish and he's a barber in Valparaiso. Her sister in New York asked her to come because she had cancer. They live in Staten Island and are not poor people. When her sister's left breast was removed the doctors promised her that everything would be all right, but later she got it in the other breast. So my woman stayed with her until she died. The people from Chile don't know what lying is. They tell you everything provided you are a stranger. She told me the whole story of her life. Before she married and after she had men. Her husband stood in the barbershop all day long shaving and cutting hair while she remained at home. One day it was a neighbor, the mailman, a boy from the grocery. They all asked for it and she seldom refused. The day she arrived in America her brother-in-law immediately began to bother her. He's an electrician. Since his wife was sick he did it with her. I said to her, 'Would you do it with me?' And she answered, 'Where? I share my cabin with three other women and two of them suffer from seasickness.' I told her that I could have an empty first class cabin. When she heard the words first class she got frightened. I persuaded her just the same. She made herself beautiful and I took her to my cabin. You speak about God. She's very pious. In Chile she went to church every Sunday. Even in Staten Island she didn't miss church. She never eats meat on Friday. Only fish. But one thing has nothing to do with the other."

"Our mothers and grandmothers did not behave this way," I said.

"How do you know?"

"You yourself said that your father could rely on your mother."

"This is what I think. One can never be sure. If I had married Fye and we had children they wouldn't have believed that their mother fooled around with the janitor's son."

"She might have been a very faithful wife."

"It may be. But during all the years she could never have forgotten what she had done. It may even be that Belek would have visited her in our home a few months after our wedding and threatened to divulge her secret if she didn't give herself to him. You never know what such hoodlums are capable of doing when they are in heat."

"I know very well."

"I chattered so much about myself but I never asked you what you do. By the way, what street did you live on in Warsaw?"

"On Krochmalna Street."

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"I'm not a thief."
"What are you?"
"A Yiddish writer."
"Really? What is your name?"
I told him my name.

I expected him to jump with surprise because I had seen him read the newspaper to which I contribute. But he sat mute and looked at me with astonishment and sadness.

"Yes, it's you. Now that you mention it I recognize you from the pictures. I've read every word you've ever written. I always dreamed of meeting you."

For minutes neither of us spoke. Then Sam said, "If this could happen to me on this ship, then there is a God."

Translated by the author and [illegible]

L.B.J. RECONSIDERED

(Continued from page 118) and inflicted hostilities in Korea believed that the United States, which had just withdrawn its forces from South Korea, would not resist the takeover of that country by force. And it is reasonable to suppose that the men who made the comparable decisions in Vietnam gave far too much weight to the popular American slogan of the time, "No more Koreas."

It is commonplace to hypothesize that Truman's fall, and Johnson's, stemmed in major part from flaws in their characters and capacities. Thus Louis Halle and other students of recent foreign policy stress that Truman was not eloquent, and the same accusation is often leveled at Johnson. These men, it is said, failed to explain their policies persuasively to the American people. Public opinion became confused and the President lost the support of the one force every President needs most. A gap developed between the people and their President—a "communications" gap, a "credibility" gap, a gap of sympathy and of empathy.

It is of course true that neither Truman nor Johnson has ever been near Churchill's class as a public orator. Very few people are. But Churchill himself, for all his rhetorical gifts, could not rouse Britain and the United States from their trance during the early and middle Thirties, when the Second World War could easily have been prevented. Roosevelt, at the height of his influence, stirred a storm of resistance when he hinted obliquely that the United States should take some responsibility for "quarantining" aggressors. And Wilson, a great orator, spoke to the wind when he pleaded with his people to join the League of Nations, enter into a security treaty with France, and take an active part in world affairs. In short, public opinion has a formidable power to resist information and advice which contradict what it wishes to believe, even when they are conveyed in the tongue of angels—or of Cassandra.

I have witnessed some instances of the phenomenon at first hand. In the years 1965, 1966 and 1967 the United States followed up a number of hints that talks leading to a reasonable peace in Vietnam could be started through secret meetings in unlikely places. The government of course chased every rabbit down every hole. We anguished over the drafting of telegrams, and the conduct of dusty and inconclusive conversations behind a thousand potted palms. It was apparent that many of these leads were fakes. But they were all pursued relentlessly and each one was treated as if it might lead us to the key of the casket. Inevitably stories leaked to the press about some of these diplomatic efforts. Books and articles were written and political speeches made charging that Johnson had "missed" a dozen chances for peace. Yet when Wilfred Burchett, the well known spokesman for Hanoi, told the press in December 1968, that one of the most famous of these peace efforts was a hoax, concocted by "well-meaning friends" and never authorized by Hanoi, the story didn't appear at all in The New York Times, and only made an inside page of The Washington *Post*. Its publication had no effect on the flow of mythology about missed opportunities for peace. One of the most eloquent of these articles dealing with the episode on which Mr. Burchett commented, appeared after the Burchett interview and made no reference to it.

There is reason to believe that Burchett's disclosure applies to all the peace feelers of that period. But as far as I know there have been no apologies from the politicians or journalists who so vehemently accused Johnson of missing this "chance" for peace, or others.

Despite the political costs of his silence in the face of these charges, Johnson refused to authorize a White Paper on the subject of peace initiatives, or to allow even the most tendentious stories to be answered, on the ground that it was essential to maintain the policy of official secrecy in preparation for the day when genuine peace feelers were made under the cover of secrecy. But American public opinion is inclined to accept the accusation that opportunities for peace were missed. People have screened out facts which challenge their favorite theories.

I believe that Truman and Johnson's fate had more fundamental causes than their own errors and shortcomings. Of course they made mistakes, and of course they had shortcomings. But these were opposed by overwhelming forces of feeling and instinct drawn from the classical view we are all taught to take of the United States in world affairs. Our historical memory sketches a vision of national identity in our minds: virtuous America proud and aloof in the wicked world, safe behind two broad oceans, and loyal to what the conventional wisdom regards (wrongly) as the prescriptions of President Washington against entangling alliances. It may take another generation before this tenacious idyll yields to reality, and American opinion fully accepts the twentieth century as a fact. Even a generation may not be enough, if politicians, journalists, and academicians continue to exploit the isolationist strain in the American psyche as a stepping-stone to power. We are still almost totally unconscious of the fact that our safety in those shaping years depended upon a balance of world power organized and maintained by European diplomacy and guaranteed for us by the British fleet. And we are nearly as unaware of the fact that since 1939 the conditions of our security are beyond the capacity of the old European powers to assure.

In my own thinking about what President Johnson could have done or should have done differently, my mind returns to an aspect of his policy which has not to my knowledge been much discussed as yet—his refusal to appeal to the national feeling over Vietnam. Since my duties did not include the continuing assignments on Vietnam, it took some time after I came to Washington to appreciate the deliberateness of this decision.

President Johnson was always more concerned about hawks than doves when foreign policy began to have military implications. The military element in history has no romantic appeal for him as it did for Roosevelt, Churchill and de Gaulle. The campaigns of the past that he studies for recreation are political, not military. He has a pronounced distaste for chauvinism. In no area is he more visibly the Populist.

As President, Johnson was acutely aware of the unique military power of the United States. And he feared that it might be difficult to limit the use of that power if national pride were fully aroused about war in Vietnam. He often remarked that for centuries the British conducted limited military campaigns along the boundaries of their influence. "We have to get used to the idea," he remarked. There were no parades to dramatize Vietnam, and no bond drives, even in the period before domestic opposition became intense. In 1968 President Johnson and his Administration were besieged by Congressmen and Senators who asked him to wrap the flag around the surtax bill. "Say we're doing it for the boys," they urged, "and we'll have no trouble passing the bill." Johnson would not budge. The battle for the

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tax increase was fought, and won, as an exercise in monetary policy and political responsibility addressed to the balance of payments and the equilibrium of the monetary system, not to the necessities of war.

Thus public feeling about Vietnam was subjected to unequal pressures. The opponents of the war skillfully invoked the powerful magic of our yearning for the past. Johnson would not counter that force with patriotic appeals of comparable emotional impact.

The question that I have about this aspect of Johnson's policy is not one of democratic ethics. The essential facts about Soviet action in Vietnam, in the Middle East and elsewhere were not concealed from the American people. But they were not trumpeted out, either, or projected in the simplified images of propaganda. President Johnson deliberately had the facts presented in the setting of his hopes and efforts for reaching an understanding with the Soviet Union and with China. Over and over he repeated the chilling theme of his 1966 speech in Arco, Idaho:

> The heart of our concern in the years ahead must be our relationship with the Soviet Union. Both our nations possess unimaginable power; our responsibility to the world is heavier than that ever borne by two nations at any other time in history. ... Our compelling task is this: to search for every possible area of agreement that might conceivably enlarge, no matter how slightly or how slowly, the prospect for cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union.

And he realized that one of the important consequences of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962 was the acceleration of the Soviet missile program.

Thus Johnson avoided an atmosphere of anti-Soviet and anti-Chinese hysteria which could have swept us much closer to general war, despite the rising tide of pressures he faced—pressures quite different from those of the early postwar years, more diverse and sophisticated. As a result, it was possible for large parts of the nation to cling to illusions about the state of world politics. The American mind has been intermittently and inconclusively preoccupied with problems of foreign policy since the turn of the century. At that time perceptive men began to warn their countrymen that the conditions of world politics were changing and that we could not expect much longer to be able to live in isolation. The men who made these arguments were dismissed as visionaries, jingoes or worse, as the country clung to the attitudes toward foreign affairs on which we had been nurtured. Our forefathers had come to America to escape the wars and the power politics of the Old World, hadn't they? So like sleepwalkers, we chose to pursue our destiny on this continent in peace. Unique among the nations, e pluribus unum, a beacon of progress and of proud isolation from the selfish quarrels of imperialists. Such is the stuff of our collective memory, which still dominates our emotional approach to world affairs.

Like every other official on the foreign-policy side of the Johnson Administration, I was immersed in debate twenty-four hours a day. Since returning to the university I have reviewed my impressions of these contests and the books, articles and memoirs about them that have thus far appeared. I have begun to find it helpful to classify the opposition to L.B.J.'s policy into six schools or parties. The first is the Pacifist School, expounding a doctrine of innocence for which we have always had a special place in our hearts. The pacifist of course contends that war is immoral and that we should not engage in it under any circumstances. He never explains how one nation can expect to survive unarmed or unprotected in a world political system which permits others both to arm and to attack. The theme of pacifism is more common in our debate than one might suppose. Those who are not pacifists, but oppose the war in Vietnam for particular reasons, often invoke or quote those who oppose all war without discrimination. Both Johnson and Rusk were sensitive to the mounting tide of criticism from the pacifists, especially the clerical pacifists, and devoted much effort to reasoning with them.

The Second School is at the other extreme of the spectrum—the party of all-out ideological anti-communism. These critics of our foreign policy regard the cautious efforts of the American government since the war to build a balance of power and to reach an understanding with the Soviet Union and with China as dangerous appeasement. For them, the major premise of our foreign policy should be "*Écrasez l'infâme*," a theme antipathetic to Johnson, who worried about the potential power of this extreme simplistic strain in American opinion if sufficiently aroused.

Third, I note the School of those who are consciously or unconsciously identified with one branch or another of the Communist movements of the world. These men, now as always, find ways of justifying anything done by one of the Communist states. Whatever happens, they tell us, is our fault, or the fault of the bankers and industrialists who in their view pull the strings of American power. And, as good Puritans, we half believe them. Johnson's attitude to critics of this stripe varied with his mood. He never stopped trying to influence friends who might have some persuasive influence with them.

The Fourth Party in my classification is that of old-fashioned isolationism. Nobody admits he belongs to that party. Nevertheless it has influential members who in effect wrap themselves in the classic mantles of the late Senators Borah, La Follette and Wheeler, and of Professor Charles A. Beard. They contend that we do not need a foreign policy at all. We should not participate in the wickedness of world politics, they argue, but devote all our energies to the struggle for social improvement at home. They pass quickly over the changes in political geography since 1914, do not explain how we could avoid being drawn into the troubles of the world as we were in 1917 and 1941 should disorder spread beyond a certain threshold. This powerful tide of feeling was one of Johnson's major preoccupations. He knew both the force of the idea and its danger.

All members of School Five find it difficult to become enthusiastic over the idea of the balance of power. Indeed, they find both the phrase and the idea odious. Some would have us engaged in the world not to support a general system of equilibrium but only to uphold governments they could characterize as progressive, democratic and forward-looking. Another group within the same party advances the mirror image of this view as the proper major premise for our foreign policy—that American support should be available only to governments conservative and anti-Communist enough to meet with its approval. To worldly idealists like Johnson and Rusk the major premises of both these groups were attractive, but naive and irrelevant. They felt that we were not engaged in world affairs to help governments some of us happen to approve, but to protect our national interests. The practice of foreign affairs these days requires our Presidents and Secretaries of State to move warily in a realm without heroes or villains or illusions.

As for the Sixth School, its eloquent spokesmen stress, and stress heavily, that the United States is over-committed and must retreat. Their books and speeches are not clear, however, about how far we should retreat in order to stop being over-committed. Nor do they offer us a clear criterion for deciding what commitments are excessive. Must we bring the troops back from Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Far East? They take these positions without explaining how nuclear deterrence would be credible under such circumstances, and how we could preserve and protect nonnuclear options for dealing with situations of strain. Indeed, many go farther. They admit that a general American withdrawal could lead to neutralism or recrimination both in Europe and in the Far East, but are willing to risk even so drastic a change in the balance of power rather than face the alternative.

It is doubtless my fault, but I must confess that I have great difficulty in distinguishing many members of both the Fifth and Sixth Schools from true isolationists of the pre-1941 type.

What, then, should the major premise of our foreign policy be? What after all is foreign policy *for*?

In answering this question we face a genuine gap in the American language. Since foreign policy was not a factor of much importance in our national life between 1815 and 1914 we have never had to formulate the ideas which in fact have governed our behavior abroad. As a result, we have used a highly rhetorical and often evangelical vocabulary to explain policies which were eminently practical, not to say cold-blooded. As President Johnson said of our entry into the First World War: "Our slogans rallied the nation to fight tyranny and make the world safe for democracy. But we were really fighting to protect a national interest most Americans at the time did not understand—our interest in the balance of power."

I regard the national interest as the only acceptable guide to foreign policy. There can be no distinction in this regard between conservatives and liberals. In my view, the American government should never send the troops into battle except to protect national interests. Behind that principle, citizens who are genuinely conservative and genuinely liberal about issues of domestic policy can come together with equal conviction. This was the view Johnson took when he was Democratic majority leader in the Senate during Eisenhower's Presidency. And in that post he established a model that will rank among his most important public services.

What is our national interest in world politics today? In an age of missiles and shifting allegiances, immunity from invasion is not a sufficient measure of national safety. The goal of our policy, I should suggest, is a system of world politics within which we could continue to develop as a free and democratic society. American democracy can be safe at home, to recall a speech by Senator Fulbright, only in a world of wide horizons organized under the Charter of the United Nations—a world of balanced power tolerant of different social systems, flexible in encouraging social progress but

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free of the threat of change achieved by external force. It will be impossible to achieve such a system without American leadership in seeking international equilibrium for those who once exercised such leadership no longer have the capacity to do so.

Our unconscious still resists this fact, and yearns for the effortless security of the nineteenth century. But our instinct for self-preservation has led us since 1947 to take an active part in the politics and security problems of a contracting world. That role does not represent the arrogance of power or hegemonic ambition. It offers us a non-ideological, anti-imperialist, and manageable guide for our political and military activities. We did not become universal policemen. We did not conduct an anti-Communist crusade. What we did was the absolute minimum necessary to create and maintain a new balance of power in the world to replace the Concert of Europe which had kept the general peace between 1815 and 1914 and collapsed finally in 1939. The next few months may tell us whether we have done in fact less than that minimum.

"The balance of power" is neither a "conservative" nor a "liberal" idea. It is the key to any system of law, domestic or international, that seeks to assure liberty in peace: the only alternative, in fact, to a Roman solution for the problem of peace in international society.

Why can't America be safe at home behind a shield of I.C.B.M.'s and Polaris submarines? Because nuclear weapons can't be used. We won't use them unless hideously pressed and even then the issue is dubious. And the Soviets won't either while we possess a second strike capacity. Our nuclear monopoly did not prevent the Soviet take-over in Eastern Europe, nor the threats to Iran, Greece, Turkey and Korea. Nor has nuclear stalemate, more recently, prevented processes of Soviet and Chinese penetration in the Middle East, Southeast Asia and elsewhere.

The nuclear deterrent may be credible or half credible in situations of ultimate tension creating great uncertainty. But it is difficult to imagine that we would use nuclear weapons to prevent one more slice being taken off the salami or more important that the Soviets would believe that we would. And if we were to arrive in the final nuclear redoubt, surrounded by an overpowering array of passive, neutral or hostile nations, and divided at home by plausible appeals for "cooperation" and "compromise," would we then opt for Götterdämmerung, and use the nuclear weapon knowing we should be bombed in return? Or would we bitterly accept the wave of the future?

The answer, I think, is obvious.

The nuclear weapon, then, does not radically change the problem of peace. It complicates it with a new dimension. But it remains true now as in the past, that to minimize the possibility of general war, and to maximize the possibility of remaining a free and democratic nation at home, we have no choice but to function in world politics at two levels: one, that of conventional diplomacy and conventional weapons seeking to gain general acceptance for a stable equilibrium based on understood limits of international conflict; the other, which affects the first, but is also distinct from it, the level of nuclear deterrence and nuclear control.

What does the concept of the balance of power imply, as a guide for our conventional foreign policy?

To me, it allows no easy escape from the kind of policy we have pursued since 1947. Congressional resolutions cannot repeal the fact that hostile and expansionist powers are pursuing programs that would radically alter the balance of power, and leave us isolated on our continent. Great shifts in the balance of power have always drawn us into war. There is no reason to doubt that Thucydides' maxim still applies to the affairs of men. What made the Peloponnesian War "inevitable," he wrote, was not the episodes of conflict which preceded it, but "the growth of Athenian power and the fear which this caused in Sparta."

The best—the only—cure for such fear is to prevent the convulsions which are its cause: to continue patiently and steadily to insist on the achievement of a reasonable stable system of peace in world politics.

Many who would accept this premise as a valid definition of our national purpose often add that times have changed since the late Forties, when President Truman first laid down the broad lines of the foreign policy we have followed ever since. The circumstances of world politics have indeed changed during the last twenty years. But these critics of our foreign policy rarely point out in what respect these changes require a change in the policies and postulates which have developed since the late Forties. The Communist movements of the world are no longer as tightly controlled as they were. But the pressure of Communist ambition is still felt in the Middle East, Southeast Asia, and other parts of the world. Almost three years ago the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia, an event which closely parallels earlier conflicts over East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. The steady increases in Soviet air, naval and nuclear power, the development of the Chinese nuclear arsenal, and the emergence of Soviet and Chinese rivalry for leadership in world Communist movements—these trends hardly make the pressures easier for us and our allies to manage or contain. Of course the decentralization of Communist power offers our diplomacy certain opportunities. But it by no means guarantees their success.

One central conclusion emerges from an analysis of the literature of opposition to our foreign policy: except for the pacifists, the Communist apologists and the other true isolationists on the one hand, and the all-out ideological crusaders of the Dr. Strangelove type on the other, the critics of our foreign policy have failed to define a real alternative to the policy we have pursued since 1947. Their rhetoric is different. They talk more than their opponents about the nightmarish dangers of the world. But there is a gap between their rhetoric and the policies they propose or support.

For example, they decry the insanity of the arms race, and particularly of the competition in nuclear arms. But they conclude as our government has concluded that we must remain capable of neutralizing and deterring the nuclear and other armaments of nations that have opposed us.

The critics of our foreign policy would "reexamine" our commitments in many parts of the world. But I have yet to find a clear-cut and explicit statement by any of them to the effect that the defense of Japan or Western Europe or Australia or Israel or South Korea or Canada would not be in our national interest. I know of no critic in this group who would denounce the North Atlantic Treaty, or any other treaty or defense arrangement made during the last twenty years, and almost all of them recognize the delicacy of any change in the system of guarantees for the fragile peace of the world. True, Senator Mathias has proposed the repeal of a number of commitment resolutions as if the Congress could legislate détente or eliminate a threat to our interests by increasing uncertainty about our willingness to protect them. But most of his colleagues know that American commitments are among the few solid structural elements of the world political system, and that uncertainties deepen when those commitments become doubtful or lose their deterrent quality. They recall what happened when U.S. troops were withdrawn from South Korea in 1949. Even Senator Mathias has decided that this is no time to repeal Eisenhower's Middle East Resolution, which authorizes the President to use force, if necessary, in that tortured area.

In this respect, too, I fail to discover an analytic difference between the position of most of the critics and that of the Administrations they so merrily assail.

Even about Vietnam the debate has failed, in my view, to reveal an alternative position. A few, of course, and in recent months an increasing number advocate a confession of error, a denunciation of S.E.A.T.O., unilateral American withdrawals, and an abandonment of South Vietnam to the control of North Vietnam. And another group, perhaps no longer quite comparable in size, would support all-out war to conquer North Vietnam and to liberate the areas of Laos and Cambodia now under Communist control.

But until a year or so ago the majority of the more political critics of our policy, including Senator Eugene McCarthy and Senator Edward Kennedy, and until his death Senator Robert Kennedy, followed a different line. They opposed unilateral troop withdrawals or turning the country over to the N.L.F. They opposed denouncing our obligations under the S.E.A.T.O. treaty or repealing the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. They called for negotiations and a return to the Geneva Conventions of 1954 and 1962. They urged an effort to obtain Soviet cooperation of the kind that was available in winding up the Korean War to help prevent the situation from getting out of hand. In short, apart from the atmospherics, they advocated exactly the policies the government of the United States has long pursued.

Recent months have, of course, seen an extraordinary change in American opinion about Vietnam and about foreign policy generally.

During the campaign of 1968 and before, high-minded politicians and journalists were convinced that "real" negotiations leading to a "fair and honorable peace compatible with our obligations to South Vietnam" could and would be assured by stopping the bombing of North Vietnam, despite the failure of previous bombing halts to achieve any results whatever. The American people, these men said, are tough and responsible. They will do whatever is necessary to make their word good. But before undertaking such an effort, they want to be sure that every peaceful alternative is tested. All over the world, these critics said, we are being told that a bombing halt will lead to peace. Let us find out. If a new bombing halt did not lead promptly to a decent peace, they said, they would advocate a military policy of much greater effort.

These men took grave responsibilities in what they promised the American people. It is now clear that Hanoi never intended to make any concessions whatever in exchange for the bombing halt it tried so hard and so successfully, to obtain.

There is no public evidence qualifying Hanoi's position that we must accept the N.L.F. as "the sole legitimate representative of the South Vietnamese people." This is the only issue in the war—the only one of Hanoi's "peace points" the United States and South Vietnam have not long since accepted. Recent unofficial variants on the theme do not modify that policy, for they posit an abandonment of the South Vietnamese Constitution, and the government chosen under it, and the formation of a coalition consisting of the N.L.F., plus a few picked men who have participated in the government or the public life of South Vietnam.

Nonetheless, many who supported the bombing halt in 1968 on the grounds I have summarized here now urge that we withdraw our forces, at once and accept the N.L.F. with or without fig leaves as "the sole legitimate representative of the South Vietnamese people."

The shift from bombing halt to unilateral withdrawal is a major transformation in at least the nominal or the admitted aims of the larger part of the opposition to our policy in Vietnam.

It is difficult to predict the impact on our foreign policy of the strains and frustrations associated with the anguish of Vietnam. It is hard to imagine our repeating the follies of the Twenties and the Thirties. But we may. After all, we did so once before.

Foreign policy can be nemesis for more than reputations. If we do try to escape down the rabbit hole into the nineteenth century, if we stand by and do nothing to prevent cumulative and threatening gains in Soviet power in the Middle East or of Chinese power in Asia, war is almost certain to follow for the same reasons that led to war in Europe as a result of the American withdrawal from world politics more than thirty years ago.

Dean Rusk is not at all like his rather bland and solemn public image. In the privacy of his office he is quick, sharp and amusing as well as a superb boss and colleague. In his office and in every other forum he is also, of course, a man of great ability and intuition, dominated by principle and by his Old Testament sense of duty. He used to grin when the commentators dismissed one of his speeches as "nothing new." "If the question hasn't changed," he would remark, "how can we change the answer?" But he drew a different reaction from Congress and from the commentators when he began to warn the country in 1967 and 1968 that many of the opponents of our Vietnam policy were not simply opposing the wisdom or prudence of our course in Vietnam but were advocating a return to isolationism. That charge, which of course had Johnson's blessing, stirred sharp denials.

But I believe Rusk and Johnson were right and that events since confirm their analysis.

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BERNARDINE DOHRN IS WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND HEAVY

by Lindsy Van Gelder

That's what the writing on the Post Office wall says

Once upon a time, the criminal underground was populated by bad asses. You had your Bonnies and your Clydes, your Jesse Jameses and your Bogart-Cagney gangsters, most of whom had deprived childhoods in Hell's Kitchen and used lousy grammar. Their women (Ida Lupino or Jean Harlow) schlepped around in housecoats and nagged a lot, mostly in the background.

Hideouts in those days were remote and preferably claustrophobic: your traditional attics, wine cellers, catacombs, sewers, backwoods cabins, South American mountaintops and boudoirs on the outskirts of Paris. And unless you happened to luck into seven dwarfs, you holed up pretty much on your own.

No more, says Weatherwoman Bernardine Dohrn. Nowadays the underground is stuffed by middle-class kids and it's as close as the nearest commune. Last May Bernardine sent out a communique from the New Underground. It stated in part that she and the rest of the Weatherpeople indicted for leading the October 1969 riots in Chicago now "move freely in and out of every youth scene in this country. We're not in hiding, but we're invisible. If you want to find us, this is where we are. In every tribe, commune, dormitory, farmhouse, barracks and town house where kids are making love, smoking dope and loading guns—fugitives from Amerikan justice are free to go."

True? Who knows. But the very idea gave new romance to the old American game of cops and robbers. All year long, for instance, people on the left had a recurring fantasy. The scenario began with a midnight knock on the door of your town house/dormitory/et cetera and ended with the excitement of harboring an officially dangerous person: your old friend Bernardine Dohrn/Jane Alpert/Mark Rudd/Angela Davis/Pat Swinton/Rap Brown/Mary Moylan/et cetera.

The F.B.I., meanwhile, had its own Weatherfantasies, mostly involving plots by long-haired Commies to blow up police stations. Soon the Feds began showing up at the doorsteps of the left, asking nosy questions and whipping out their collections of eight-by-ten glossy Underground Superstar photographs. And when did you last see Bernardine Dohrn, Miss X? The bureaucratic G-men derived a sense of accomplishment from all this harassment, and the comfortable aboveground longhairs were able to feel suitably paranoid-chic. Everyone enhanced everyone else's fantasies.

Lost in the shuffle were the people like Bernardine. Depending on your politics, the inhabitants of the New Underground are deranged devil monsters rebelling against their parents or superhuman, exemplary revolutionaries. Sorry, fellow mythseekers: it just ain't so. Bombers, terrorists and fugitives, for the most part, are nice, ordinary people—a little brighter than most, perhaps—whom you've known all your life. Take Jane Alpert, who jumped bail in New York after admitting she helped trash several federal buildings. Jane was a quiet Greek Classics major who loved dogs. Ted Gold, who died in the Greenwich Village "New Left bomb factory," was a rabid San Francisco Giants fan. Mark Rudd helped his mother plant her flower garden in suburban New Jersey.

Yes, Virginia, there are Weathermen out there in the barracks and dormitories of America. They just haven't found themselves yet.

"In the Tower of Whitefish Bay keen minds and strong bodies are being developed in the daily program of classes, sports, socials and activities. Thus we are being prepared to take our place in the world fulfilling an enriched life and building towards a great future."

—Frontispiece, Whitefish Bay High School Yearbook, 1959

The F.B.I. will tell you her height (5'5"), weight (125), build (medium), hair (dark brown), eyes (brown), complexion (light olive), occupation (secretary) and scintillating facts about her social security number. That is all they will tell you. Certain movement cheerleaders will tell you even less, arguing (between rhapsodies about power to the people) that the gods of the revolution shouldn't be reduced to the level of those People. But others, radical and straight, can tell you that Bernardine Rae Dohrn—accused bomb plotter, rioter, auto thief, interstate fleer, mob-action participant and conspirer—is a child of middle-class Middle America.

Bernardine as seen by the F.B.I. Look for her next to the stamp window but don't ask for her Zip Code.

Born in Chicago on January 12, 1942, she was the elder daughter of Bernard Ohrnstein, a Hungarian Jew (he later shortened his name for business purposes), and Dorothy Soderberg, a Swede. At the time a "mixed marriage" was considered daring in Chicago's ethnic jungle, but both parents had minds of their own. Ohrnstein had run away from home at fifteen and put himself through college in the hope of becoming a lawyer. Financial considerations interfered, and he instead got a job as an appliance-store credit manager, working sixty hours a week for years to provide for his family. His wife, an orphan, was a liberated woman for her day—she married at twenty-seven and later continued to work as a secretary.

The family lived in a North Side tenement until Bernardine was eight and her sister Jennifer was five years old, when they moved to Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin, a well-off, all-white, predominantly German and Jewish suburb just north of Milwaukee (1960 population 17,850). "My parents were into a whole thing of having a house with a yard, having a dog and protecting us from the big bad city," recalls Jennifer. "My father was totally involved in working hard and caring for us, and my mother was very much into having a good home. She sewed all our clothes and baked." Penny, a cocker spaniel, completed the family.

Both children adored their parents, and an Establishment psychiatrist seeking clues of early traumas would be hard put. Religion was handled on a democratic basis, according to Jennifer. "My mother dug Jewish culture. We went to mass and to temple, and we had Seders and Christmas trees both. We could talk to our parents. They voted Republican—although I guess you would say that they were basically apolitical—and they always said that you don't talk about sex, religion and politics. But they ultimately opened our minds. We used to bring tons of kids home from school and they were always surprised at how much we dug our parents. Even later, Bernardine was always very concerned about them. She always called them, until she went underground, to let them know she was all right."

A girl who went to school with the Dohrn sisters confirms the picture: "About the most remarkable thing about Bernardine was how absolutely ordinary she was. The whole family was very, very normal."

Bernardine played hopscotch, learned to sew, developed a wild eighth-grade crush on Elvis Presley (and plastered her wall with his photographs) and went to dancing school. Only one vaguely political incident stands out in Jennifer's mind: a vacation trip to Florida when Bernardine was about thirteen. "I remember driving past those tar-paper shacks and seeing the 'white only' signs. It was the first time we ran into racism. We were both horrified."

Bernardine's later contacts with black people consisted mainly of football games (with occasional fistfights) between Whitefish Bay High School and rival teams from the inner-city Milwaukee ghetto. But most of her high school days were spent in the world of Archie and Veronica. There were after-school trips to Jimbo's Frozen Custard stand and Sedita's Pizza Villa and Saturday night dates to see *Auntie Mame* and *South Pacific* at the Fox Bay Theatre on East Silver Spring Drive. The school itself offered a steady round of wholesomeness: the Christmas semiformal, Dads' Night and Mothers' Tea, the Spring Music Festival, the Senior Play, "Coketail" parties, proms, square dances and debating competitions.

Slogans in those days tended toward all power to some of the people, specifically the Whitefish Bay teams: "When you're up, you're up, you're up, when you're down, you're down, you're down, when you're up against the Blue Dukes, you're upside down!" In Bernardine's senior year the basketball team was undefeated in conference.

In those days—before Bernardine splashed across the Most Wanted List on the local Post Office wall—the school's most famous alumnus was the late Jeff Hunter, the rock-jawed actor selected on the basis of his clean living habits to play Jesus Christ in Hollywood. During Bernardine's senior year Hunter was the guest of honor for the three-day Homecoming Festival. A fireworks display in Cahill Square, the traditional Snake Dance through the town and the Varsity Drag Homecoming Dance climaxed the fun and games, and for the fourth consecutive year Bernardine's class won the trophy for the best Homecoming float.

Where did Bernardine fit into all this saccharine Silent Majority-ism? "Well," says a classmate, "she had a long, tidy pageboy and she dressed like everybody else in the in-crowd. Cashmere sweaters and round-collared Villager dickeys and black Capezio flats. She dated the typical conservative types: football heroes and student-council officers."

She was, the classmate adds, "an activities jock." In her senior year Bernardine was chosen as Whitefish Bay's delegate to Badger Girls' State, a Wisconsin-wide convention whose major concerns were promulgating good citizenship and school spirit. She was treasurer of the Modern Dance Club, an editor of the school paper and a member of the National Honor Society, to say nothing of Tumbling, Pep Club, Quill and Scroll Journalism Society, Prom Court, Youth Council, Freshmore Society, Tower Club and the Girls Athletic Association. She was even a member of Future Nurses.

Still, there was something a bit

WINSTON'S
DOWN HOME TASTE!

different about Bernardine, a touch of something un-Future Nurseish. Her yearbook picture caption hints at it: "A trace of the exotic."

"She was what I would consider a startlingly attractive girl," recalls a young woman friend. "But even then, there was something sensual about her. Something older, more womanly." She was also uncommonly bright. There were many pretty girls at Whitefish Bay High School, and many smart ones, but few had both commodities locked up as solidly as Bernardine. According to Jennifer Dohrn — also bright, remarkably pretty and a radical activist—the girls were encouraged by their parents to "make it in a man's world."

"When we were in high school, we vaguely hated Whitefish Bay but we didn't know why. We had a sense there was something else out there. My father always said we could do anything we wanted to do—we never thought there was *anything* we couldn't do if we were good enough and strong enough. We knew we were smart, and we were raised very competitively. The hard part came later, when we had to deal with being 'exceptional' women in the movement."

Bernardine spent her freshman and sophomore years at Miami University in Ohio, joined a sorority and earned high grades. But the rah-rah life was too much like Whitefish Bay. "She realized that staying at Miami involved a whole progression of things she was beginning to stop caring about," says someone who knew her then. "Getting pinned and married, having kids." Says another friend, "Bernardine became academically serious. Kennedy was President and a lot of kids our age were getting awakened to politics for the first time." In her sophomore year Bernardine had rheumatic fever and completed her semester's work at home. She then transferred to the University of Chicago.

Throughout college Bernardine's health remained precarious. A high-school friend remembers running into her on the Chicago campus: "I had heard she was in a class with a guy I was dating and I figured he'll get one look at her and that'll be the end of it. But when I saw her, she looked ravaged—almost birdlike. I stopped worrying." Bernardine earned a B.A. in history, spent a few months as a social worker in Chicago's South Side ghetto and returned to school to work toward a graduate degree in history. Then she decided she wanted to study law—a prospect that delighted her father.

A man who met her in the Fall of 1964, when they both began at the University of Chicago Law School, describes Bernardine as "extremely bright and very serious. She was a liberal Democrat in her politics then, and her main concern was integration. In those days, you have to remember, the Justice Department was still the good guys, and lawyers were instrumental in getting justice for black people. That's how Bernardine viewed the law—as a way to get good things done. Of course, that view soured for all of us over the course of three years in law school, and we became quite cynical about it."

Bernardine's parents had moved back to Chicago and her sister was an undergraduate at the University. "In those days U of C was considered a wild Commie school," says Jennifer. "There were lots of sit-ins over issues like civil rights and the 2S student deferment and whether we should have a football team or not. It was Bernardine's first brush with being on her own and meeting a whole New York Jewish culture we'd never been exposed to before." Bernardine became a Humphrey Bogart cultist and a music freak, from classical to Dylan. She experimented with drugs and got involved with a psychology student.

During her first year of law school she worked for Legal Aid and got a job the following summer with a New York anti-poverty program. She later became head of the Law Students' Civil Rights Research Committee and she had a fling at electoral politics—the unsuccessful primary campaign for Congress of liberal Democrat Abner J. Mikva against the Daley machine candidate. Bernardine was one of several hundred young volunteers, all concerned with Vietnam, civil rights and the poverty program. In the Summer of 1966 she worked for Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, then trying to integrate Chicago's white working-class suburbs. "She really dug it in a completely affirmative, uncynical way," recalls a friend. "She wasn't a religious person or anything like that, but the moral force and the idealism of King's nonviolence really appealed to her. It wasn't a case of seeing the marches as a way of mustering the people to confront the pigs. In fact, she was astonished when she went on her first march—in Gage Park—and the whites heckled her and threw bricks at her. She honestly hadn't expected the reactions the marches provoked, that kind of cruelty and irrationality. But she learned a lot about it that summer."

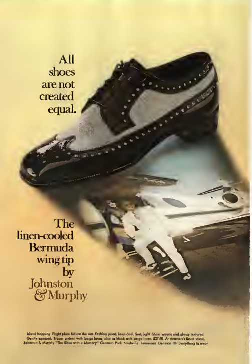
In late 1966, Bernardine and other law students organized a conference on landlord-tenant relationships. It was her hope that tenants could eventually form power blocs similar to labor unions. At the time she was a student intern in the offices of the labor law firm of Kleiman, Cornfield and Feldman, and Bernardine was often up all night writing briefs. One project involved trying to organize black and white tenants in an Old Town apartment complex to join in a rent strike protesting deterioration in their buildings. The project fell apart when the landlords sat back and let the tenants and their supporters bicker with each other.

"It was a very frantic time," says Philip Moore, a classmate who now practices in Washington. "There were a lot of disappointments. Luckily, Bernardine had a toughness about her and a good sense of humor—she could laugh at herself when things got too serious. All of us who were working together then had a strong brotherhood feeling about each other and we would always embrace when we saw each other." Many of Bernardine's law school friends are still involved in labor, civil liberties or social action and some like Moore are "a little disappointed" that Bernardine hasn't followed suit. "But," adds Moore, "I guess that's my problem."

The line between liberals and radicals barely existed in those days, however. Bernardine's idols were people like Dick Gregory, social-activist Saul Alinsky, and the still-reformist young Students for a Democratic Society. She met an S.D.S. community worker named Mike James and through him became involved with J.O.I.N. (Jobs Or Income Now), one of the earlier S.D.S. community organizing projects in Chicago's crazy-quilt Uptown district, an urban slum populated by poor whites from the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee. She was still committed to changing the system from within.

Meanwhile, Bernardine was running up against the phenomenon that thousands of angry women were later to call male chauvinism. "There were only seven women in our law school class, out of about a hundred and thirty," recalls a male friend. "Only two or three—Bernardine among them—were at all serious. The rest were there to get laid or married. Bernardine loved to rap about the law and she was terribly sensitive about guys pulling male chauvinism on her. She would get outraged when it happened and then she'd quietly simmer. Once she failed to get some juicy scholarship because she was a girl. The guy in charge of the scholarship was some red neck type who just wanted to ball her. Plus she took a lot of male snickering from the guys in the class—she was well known because of her looks and she always wore shorter mini-skirts than anybody else."

Barbara Hillman, who knew Bernardine in law school and worked with her on the tenant projects at Kleiman, Cornfield and Feldman, sees Bernardine's sex as a possible source of her radicalization. "Women law students have to work harder because we're women in law school, there was a certain condescension from some professors, and it's difficult



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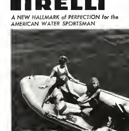

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later on unless you're very lucky. Very few law firms will allow a woman to really participate or do anything but research. I never thought of Bernardine as being that radical at the time I knew her—only in the sense of being a woman."

As Bernardine's struggles outside school grew wider her passion for studying waned. But she continued to read voraciously—especially history—and she managed to maintain her grades. "She was one of the most amazing people for cramming," recalls a classmate. "She cut classes all year her final year in law school and a couple of us made it a project to help her cram for exams. She absorbed and understood things with great ease and rapidly, and she could be disciplined. She'd go a long time with little or no sleep when she was devoted to what she was doing or when she had an interest at stake. She'd almost fold over, she concentrated so hard. At times, she'd look strange and pale—she got mono once—but she said she'd be goddamned if she was going to lie around for three months."

One day Bernardine and some classmates were visiting Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry. They were all admiring a huge sign on an exhibit that said "Coal Mine Entrance" and joking about how smashing it would look in their apartments. The next thing they knew, Bernardine was sauntering out with the contraband under her coat.

> *"We were in an airplane and we went up and down the aisle 'borrowing' food from people's plates. They didn't know we were Weatherman; they just knew we were crazy. That's what we're about, being crazy motherf- - -ers and scaring the s- - - out of honky America."*
>
> —Bernardine at the Weatherman War Council, Flint, Michigan, December, 1969

The day Bernardine graduated from law school in 1967, someone remembers seeing her riding down the street on the back of a motorcycle in a black commencement gown cropped to mini length. Her friends soon settled down to cramming for the Bar Exam. Bernardine decided not to bother. Two years later she was having dinner in Chicago with movement lawyers William Kunstler and Charles Garry, who were both in town doing preliminary work for the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. Kunstler recalls:

"Both of us were urging Bernardine to go into the law. One thought was that it would be better for the movement to have her as a lawyer. She rejected the idea vehemently—she said it was her function to be involved directly with the movement, that plenty of people could be lawyers, but she could serve a better purpose elsewhere. The conversation went on all night. She said she had discovered going through law school that radical movement work was what she should be doing. Law wasn't for her and it wasn't the way she wanted to run her political life."

Bernardine came to New York after graduation and began doing organization work for the leftist National Lawyers Guild. The big issue that year was Vietnam, and Bernardine worked hard trying to organize law-school students and others to resist the draft. "She was an overwhelming personality," says a male associate. "First of all there was her sex appeal. She had the most amazing legs—every draft resister on the East Coast knew those legs. People would come from miles around just to see her. But she was regarded as a good 'political person' at a time when other women in the movement weren't given any responsibility at all. Students really turned on to her. She did a good job."

Bernardine helped coordinate Stop the Draft Week in New York, one of the first mass antiwar demonstrations. At the time she was living with a somewhat older movement organizer who doubled as a Greenwich Village building superintendent. Other men whom she met through the movement were jolted by her brains and independence, to say nothing of her looks, and not a few women remember her with some bitterness. "She wasn't interested in relating to other women," recalls one. Bernardine began to acquire the reputation of the "token" women leader. Part of it wasn't her fault since the draft was a male issue and only women with specific skills like law were involved in it. The rest were running the mimeograph machine and providing comfy bed and board for male radicals.

One young man remembers "spending a whole night going to Forty-second Street skin flicks with Bernardine. It was her idea—I would have been embarrassed to suggest it." The same man recalls being with Bernardine on another night, one which in retrospect seems to have been a turning point.

"The two were in a Lower Manhattan office left waiting for an antiwar meeting to begin, when Bernardine went down the hall and heard on the radio that Martin Luther King had been shot. "She was really stunned. I must admit that I was fairly jaded by then and I remember saying that with King dead the Panthers and the other militants would have a clear field to lead the revolution. But Bernardine was sincerely moved and she began to cry. She cried for a while and she talked about Chicago when she had worked with King. She said she hadn't always agreed with him but she responded to him as a human being. Then she went home and changed her clothes—I'll never forget that—she said she was changing into her riot clothes, pants. We went up to Times Square and there was a demonstration going on of pissed off black kids and white radicals. We started ripping signs and getting really out of hand and then some kids trashed a jewelry store. Bernardine really dug it. She was still crying, but afterward we had a long talk about urban guerrilla warfare and what had to be done now—by any means necessary."

The following month S.D.S. led the student rebellion at Columbia. Lawyers Guild attorneys were active in defending the hundreds arrested and Bernardine—already friendly with Chicago S.D.S. people—met Mark Rudd, John Jacobs and other Columbia leaders who were later to monopolize the S.D.S. national leadership. That summer she and several dozen other radicals tried to make the by then fashionable pilgrimage to Cuba, but got no further than Mexico.

In July Bernardine broke from the Lawyers Guild. The falling-out occurred in Los Angeles at the Guild's national convention—described by one attendant as "an all-star team of the left, with everyone from Cleaver and Seale to Carl Oglesby." Bernardine "borrowed" a roll of tickets to the Guild banquet and distributed them to some blacks, Chicanos and white street people who wanted to attend. The Guild honchos were furious with her. Bernardine broke down in tears.

> *"CAUTION: Dohrn reportedly may resist arrest, has been associated with persons who advocate use of explosives and may have acquired firearms. Consider dangerous."*
>
> —F.B.I. bulletin, 1970.

Bernardine returned to Mayor Daley's Chicago, the national headquarters of S.D.S., and was elected national inter-organizational secretary of the group that fall—the apparent source of her description by the F.B.I. as "occupation: secretary." No one in the movement recalls Bernardine poised à la Katie Gibbs Girl over a steno pad but the F.B.I. imagination moves in strange ways. It includes, for instance, the name "Marion DelGado" on Bernardine's list of aliases. Marion, in point of fact, is the legendary five-year-old boy who made the cover of the Weatherman newspaper as an exemplary kid fighter who "with defiant smile, placed a 25-pound concrete slab on the tracks and wrecked a passenger train."

But all of that came later. Nineteen sixty-eight was The Year of the Convention, and Bernardine was there. She also spent some time in the South, where Rap Brown was on trial in New Orleans, but she was growing impatient with traditional movement-organization techniques. Like many others who fought police in Chicago and on campuses from Mexico to Paris to California and New York, Bernardine was developing a vision of revolution in the streets.

"The joy of Bernardine," says Bill Kunstler, "is that she does things and says things that force people to confront themselves. She can be hard as iron, and she's sure of herself. I remember one night—it was late in '68—at a convention on a dude ranch in Wimberley, Texas. We were trying to get a bunch of Texas lawyers to commit themselves to movement work, and it was being done very delicately. I was the moderator of the night session. The first question from the audience came from Bernardine. I don't remember her exact words but she turned to these lawyers and said, 'You guys are f- - -ing us over.' Which they were, in a way, but nobody else wanted to say so."

Kunstler calls Bernardine "an exceptionally bright, provocative, energetic, inspiring person. I've had some disagreements with her, but if I had to make a list of the people for whom I have a deep and abiding respect, she'd be on it. More than most people, Bernardine wanted to be one hundred percent revolutionary."

By early 1969 factionalism was already beginning within S.D.S. Never a centralized organization—the national office often had no knowledge, let alone control, of what its campus chapters were up to—the group began to splinter over such questions as who should lead the revolution (Students? Blacks? Working-class youth? The Third World?), when, and how. Just a few months earlier the struggle had seemed relatively easy. Now the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell boys were in power and the left was being forced to expend its energies fighting indictments and the threat of repression.

Bernardine and some others went to Cuba on an S.D.S. mission that included seminars with representatives of the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government. On their return they held a press conference in New York which was covered by Perry Deane Young of The New York *Post*. Young, who is the same age as Bernardine, recalls: "I filed a story that was never used, for reasons I understand. These kids had talked for an hour and not once mentioned anything that would be of interest to newspaper readers. The sentences were all out of Communist phraseology and there was no mention of what the people looked like, how they dressed, how the two groups got along, whether they did anything besides talk doctrine, what sort of questions the people asked about the peace movement here, even whether it was hot and sunny."

Young invited Bernardine to lunch. "I found her strangely attractive, though more forbidding than alluring—then maybe that was the attraction. I specifically remember her posture. She was what everybody's mother would call a perfect little lady. She sat there so prim and proper, munching her hamburger all the while spouting revolutionary phrases at me.

"In no less than a thousand interviews in ten years of newspapering this was my first failure. She told me nothing that didn't fit the phrases already fixed in her head. Mind you, I had explained to her that I could make no use of generalities and if a story were ever going to get into the paper, it would have to be in some kind of human terms. I asked her to tell me what had specifically touched or impressed her on the trip. Everything Bernardine answered was in terms of 'the people' or 'we'—never 'I' or anything about a specific Cuban or Vietnamese she had befriended."

The interview ended with Bernardine politely correcting Young's grammar along with his ideology and his journalism. "She was," he says, "*totally* unnerving."

Within a few months Bernardine—with a little help from her friends—would be unnerving the entire American left. The fireworks began at the Chicago Coliseum in June, 1969, at the last S.D.S. convention ever. Two main factions emerged: the Revolutionary Youth Movement, which hoped to organize America's long-haired, pot-smoking students and its militant young blacks, and the Progressive Labor Party, which thought S.D.S. members should cut their hair, renounce marijuana and organize the white hard-hat working class. R.Y.M. purged P.L. from S.D.S. and Weatherman soon splintered off from R.Y.M. Weatherman (from the Bob Dylan lyric, "You don't need a Weatherman to know which way the wind blows") wanted some action, then and there. The group was denounced as bizarre, adventurist, even "Custeristic" by the rest of the left, but it's important to note the argument really centered around timing and nothing more. You will find few radicals who will argue that trashing an empty Consolidated Edison plant is an inherently evil act. What they will argue is that property damage alienates large numbers of people and plays into the hands of the repressive power structure. Weatherman's actions grew out of a peculiar analysis of timing: they believed in mid-1969 that the revolution had already begun in the ghetto and in the Third World. If you accepted these premises it was difficult to criticize their tactics. What do you do in a revolution? You fight the enemy, dynamite buildings and mobilize the troops, that's what. Just ask John Wayne.

Weatherman was able to challenge the rest of the student left psycho-

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logically as well as politically Do I really think armed struggle is years away, your typical radicals asked themselves, or am I just not committed enough to give up my comforts? Everything that everyone else talked about Weatherman did, from experimenting with the abolition of monogamy to fighting in the streets And they were hard on themselves. "We f——ed up a lot anyway" Bernardine told the Weatherman War Council in Flint, Michigan "We didn't fight around Bobby Seale when he was shackled at the Conspiracy Trial We should have torn the courtroom apart We didn't smash them when Mobe peace creeps hissed [Black Panther leader] David Hilliard on Moratorium Day in San Francisco We didn't burn Chicago down when Fred [Hampton] was killed"

Weatherman's actions became legendary They broke into high schools and tied up teachers to show teen-agers how easy it was They carried Vietcong flags onto beaches and into hamburger stands and fought with the local kids, if necessary to earn their respect and then spread their own politics They lived a grueling existence in collectives trying out new alternatives to the family structure and taking group acid trips to test each other In the autumn, they conducted the 'Days of Rage' demonstration in Chicago smashing windows and clashing with police to protest the Conspiracy Trial. Many were arrested and Bernardine was charged with attacking a police sergeant and failing to return a borrowed car She was released on bail.

The group was constantly evolving and at one point its heroes included just about anybody who was willing to take violent risks—from five-year-old Marion DelGado to Charles Manson, who allegedly had the audacity to "off some rich honky pigs." Bernardine told the War Council in Flint "Dig it first they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!" Next came a new Weatherman slogan "MANSON POWER—THE YEAR OF THE FORK!" A four-finger salute symbolizing the tines in Sharon Tate's belly briefly replaced the clenched fist in vogue

Bernardine's endorsement of Manson—notorious for his statements against blacks and women let alone the crime he stood accused of—revolted just about everybody outside Weatherman Her friends say she soon came to regret her remarks. 'She said she thought the whole Manson thing had been blown way out of proportion' recalls her sister

After the Flint conference Bernardine went home to Florida, where her father had recently retired and spent a belated family Christmas hanging stockings on the mantel

Weatherman itself began to move away from its violent machismo—possibly as a result of the new role being carved out by its women "It was a big first step for us to say we were as good as we wanted to be and better than we thought," says a former Weatherwoman,' but we did. And ultimately we were able to initiate new political directions for the group"

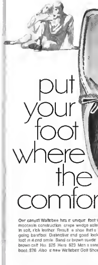
At one point she adds. "Weatherwomen almost decided to form a separate organization But we realized that it would have been a serious underestimation of our abilities to think we couldn't provide leadership for men as we continued to grow stronger ourselves. . . . Both men and women were extremely perfectionist about everything The men thought at first that they should take a turn at being passive and submissive—this of course was ridiculous and got us nowhere because passive people are a drag men or women At the urging of the women the men soon figured out that it was okay to assert their good qualities and so everyone went around asserting themselves in more healthy ways.'

According to Jennifer Dohrn, Bernardine was rethinking her role as a revolutionary in the months before she went underground, "She wasn't into digging violence for violence's sake—she dug human life She realized it's great to be in love, and that you have to love to build a revolution and a new life-style A lot of people see only the contradictions in being a loving woman and being a revolutionary But for me, Bernardine isn't a god up there—she's the person I grew up with and sat up late after dates rapping with and went shopping with and spent evenings sewing with It's because she loves all those little things—dancing and parties and dope and camping and being in love—that she had to become a revolutionary, and build a new society while she's tearing down this one"

Bernardine disappeared in late February or early March 1970, around the time the Conspiracy Trial ended On March 6, in what proved to be a climactic event three Weathermen—Ted Gold, Diana Oughton and Terry Robbins—were blown to pieces in a Greenwich Village town house described by police as a "New Left bomb factory' Later that month Bernardine failed to show in court in Chicago on charges growing out of the Days of Rage and she was indicted on March 17 for unlawful interstate flight to avoid prosecution for mob action On April 2 she was indicted for conspiracy and violation of federal anti-riot laws and on July 23 for conspiring to bomb buildings in Detroit, Chicago New York and Berkeley She was also tentatively identified by a Chicago landlady as the woman who had rented an apartment where F B I raiders later found explosives blasting caps and fifty-four sticks of dynamite Most of the group's leadership went underground with her

In September, Weatherman claimed—in a communique from Bernardine—that the group had helped Timothy Leary break out of a California prison The word then was that other Weathercapers were being planned But what apparently was happening underground was a serious restudy of strategy In January Bernardine sent, from wherever she was hiding a communication to the office of the Liberation News Service It was printed in *The New York Times* on January 19 'It has been nine months since the town house explosion" she wrote "In that time the future of our revolution has changed decisively A growing illegal organization of young women and men can live and fight and love inside Babylon The F B I can't catch us! we've pierced their bulletproof shield But the town house forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle . . . It is time for the movement to go out into the air to organize to risk rallies and demonstrations . . . People become revolutionaries in the schools in the Army In prisons in communes and on the streets Not in an underground cell . . . We are in many different regions of the country and are building different kinds of leaders and organizations . . . It's a New Nation that will grow out of the struggles of the next year"

That does indicate a shift in tactics and emphasis but it doesn't alter the fundamental point the old Badger Girls' State lady made clear in an earlier declaration from the New Underground: "For Diana Oughton Ted Gold and Terry Robbins and for all the revolutionaries who are still on the move here there has been no question for a long time now—we will never go back" ##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A GREAT FEELING

(Continued from page 31)

"Meaning?"

I pretend to read laboriously from the book "A high explosive with a wood pulp base." I look up and squint at Wanda

"Ah" Her lips slack. She stares at me for perhaps five beats of my pulse and shakes her head "Can't help you" Now she smiles again "You've got to do easier crosswords Sorry"

'Well.' I shrug

On her way out Wanda closes my door I call after her to leave it open but she is already too far down the hall, well out of earshot

The next morning dawns as yet the fairest day of this spring At breakfast Wanda does not mention my question of the previous evening Apparently she still cannot think of the word She says in fact very little

"The doctor will be here tomorrow morning"

"Oh" I hadn't asked for the doctor

"I thought he should see you. New symptoms and all"

I nod Wanda has the practice of registering each of my deteriorations with the outside world lest at some future date she be considered an inattentive nurse I try to make this process as difficult for her as possible "I'll ask him about the telephone if he thinks it's a good idea"

Wanda stops at the door "Don't bother I'll take care of it"

'Well'

'No I mean I will take care of it '

Today I recatalog the semeiology of my disorder I am sole curator of a full museum of symptoms original to my condition and it is a duty I take seriously Each tingle of paralysis each initial loss of sensation each mortal nervous spasm every new road sign of my disability I mark down and report faithfully to my neurophysician In time I will qualify as a syndrome, I am determined to attain that status with the most impressive of credentials

Late afternoon Wanda returns from school by herself and remains alone The house is silent until she brings me dinner, when I notice a certain and marked air of agitation about her

"No visitors today Wanda?"

"No" She looks at me "As usual"

When Wanda came here in the summer she was a very attractive girl who looked to be several years older than eighteen (I have heard conflicting theories to account for the sudden and deceptive maturity reached by the female portion of this latest generation It is either I am told the hormonal content of commercial meat tenderizers, or else the radiation from television picture tubes Or perhaps some subtle alchemical combination of the two) She found I think a kind of novelty in her relationship with an immobilized bedroom captive and for several weeks I was treated to a constantly changing display of perfumes and hairstyles and provocative clothing It was not at all difficult to see in her appearance and bearing the origins of Wanda's boy trouble Lately however I sense that Wanda has entered onto a slow decline that even her dinner time costuming cannot altogether conceal Tonight I notice for the first time that the hair on Wanda's legs is unusually long so long that under her stockings it is matted into a spectacular pattern of thick baroque curls and designs She seems possessed of unusual energy tonight and as she leans against the doorframe watching me eat the itching of her nylons causes her to rub the calves of her legs together constantly and furiously I try to make conversation. "I found my word."

'Your word?'

"From the crossword puzzle '

"Yes" Wanda nods, and glances back out the door

'*Gelignite* G-e-l-i-g-n-i-t-e'

'Oh' I let the silence drag on and Wanda fidgets. "That's a bomb?"

'A high explosive Nine letters G-e-l-i-g-n-i-t-e"

"Well It's good you found it." A tone of finality which I ignore

'How was your school today?"

"All right" She sighs and leans back against the doorframe "How is school any day?"

"Anything interesting happen?"

"Nothing"

"Well No news is good news, right?"

Wanda is half out the door "Right" She disappears down the hall

The doctor arrives at ten the next morning bright and cheerful shaven so close his neck is scarlet, loaded down with his tools and a sheaf of medical journals. Each visit he reads to me short research notes from these journals "Research goes on" he tells me "It is going on at *this very moment*" He will lean over my bed and lower his voice "Let me tell you that medicine now makes more progress in one day than it did in a full month twenty years ago" He nods. "*Our day*"

Today during the examination we discuss the insecure and ephemeral nature of neural connections "Ropes of sand," my doctor tells me. "It is a wonder a natural wonder that any of us function after fifty" He prods the nerve centers of my legs with polished chrome tools "Nothing?"

I shake my head My legs are as lifeless as timbers fully as high as my hips. "A little deterioration" The doctor taps the bedside table with his tiny mallet, considering this

'A little," he agrees. "We would do more tests, downtown, run more EEGs if it wasn't for the fire We're closed down for at least a week'

'The fire?'

"Well We were half a block away Mostly water damage" He begins to write me a new prescription. 'How is Wanda?"

"She's well Which fire was this?"

He stops writing "Did you see the paper this morning?"

"No"

"They bombed the Second Precinct yesterday Dynamite and something incendiary Burned down half a city block" The little mallet in his hand comes up and strikes the bedstand once sharply

'Any deaths?"

'Twelve Ten in the hospital" He describes the disaster as he viewed it in quick glimpses from the rear windows of an ambulance springs creaking overloaded with the weight of rhetoric suddenly condensed into a thousand pounds of damaged flesh My isolation from the event renders it cold and lifeless to me it is as if I hear at a distance the fractured retelling of a violent movie plot in fragments undone from the whole flames and wreckage and shattered bodies sweep over me as gently as conversation overheard in a restaurant.

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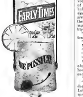

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY 86 PROOF. EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. ©1974

The EEG's will have to be put off, we decide; the insane dynamics of the times have superseded the more deliberate dysfunctioning of my being.

"A terrible terrible thing," the doctor says to me before he leaves.

I agree with him. "It's hard to know what to do."

"Shoot them. They should be shot."

I am left two new prescriptions and a kindly worded prognosis: perhaps I should consider a move to a well-equipped hospital for a time at least in order to allow some concentrated tests and a higher level of therapy. When the paralysis reaches my waist, I am gently reminded, I will be a considerably greater bother.

Wanda comes up directly after school, dressed neatly, with the first traces of a spring tan appearing around her cheekbones.

"The doctor was here?"

I show her the two prescriptions.

"Fine. He said you were better?"

"No."

"He said you were no worse?"

"No."

"The new medicine will probably help a lot."

New medicine. This has become a weekly routine—the prescription of new drugs, my dutiful consumption of the bright tablets, sometimes ten or twelve each day, different colors every week. They are a perpetual vote of confidence in the reversibility of my condition. I suspect that the bulk of these tablets are sugar or simple vitamins done up in impressive coatings. I have come to view the weekly prescriptions as a touching bit of concern. Will help. Probably.

"Certainly will!" Wanda is insistent. "They most certainly will help."

"Any interesting news today?"

Wanda shakes her head.

"Nothing new at school?"

"Nope."

"Any guests expected tonight?"

Wanda sighs: she is the most abused of martyrs. "No guests." She hooks her long hair back behind her ears. "But something nice. A treat."

"Oh?"

"A special dinner tonight. Two days' sodium allowance all at once. Lobster Newburg." Wanda smiles now radiantly. "You'll like it. And then maybe lights-out at nine." As she closes the door behind her I catch in the breeze the faint odor of the perfume she wears for me, almost entirely submerged in the suddenly sharp scent of her body. Wanda is preparing to excess tonight.

An hour later she brings up dinner, lavishly set out on the tray in good china with a linen napkin folded beneath the plate. Before she leaves she lights with a flourish a short taper set in a sterling base. Dinner by candlelight. "Enjoy!" says Wanda.

A delicate bitter acidity about the rich sauce of the meal first makes me suspicious. I set the candle aside and bring a bright light fully to bear on the congealing liquid: there is a vaguely improper tint to it, a coppery green business that lies in a thin oily swirl on the surface. I hold a few drops of the most discolored portion of the sauce on my tongue and the area they touch grows numb.

Wanda has obtained some preparation to make my lights-out even easier. For a moment I consider ringing the bedside bell, calling to tell her that the lobster is spoiled and I cannot eat it. But Wanda is already far too defensive. I have fifteen or twenty empty glass pill bottles in the drawer of my bedstand: souvenirs that I keep, glassy remembrances of past potions and restoratives. It takes only ten to bottle up the bulk of my dinner, and I cap them tightly and return them to the drawer. Tomorrow I will ask Wanda to open my window before she leaves; even from bed I should be able to sail each pill bottle far into the street.

"Delicious," I tell her when she comes up to take away my dishes. "It's nice once in a while, to have a little change in the diet."

"A good dinner helps you sleep. All these late-night crosswords. I think you need some extra rest."

"Ah, yes," I tell her.

When she takes away my tray Wanda stands over the bed for a moment watching me. She is a beautiful girl: her bone structure and coloring and skin texture. In addition she has a certain and difficult beauty that radiates from within. This I tentatively identify tonight as a smooth and magnificent female authority.

"I'll be in a little later to see if you feel like sleep." As a special dessert she leaves me a tiny dish of four white mints. I sink them solemnly into the bottles of lobster.

At nine Wanda comes in to turn my light off. I sense that she is surprised to find me still awake, so I yawn several times while she fluffs my pillow. "Doctor examinations can leave you very tired," she tells me. "It's no wonder you feel like going to sleep."

When the bedstand clock has passed nine-thirty I hear the first motorcycle and car pull up. There is no bell or knock at the door; either Wanda has met them or they have taken now to simply walking in.

Wanda's confidence in the effectiveness of her special dinner is unbounded. My door is left open and the voices downstairs go unhushed as they increase in volume. Two more cars arrive and the conversation becomes much quieter. I am again reduced to listening to murmurings.

Tomorrow, I decide, I will contrive some way to get a message outside. My suspicion of Wanda has grown intense after the doctor's visit, and if there is even a chance that she is involved with some plot it is only humane that I try to warn the authorities. I consider writing a short note and tying it to one of the pill bottles to be heaved out into the street. The idea seems to be the best at my disposal—I begin to compose the note with pen and paper in the faint filtered glow from a streetlight fifty yards from my window.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. I strike that out: too formal, with no sense of urgency in it. Perhaps ATTENTION! FORWARD THIS NOTE TO CHIEF OF POLICE. But in all likelihood only a small child would pick up a scrap of paper tied to shards of glass in the street. Something simpler is required.

There are footsteps on the stairs, Wanda's light tread. I put my pad and pen under the pillow and lean back feigning sleep. She passes down the hall into her own bedroom without pausing outside my door. When she returns I risk opening my eyes to watch her passage; she is carrying her suitcase.

TAKE THIS TO YOUR PARENTS. No: TAKE THIS TO MOMMY AND DADDY. That is closer. I print it in large block letters on the outside of my note and beneath the lines I sketch a quick picture of a laughing clown with curly wire hair: something, I hope, to catch the child's eye. The body of the note will be easier to compose: PLEASE INFORM PROPER AUTHORITIES. Or? PLEASE INFORM POLICE DEPARTMENT. Proper authorities, I decide: the police department, I am told, is harder to find these days.

Wanda outside in the hall once more. She stops by my door and I close my eyes, breathe rhythmically. She goes on to her bedroom and returns carrying a coat and a pair of boots: strange attire for springtime.

I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT. Should that be stronger? I MAY HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF SUSPECTS SOUGHT BY POLICE. This is much better; the longer phrase confirms legitimacy. SUSPECTS INVOLVED IN DYNAMITE FIREBOMBING. No—I will demonstrate the accuracy of my knowledge. INVOLVED IN GELIGNITE FIREBOMBING OF PO—

Wanda up the stairs a third time. Once more I put my pen and paper under the pillow and lie back. She stops at my door—I risk one open eye—and then she is inside, coming up directly next to my bed. I can hear her breathe no more than two feet from my face before she turns away. She is in the room for a long time; her footsteps move from one side of the room back to the other several times, finally stopping in the corner directly opposite my bed. Small faint muffled noises; then she is gone. I wait until she has fully descended the stairs before I open my eyes. The glow of the streetlight is just sufficient to illuminate the ceiling-high bookshelves that face my bed. Up near the top, fully seven feet off the ground, Wanda has cleared away a space of perhaps twenty thick volumes that are now piled on the floor.

—LICE HEADQUARTERS. PRIMARY SUSPECT MY NIECE, HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR, AND FRIENDS. This is well phrased and to the point. MOST LIKELY TO BE FOUND TOGETHER IN EVENI—

Wanda at the stairs again. And not alone. The steps coming up are heavy and slow: at least three pairs of feet sounding almost in unison. I close my eyes once more, lie back, breathe deeply. Footsteps stop outside my door. The darkness behind my eyelids brightens as the light is switched on. Thuds, creaks, strange noises not easily placed. The footsteps recede back down the direction of the living room. Outside in the hall, directly opposite my open door, they have left the heavy oaken sideboard that has stood for years in an alcove of the dining room. It stands squat and ugly, sturdy, out of place, harshly lighted by the fixture directly overhead.

—NO IMPERATIVE THAT YOU INVESTIGATE THIS IMMEDIATELY. ADDRESS—

She moves so quietly this time that I fail to notice her until she reaches the top of the stairs. I close my eyes just before Wanda steps into the room. She approaches directly to the bookshelf and stays there perhaps thirty seconds, absolutely silent, even though in this bedroom isolation I have trained myself to hear the slightest sound. Then she is gone again, the faintest whisper through the door. This time the door closes. I hear it latch, and now I open my eyes. Outside, more footsteps up the stairs, and then the sound of a heavy object being pushed across the hall carpeting. A single powerful violent thud as the sideboard comes to rest against my door, and the thin sliver of light below it is extinguished.

It requires a moment for my eyes to adjust to the new darkness. I ease up on my elbows and look around the room, now illuminated only by the streetlight outside my window. Wanda's footsteps have disappeared down the staircase again and the house is silent. High on the bookshelf that she cleared so purposefully ten minutes before, she has deposited one small white shoebox, centered perfectly between the remaining volumes. The box produces the very faintest of mechanical noises—a delicate and gentle whirring.

Downstairs the front door slams shut. The cars and motorcycle parked in front of the house start at nearly the same moment, and I hear them pull away, a caravan down the street, around the corner, and silence. Only now the slight and persistent whirr from the bookshelf.

I cannot reach the highest bookshelf; there is no way to scale those sheer mahogany steeps without the use of one's legs. I cannot open the window without assistance, and Wanda closed it tightly when she first turned out my light. My door is blocked by more weight than I could move even when I was whole and fit. At my bedside there is nothing more than pencil and paper and pill bottles.

No. There is one more item, folded neatly and propped up between a bottle and the bedstand lamp. TO UNCLE, it reads on the outside. It is a note from Wanda, left there during one of her silent visits to my bedroom. I switch on the lamp and unfold the note.

Dear Uncle,

You fake sleep very badly. I don't know what you did with your dinner tonight but whatever it is please retrieve it and eat the lobster. Do this for me, for my peace of mind. Remember please that I only want what is best for you.

Love, Wanda

The lobster by now is cold, but that works in part to disguise the bitterness of Wanda's clumsy additive.

I empty one of the pill bottles quickly and already my throat is anesthetized down to my gullet. I am about to open the tenth bottle when a great numbness in my head tells me that it is unnecessary. This tenth bottle, cool and milky white, I hold for a moment, gauging its weight in my hand, and then I hurl it directly at the spot on the bookshelf now occupied by the whirring shoebox. Much easier to see than I expected, my target shatters into a thousand fragments of glass all woven up with viscous threads of Wanda's special dinner.

In this collision the shoebox is dislodged so that it tumbles forwards off the shelf, the top coming loose in midair and its contents falling free, smashing into the floor, erupting into an intense shining fountain of light and heat and sound that frees me, now numb and frozen in all my limbs, from the readiness of my years, and in some freak of detonation propels me upward on an immense blast of boiling air and flame, violently through the thin and aged plaster of my yellow ceiling and past the solid rafters of the attic, and then in a cloud of cedar shingles and roofing paper and scraps of bed linen, for the space of a heartbeat I am launched at the brightest of stars in the cloudless night sky. ■

Washington In Love

I

Rectitude, and the terrible upstanding member

II

The sound of our first gunfire is beautiful.

III

Intolerable Sally loved in vain

IV

Mr Adams of Massachusetts . . . I accept, gentlemen.

V

Aloes. Adders. Roman gratitude

VI

My porch elevation from the Potomac is 174' 7½"

VII

Bring the wounded, Martha! Bring the wounded men.

—JOHN BERRYMAN

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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

Rather to the surprise of many musicians, the Beethoven year has been a pleasure. Nothing has emerged to change our view of the master, of course, but what little news there is has been good news: it seems less likely today than it did a few years ago that Beethoven had syphilis, and a bit more likely that some of his love affairs were consummated. Most of what we have learned this year has come from the first thorough study of the "conversation books" by which Beethoven's visitors communicated with the deaf giant in his later years. One of the items in the books, incidentally, is the final blow to the old theory that music and mathematics necessarily go together. It seems that the greatest musical intelligence of all time could not multiply: requiring a knowledge of 9x12, he wrote down nine twelves and added them.

An infinitely touching story, new to me, has come to light in a letter written by Mendelssohn about his visit in 1831 to the home of Dorothea von Ertmann, a pianist of such quality that Beethoven dedicated the *Hammerklavier Sonata* to her. She is George Marek's candidate for the role of the unknown "Immortal Beloved" to whom Beethoven wrote an explosive letter found in his desk drawer after he died. Baroness von Ertmann told Mendelssohn about the month after the death of her only child, when she did not hear a word from her friend—until one day he invited her and her husband to come to him, and played to her for more than an hour, saying nothing, "and finally gave me consolation." And it was fun to be reminded of some of the great Beethoven incidents, like the time when Moscheles handed in for approval his piano reduction of the score of *Fidelio*, which he had ended with the conventional envoi, '*Fin*, with God's help.' Beethoven looked the thing over that night, and handed it back the next day with the written addendum, 'Oh, man, help thyself!'"

Of musical matters there has been really no news at all. On coming to Vienna at age twenty-two, Beethoven (who had been a recognized prodigy in his native Bonn) destroyed nearly all his early music. Those bits which have survived and were put on music stands again during the bicentennial year do not indicate that his judgment was wrong. Of the very few pieces I had never heard before, only one (and that a very trivial one) made any great impression—a set of dances from 1819 (WoO 17) recorded by Willi Boskovsky and the Vienna Mozart Ensemble as part of a disc called *Dances & Romances* (London). These were written, apparently, for the players at an inn Beethoven frequented in the Vienna Woods, and they are perfectly suitable for performance by strolling players while the paying customers sip the Heurige. But they are also real Beethoven, with a hint of great animal power under the leash and occasional flashes of hot harmony.

What the year's listening has illustrated for me, more than anything else, is the strength of the first-period works, from the years in Vienna when Beethoven was squeezing his immense romantic vision into Haydn's forms, and making them bulge a bit—works like the opus 5 cello sonatas, the long piano sonatas op. 7 and op. 2 and the perfect op. 10 no. 3, the last three of the six quartets op. 18, the string trios op. 9. Beethoven wrote a great deal of important music before the *Eroica*, like Marengo, announced the arrival of an all-conquering new force in the world, though we don't think of Beethoven as a young genius; only Mozart, Schubert and perhaps Rossini turned out anything like so large a body of first-class stuff before turning thirty.

We have had gains too, I think, in our understanding of the middle-period pieces, which all of us have heard much more often than Beethoven could have imagined (or probably would have approved). Their strength, which dominated the nineteenth century (and, indeed, the concert hall to this day), is in their exploitation of the simplest pitch relationships as melody at the start of enormous works like the *Eroica*, the first *Rasumovsky Quartet*, the *Archduke Trio*, the *Kreutzer Sonata*. One very quickly gets to know these melodies and the more obvious developments of them, and familiarity may make them seem a little weak to bear the structures Beethoven raised on them. But this is the fault of the phonograph, and in the Beethoven year—considered less as expressive entities than as part of an oeuvre, bridges to the late works—the highly charged and hard-driving middle-period pieces have resumed their grandeur.

Of the last works themselves, there is nothing to learn because we already know them, and everything to learn because they are never twice, in anyone's experience, exactly the same. Five piano sonatas, a set of piano variations, a group of fantasies called Bagatelles, one symphony and one mass, five string quartets—there had been nothing like them before, and there has been nothing like them since (though not for lack of trying). In our statistical age they are the proof of the popular if implausible belief that we are each of us unique. Like snowflakes.

With one exception, to whom we shall return presently, the Beethoven celebrations did not find us new artists. This figures, when you think about it—the big names were all doing Beethoven, and any name not already big was almost sure to be squeezed out. On records, moreover, there was massive competition from the dead—indeed, one of the major delights of the year was the rediscovery of old recordings. The most acclaimed was the Thirties Schnabel set of the complete piano music (Seraphim)—the sonatas released on LP for the third time (but the first time on a low-priced label), some of the lesser pieces new to vinyl pressings. But there were also pleasures like the wonderfully spacious performance of the *Violin Concerto* by Menuhin and Furtwängler (1953, with excellent mono sound, also Seraphim), the symphonies in very lyrical performances by Bruno Walter (also the Fifties, with a handpicked New York Philharmonic: Odyssey), the second *Piano Concerto* in a fiery performance by William Kapell and Vladimir Golschmann (Victrola), the *Seventh Symphony* by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago (Victrola).

One of the most surprising of the new recordings was a *Ninth Symphony* under the baton of Leopold Stokowsky (London Phase 4), highly colored but essentially straightforward, with an awesome first movement and a touching adagio/andante. Another was Leonard Bernstein's satisfyingly urgent performance of the much underrated overture *The Consecration of the House*, part of an entirely admirable disc of *Overtures* by the new hero of Vienna (Columbia). Yet another was a *First Concerto* by Claudio Arrau with Bernard Haitink and the Concertgebouw (Philips), coupled with an exquisite (and in the last movement authentically hilarious) performance of the *Sonata op. 10 no. 3*. Arrau is usually not my cup of tea at all—I find him inexcusably mannered—but here his private romanticism made sense. Rather more to be expected was a superbly alert and vigorous performance of the *Emperor* by young Stephen Bishop and the London Symphony under Colin Davis (Philips).

Glenn Gould deserves a paragraph to himself. He came early to the Beethoven year with a camp (but rather timid camp) recording of Liszt's transcription of the *Fifth Symphony* for solo piano, then emerged in the middle with a disc of eccentric performances of the three most popular sonatas, a dishevelled *Appassionata*, a marvelously flowing *Moonlight* and a *Pathétique* that left criticism gasping far behind, and then at the end of the year he emerged again with a record of variations: the short-form ones 32 in *C Minor*, the lovely little *F-Major op. 34*, and the *Eroica* in *E Flat op. 35*. I listened very carefully to the *Eroica Variations* and went off growling my displeasure at its willfulness, and then a few days later somebody else in the household put the disc on the phonograph while I was doing something else and after a few minutes I drifted in to listen again: now for what was right rather than what was wrong, admiring the authority of the playing (as distinguished from the conception) with renewed understanding that a great musical mind may be highly instructive even when perverse. All the recordings are, of course, Columbia.

There were disappointments, too, first among them, for me, the Guarneri Quartet recording of the late quartets (RCA). In their recording of the middle quartets, the Guarneri had demonstrated that the German Romantic tradition of chamber playing is still vital; in these new discs they recall to mind the fact that many in the German Romantic tradition were never able to make much out of the late quartets, which were propagated in large part by the French. In these performances, I think, the architectonics are lost completely, with too many phrases played for their own sake, too much aimless rubato, causing a loss of pulse and forward motion. For the late quartets as a group the Fine Arts recordings (Concertdisc) still seem to me best, though they will have heavy competition when the Yale Quartet completes its Vanguard set (as of now, op. 127, op. 131 and op. 132 are available). Another fine recording of op. 127 comes from the Weller Quartet (London), technically the finest recording of a string quartet I have ever heard, with an interesting filler in the form of the two lovely, serious Haydn quartet movements op. 103, Papa's valedictory, written about the time of the *Eroica*. Maybe the best of all recorded performances of the op. 127 is one by the Busch Quartet, from 1936, reissued by B. Schott's Söhne of Mainz, the original publisher of the music, as an anniversary tribute. This disc is probably unavailable in stores; perhaps some company could remedy that defect.

Also disappointing to me was the much-acclaimed Stern-Rose-Istomin album of the *Trios* for violin, cello and piano (Columbia). The group sounded a bit tired to me, and perhaps bored with what are not, after all, Beethoven's finest moments (I except the *Trio op. 70 no. 1*, the "Ghost," which seems to me one of the most spectacular and moving things L.v.B. ever wrote). But the disappointment here is assuaged by the issuance of the same works played by Zukerman, du Pré and Barenboim (Angel): fiery fiddle-playing and a good hearty digging-in at the cello, all bound up by the extraordinary strings of pearls Barenboim can draw from the piano when he's in the vein.

The one artist whose stature seemed significantly changed as the result of the Beethoven year is Claude Frank, whose recording of the thirty-two *Piano Sonatas* for Victrola stands among the great individual musical accomplishments of the last decade. In most of the sonatas, I think Frank's performances are at least as good as any I know, and where I have preferences for others (Schnabel in the *Waldstein*, *Les Adieux* and op. 111, Richter in the *op. 14* and *Funeral March*, Schnabel and maybe Kempff in the *op. 109* and *op. 110*, maybe Gould in the *Pathétique*) the preference seems to me entirely an outgrowth of personal taste, and not at all the result of any objective deficiencies in Frank's work. Anyway, I spent four utterly happy evenings listening with mounting admiration to this twelve-disc album. And it's a low-priced line, too.

Frank was not, of course, a wholly unknown quantity. I remember some years back sitting at lunch and listening to Erich Leinsdorf talk about what he wanted to do when he became conductor of the Boston Symphony. One of the things was to start a chamber group, to give the men the feeling of being something more than cogs in a B.S.O. wheel, and the pianist he had to have for the group, he said, was Frank. Got him, too: from 1964 to 1967 Frank took big chunks of time around the New England area, playing chamber music with the Bostonians, and he made some recordings with them (RCA). He is a slight, dark-haired, rather unaggressive man of forty-six who has, however, been on the concert stage fewer years than many pianists of thirty. Born in Germany, he was taken to audition for Schnabel when only eleven years old, and Schnabel said Yes, he would accept little Claude as a pupil, but only when he became a rather larger Claude; first he should go to Paris and study there with a Schnabel pupil. "Hitler took care of those plans," Frank recalls. "I just came to New York and knocked on Schnabel's door." While studying piano with Schnabel, Frank went to high school and then, in 1942, to Columbia, whence he departed to serve in the U.S. Army.

Returning to New York, Frank became part of the Schnabel circle. "He had to be the chief influence on me, or else I couldn't have studied with him," Frank says. Schnabel liked to have his pupils listen to each other's lessons ("He was at his best when he had an audience"), and Frank spent a good deal of time with Leon Fleisher alternating at the bench. Last summer the two of them teamed up—Fleisher now as a conductor—to give the Mozart *K. 365* in Philharmonic Hall. This seems as good a place as any to tell one of Fleisher's favorite stories, of the time when Schnabel let drop at a lesson the fact that he had once been at a picnic in Vienna with Brahms. "You talked with *Brahms*?" Fleisher said excitedly. "What did Brahms say?" To which Schnabel made reply, "He said, 'Please pass the pickles, sonny.'"

Frank dropped out of Columbia to take a teaching job at Bennington, where he labored amongst the little mothers of the rich for six years. One day in the Spring of 1953 the telephone rang, and a voice said, "This is Rudolf Serkin. From Brattleboro." Frank told Serkin he knew that, and Serkin said that his Marlboro School and Festival needed another pianist "to fill in" that summer: could Frank come? During Frank's second season at Marlboro Serkin without warning called him aside and said, "How do you spend your time in the winter?" Frank told him he taught—thirty hours a week—at a college. Serkin, who really does know what people should do and under that lovely gentle manner really does tell them, said, "No, *NO*. You have a duty to play."

"I asked Serkin," Frank recalls, "'How do you do that? How do you get started on a career?' Serkin said, 'You practice. What do you play now?' I went through a list—Chopin, Schumann, Tchaikovsky—and he said, 'No, *NO*. What are you ready to *perform*?' I stammered. He said, 'You must stop teaching *now*. When you are ready, the engagements will come.' And you know, after a year or so, they did." The first shot at the big time was with Bernstein and the Philharmonic in 1959, and the road has been reasonably smooth ever since.

Recording the Beethoven *Sonatas*, Frank tried to do as many as possible straight through, without splicings. Informed that one of the glories of the set was the difference in degree of freedom taken with the different sonatas, each rubato and dynamic shading splendidly suited to its own work, Frank acknowledged the compliment gracefully and said, "But I think the real reason for the difference is that some movements we never had to make a second take, and those are the most free. Whenever you know there may be splices, you don't feel the same freedom. I don't like to play a piece *exactly* the same way every time.

"But *nobody*," he added, bursting out oh, just a little, "none of us *knows* anything about music. There are too many opinions. What I think is that anything is all right if there are extreme qualities—extreme eccentricity, an extreme love for the work. I can listen to diametrically opposed performances and like both. But I have been very touched this year at how one cannot get enough of Beethoven; the more I play it, the more I love it. And I was worried at the beginning, too. I didn't expect that."

FILMS

(Continued from page 28) blood is in Dr. Kildare, I won't believe anyone would have heralded it as more than a lightweight Service Comedy, pleasing but thin, with some snazzy, fragmented editing and sound lap-overs, and nice loose improvisational acting. Yet it was voted Best Picture of the Year by the National Society of Film Critics, which had never before so honored an American film. Most have been the blood.

In *Brewster*, the running image is bird crap. [illegible] facts weighty. The bird crap shows up mysteriously on homicide victims. It's never altogether clear whether they've been murdered by Brewster himself (a dedicated, bespectacled boy with a blank baby face who in a subbasement of the Houston Astrodome constructs a pair of outsized feathery wings the better to soar up and away), by Sally Kellerman (his project director and fairy godmother, of limited but better than mortal magic, whose shoulder blades bear the un-

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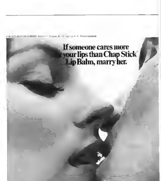

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mistakable scars of a wing-removal) or, somehow, by this raven, who drops the telltale clues. The raven appears to be watching over both Brewster and Sally. You remember what the raven quoth.

The fairy godmother and the industrious young man enjoy a latently incestuous intimacy. A wholesome-looking local teen named Hope McFarland (Jennifer Salt) brings him health food regularly. Watching Brewster—in a black bikini, glistening with Kirk Douglas-y sweat and unguents—do chin-ups, she stimulates herself to volcanic orgasms beneath a blanket. The fairy godmother suffers these goings-on but draws the line on the issue of Brewster's chastity. As supervisor of his wing-building and astronautish training program she insists his life contains no room for sex. When he loses his cherry to a warm, casual hippie girl (Shelley Duvall) the birdmother abandons him—as a jealous female and also on behalf of birddom. Without her protection, his flight is doomed.

The cops who've been the main butt of Altman's breezy anti-authoritarian jokes—as was the military in M*A*S*H—turn menacing. Riflemen take positions throughout the Astrodome. They don't need to shoot Brewster down though. He circles within the bubble dome, no chance of escape, huffing, pumping his mechanical wings until he falls exhausted to his death. It's a potent image—a compromise between the fantasy that we can fly and the reality that we cannot: we can fly a *little*, just not enough to take off into the blue. But as an idea, as a visual metaphor toward which to build an entire picture—and from which to usher in a Felliniesque circus of everybody—it's just slight, ragged, simpleminded.

Brewster is technically more excellent than M*A*S*H and more "inventive," but the inventiveness has even less center or direction. Except for the girl friends—an intriguing trio—there's no more feeling for character within the caricatures. Altman has a lively facility with clichés, stringing them together, zipping them along; he's fun, smart and so far contrary to what these critics have been intimating, unserious.

Gimme Shelter: The Maysles squeeze their cameras down inside the malignant underbelly of the Rock Generation. Our own Satyrican Jagger, a magnet drawing forces he's helpless to control or comprehend. Bad vibes accumulate exponentially, suffocating out all the good ones. An awful Gresham's Law. How could Mick have enlisted the Hell's Angels as *peace-keepers*? I mean *look at them!* But what a fascinating choice! Soothing bywords lost in the thunder: "Easy . . . easy . . . Brothers . . . Sisters . . . please . . . please be kind . . . Come on now, Everybody . . . Will you just cool out? . . . Why are we fighting? . . . We are all one . . . If we are all one, why are we fighting? . . . If we are all one let's act like it . . . please . . . please don't . . ." The most nightmarish image: a naked boy writhing and thrashing on a psychedelic bummer being passed overhead above the dense crowd, passed this way and that by ten thousand rude hands. From a distance he seems a wind-torn branch bobbing over stormy nightwaves.

"Whaddya mean tough shit? The guy's *really freaking out!*"

"Yeah. Well people get weird."

The dynamite double feature of Christmastime 1971 will be *Woodstock* and *Gimme Shelter*, of course. The intervening months will most likely have turned them into nice historical companion pieces. Perhaps, back to back, they will help show us how our collective mood turns now at a scary and perilous dip. Imagine a culture that could produce and celebrate *Swiss Family Robinson* and *Lord of the Flies* within a single year. ■

FROM THOSE WONDERFUL PEOPLE WHO GAVE YOU KENT STATE

(Continued from page 1?) grudge against students and minorities typical of so many police departments. This plus a certain obvious awkwardness and lack of enthusiasm in carrying out their duties has tended to reduce tensions between Guardsmen and the mobs they have faced. In Chicago, for instance (where one of the Guardsmen called up for the Democratic Convention was Marshall Field the Fourth), demonstrators shouted "Join us" to the Guardsmen. No such chants were hurled in the direction of the Chicago Police.

Today the Guard is still more popular (or less unpopular) than the police and it has certain tactical advantages that make it better for dealing with the public disorders. Its "show of force" can be much more awesome. It possesses the capability to keep at it for indefinite periods of time, because unlike the police it is totally self-sufficient. Moreover the Guard can move into riot-torn areas, cook enough food to feed thousands and provide medical aid. Both are good psychological advantages.

Among the critics of the National Guard are those who would like to see it replaced by a full-time national police force like the French *Gendarmerie* and the Italian *Carabinieri*. Aside from such an idea being anathema to most Americans, it would have to be a large, costly force if it were ever to serve in several riots, possibly at once.

Granted the Guard needs better equipment, but what the Guard needs even more is better training.

The only way to achieve proper training is to have much more frequent and unannounced federal inspections by incorruptible officials. The officer quality has to be improved still further. A substantial pay increase might draw better men. Perhaps whenever the Guard is called up, Regular Army officers should be dispatched to the scene to serve as "advisers" at all levels of command.

It would help, finally, if everyone concerned could agree which of the Guard's two missions should be emphasized. The feeling in Washington last July was that the worst in civil disturbances might well be over. But no one was giving any assurances, and as the Guard is still unsure of how to think of itself, its identity crisis persists and is aptly summed up by the last line of the National Guard Creed as it appears on the marble walls in the lobby of the Guard Association's Washington headquarters. The ground floor of the building was bombed during the antiwar demonstration last May 8: glass windows shattered and scores of metal letters fell off the walls. The last line of the Creed now reads, a bit uncertainly, "F e hre ce t ri a a soldier in war and a civilian in peace—of se urity and o or I m t e custodian ow and f rever I am the uard." ■

Swimming Last Summer

Swimming last summer in sun-kindled water,
hand in hand
we had to surface-dive to find
those cold currents
that ran like harp chords counterpoint
to the lake's heat.

Still touching
we swam between them, from cold
to cold, like children
in a field of scattered trees
running from shade to shade
for rest.

Now in January
the cold has risen to the top like cream,
curdling through the grassy shallows,
sharp as mica by the shore,
and at the lake's dead centre
thick, opaque, reflecting neither casual cloud
nor shadows of a passing gull's wing.

Just so your eyes
rippling toward my shore all summer
now become glazed and cold,
your thoughts of me more sluggish than
some winter-dazed trout
swimming as close to bottom as it dares.

And maddened,
I long to beat your head with my fists,
to chop through the freezing crust like an Eskimo
and fish you back
with nothing but string and a hook
and my remembered body
for bait.

—Linda Pastan

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Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

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DEATH BY DEGREES

by Robert L. Massie

Sometimes life itself is cruel and unusual punishment

EDITOR'S NOTE: *By the time you read this, the resolution of certain issues now pending in the U.S. Supreme Court may have resulted in the execution of the author, though the likelihood of such an event appears to be getting more remote all the time. If, however, Robert L. Massie should die in the gas chamber at any time in the near future, the man least disappointed will be himself. For almost five years now, he has been an inmate of San Quentin's death row, and during all this time he has firmly asserted his own right to receive the penalty prescribed by law. In* Today, I Was Scheduled To Die *(Esquire, October, 1968) Truman Capote took note of Mr. Massie's unique position on the punishment of death. "Let's get it over with," he then said, but at this writing it hasn't been got over with and Mr. Massie's patience, as you can see below, is wearing thin. Surely after five years on death row, society owes Robert L. Massie something, if only its polite attention while he explains himself.*

"It is the judgment of this court that you be delivered to the Warden of the State Prison at San Quentin, California, to be by him put to death in the manner provided by law." These were the ominous words which assailed my ears in May, 1965. Since that time I have been given four dates on which to die: October 10, 1967, November 2, 1967, November 15, 1967 and March 12, 1969. Each time I mentally prepared myself to accept what seemed to be the inevitable, sent a list of the food I preferred for the traditional last meal, chose the institutional chaplain who was to preside as my spiritual adviser, and made a will for the disposition of my personal possessions. After completing these formalities all that was left for me to do was to steel myself to make the trip to the gas chamber with all the dignity I was capable of mustering. Each time I did this, death was averted by judicial or executive action. You who are reading this are probably thinking that I have been extremely lucky or that I am a highly skilled neophyte attorney who has manipulated the courts into granting stays of execution. Nothing could be further from the truth.

I, Robert L. Massie (Prison No. A-93150), have been sentenced to die for my complicity in causing a person's death during what was called an attempted robbery. The circumstances surrounding my conviction and death sentence are unimportant to the purpose of this narrative.

For the past five and a half years I have been confined to a four-by-ten-foot cell on death row and have handled my own defense on appeal as the law allows. Although I have had four scheduled execution dates, attorneys who are affiliated with the N.A.A.C.P. and seeking abolition of capital punishment have alleged in numerous courts that I am incompetent to represent myself and/or insane, thereby obtaining delays of my judgment. Their mere allegations, with no supportive evidence and no judicial or psychiatric hearing to substantiate them, have served to keep me on a treadmill of litigation from the California Supreme Court all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, where my case is still pending without legal jurisdiction. In each court where these unsolicited "meddlers" have obtained delays I have sought relief by requesting a hearing to disprove and resolve these lies, demanding my constitutional right to be heard and to have the valid judgment of the State executed without further delay. My rights have been ignored, which makes the proceedings analogous to the prosecution being permitted to present the testimony of its witnesses without allowing counsel for the defense the right of cross-examination. My case has made a mockery of the entire judicial system of the United States.

Why have the various courts continually stopped my execution? The official reason for these interventions has been "pending the outcome of the issues that are now before us." What issues? That there are no standardized guidelines for *juries* that sentence a man to death. Well, I find no fault and have no quarrel with this contention and believe it should be resolved before taking the life of anyone. But I pled guilty to first-degree murder and was tried by a judge, not a jury. Therefore I fail to see how my case warrants consideration within the context of this argument. Even if there is a remote possibility that my case is deserving of this extrajudicial review, I have advised this Court that I am satisfied with the mandate of California and to restore my date of execution *forthwith*. But as stated above, petitioning the courts for my legal rights has been completely unavailing.

If the reason for these delays is because the courts are genuinely concerned about my sanity and/or incompetency, notwithstanding the fact that the psychiatric staff at San Quentin has already examined me and declared me to be competent and sane, then why have I not been brought before the courts for a hearing to determine this so-called question? The law states that if I am insane the proceedings against me cannot continue; that I must be removed to a medical facility for psychiatric care. If there is any merit to these contentions, why have I been forced to remain on death row all these years without psychiatric treatment? Obviously the continued stays of my judgment are nothing but ploys and legal subterfuge *employed* to further the ends of unsolicited counsel. They could not care less about my sanity and general well-being.

Before I proceed further I think it appropriate to state unequivocally that I am not an advocate of capital punishment. The death penalty serves no purpose other than to prove that the states which retain it have progressed no further in moral values than the individuals they kill in the name of the law. This law has no place in a Christian country; it never has had. Anyone who professes to be a Christian is saying that he is a "follower of Christ." My questions to the Christians are: Would Christ order my death? Would He condemn me to a four-by-ten cell year after year, giving me dates of execution, and bringing me back from the brink of death each time the sentence was about to be executed? Would He subject me to this kind of mental torment? Since we all know He would not participate in these atrocities, then how are Christians able to justify the laws which permit such inhumanity to man? If you are adherents to the Mosaic law which advocates "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," then my question is: Would Moses subject me to years of mental torment before putting me to death? I did not confine my victim for years in prison under the constant threat of death before killing him, so why is it being done unto me? Moreover, if the law of Moses is considered the proper remedy for dealing with violators of man-made law, then the coming of Christ and His teachings are meaningless and should be deleted from our Bibles.

Most of the zeal which prosecutors display in their efforts to get a man condemned to death is to further their political ambitions rather than to see that justice is served. As long as there remains an elective system for placing prosecutors in office, justice will remain secondary to political aspiration. Since this office is a stepping-stone to political advancement by building up a successful record of convictions, instead of a repu-

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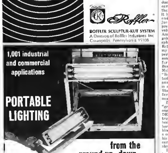

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tation for honesty and integrity citizens of low income will seldom receive fair trials

Notwithstanding my feelings about the death penalty, and contrary to the views of most of the other condemned men, I much prefer that my valid judgment (which I am not protesting) be speedily executed in accordance with the now existing law of California Having my sentence reduced to life in prison would be a fate much worse than death

Actually it is only fitting that my life should culminate in the gas chamber From the time I was seven years old I have been a ward of the State From the years of seven to ten I was placed in a number of foster homes, from eleven to fourteen I lived in the state reformatory (euphemistically called a "Training School for Boys"), and from fifteen to twenty three I was in jails and penitentiaries Finally at the age of twenty-three I was delivered to the Warden at San Quentin where it is hoped that I will shortly graduate to the merciful oblivion called *death* It is readily apparent that my years of penal servitude have not helped me nor has it helped society Therefore what would be gained by spending the rest of my natural life in prison? I have never contributed anything worthwhile to society and never will

For what reason should I strive to have my judgment of death reduced to life in prison? Is life on earth such a blessing or so precious that I should be desirous of spending it in a dehumanized hellhole of steel and concrete where the law of the jungle and degeneracy reign supreme where all human and moral values are considered a weakness? Am I insane because I would prefer going on to what may be a better sphere of life the after-death region? Rotting away in prison for the rest of my days and deteriorating mentally perhaps even going completely insane is not a very pleasing incentive for continuing to cling to this life Besides, I agree with the words of Mohandas K. Gandhi who said "Both birth and death are great mysteries If death is not a prelude to another life the intermediate period is a cruel mockery" Therefore the State will actually be doing me a favor by prematurely ending my miserable earthly sojourn

DEATH the king of terror, the "grim reaper" whom all mortals are one day destined to meet. Perhaps DEATH has been mislabeled and in truth is a benign old gentleman who beckons us to a richer and fuller life, leaving all our sorrows and strife behind Whatever his disposition it is a certainty that we shall all travel to his domain, and there is no power on earth which will prevent it. So why should DEATH be feared?

I a conscious entity do not remember having any fear of becoming a resident in this mortal body at birth so it is unreasonable to cringe in terror when the time arrives for my departure from this vehicle of flesh What is so frightening about returning to my native abode the plane of consciousness where I dwelled before I began this mortal journey? Dying is not unusual People do it every day And a few whiffs of the lethal substance called "cyanide" is probably no more painful than being burned to death in an auto collision, a policeman's bullet or a host of other death dealing agents

For those who may be wondering why I do not attempt to commit suicide, since I seem to be in such a rush to get it over with let me say that my beliefs in a deity expressly forbid me to commit this act Furthermore I do not want to deprive the State of doing its own dirty work If I had my way about it I would make them televise my execution Since the State sees fit to sanction the death penalty I think it is only fair that the taxpayers get their money's worth and be permitted to observe this ritualistic ceremony Why is a legal murder conducted behind closed doors? What about the alleged deterrent value that capital punishment is supposed to have on the John Doe citizen who might be tempted to commit an act which would warrant his suffering the death penalty? Morbid scenes involving intricate plots for murder are shown on the television screen every day What would be so unusual about televising an execution? Would this not make the death penalty a much more effective deterrent?

I have grown bitter I have become contemptuous of American law and its brand of justice I have come to despise those persons responsible for the violation of my human and legal rights I seek justice as did the People who declared that I must die. Justice demands an answer to the question "When?" These persons proclaiming to uphold and mete out justice have been not only blind but mute deaf and insensitive Every critic of our courts whom I now join has stressed that punishment must be swift if it is to serve any valid purpose I stand as a living testimonial to the excruciating deliberately contrived slowness with which the courts have applied justice for the People, making me more a victim than the person whose death I caused

Suppose a person after conditioning himself to meet this fate with a degree of equanimity is told just thirty-six hours (the amount of time I had left to live) prior to the event that he has been given a stay of execution According to popular belief this individual would be extremely elated and would profusely thank his oppressors for sparing him for a few more months of life in a dingy prison cell I can state categorically that this was not my reaction or state of mind when I was told for the fourth time that they had decided to prolong my miserable existence I was disgusted In my opinion this is cruel and unusual punishment in that it constitutes extreme mental torture and is a most flagrant violation of Article VIII of the Constitution of the United States Why should the law be permitted to play with my life like a yo-yo by subjecting me to continuous dates of execution? Knowing that I am going to die why should I be made to suffer further years of confinement? The law is clear and I have every right to demand immediate execution However it appears as though the courts will only abide by the law when it is to their advantage to do so

Whenever the time comes, I shall depart from this realm of existence quite cheerfully As an infant I arrived in this world crying as an adult I shall leave it laughing Most appropriate! ##

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drunk-driving down from Tarpon Springs flew free
when it spiraled over & was dead without one mark on him

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& Spanish moss & the Cuban bit my father
bedded & would abandon Mother for

Ah, an antiquity, a chowder of ghosts
Half the fish now in half the time
since those blue days died We're running out
of time & fathers, sore, artless about it.

—JOHN BERRYMAN

TRAVEL NOTES

(*Continued from page 74*) you're abroad Here, now are a few other suggestions for your travel health, comfort, and good cheer we've compiled after completing more than one hundred fifty transatlantic flights and at least twice as many to other areas We mightn't always follow them, but at least we've compiled them

1 When flying to Europe try to make it a daytime flight, and then go to bed when you arrive "Saving" a day by travelling overnight is an illusion; many travelers are basket cases for a couple of days afterward

2. Try not to leave in a frenzy If you've got a lot of things to do before your departure—and most travelers have—try to space them out in the weeks before you leave so that you don't board your plane acting like Jerry Lewis imitating a medical unfortunate.

3 If you have any shots to take, get them in well before you leave. Even the innocuous smallpox vaccination gives some people a sore arm, and the typhoid, paratyphoid yellow fever and cholera injections can be real devils.

4 Be sure to take along a travel alarm clock or wear an alarm wrist watch. Either will save an enormous amount of wear and tear on your nervous system Hotel clerks do follow through on wake up calls about nine times out of ten. But worry about the tenth time when they don't—and you have an early plane to catch—will keep you awake all the other nine nights.

5. Don't overeat or over-drink on your plane trips The current airline economic squeeze is forcing some U S airlines to cut down on the pâté de foie gras, which might be a good thing Nothing is more uncomfortable than an enormous dinner tied down helplessly under a seat belt. But do load up on the free ginger ale or on sparkling mineral water, unless you're one of the relatively few travelers subject to airsickness Long flights are usually dehydrating, for some reason we've never been able to fathom and most air passengers feel better after their flights if they've absorbed plenty of liquid along the way—liquid not liquor

Incidentally, it will be interesting to see how deeply the financially troubled U S airlines cut into their service in their efforts to cut down the "frills" to save money My dictionary defines frill as a "showy superfluity" In this case, though, just what is frilly will depend on which airline executive is doing the deciding

On a recent first-class transcontinental flight we couldn't get a Coke because, the stewardess said they had taken them all back to the economy section, where they had run out of soft drinks After meal service the economy class went stewardessless for much of the time as all four girls gathered in the first-class lounge to discuss threatened layoffs and other problems and one of the first-class stewardesses looked displeased when we had to detach her from the meeting to get us a glass of club soda. Sure morale is bad when people are worried about getting fired and certainly the airlines have very real problems most of them not of their own making But less service or worse service, is certainly not going to increase their passenger revenue.

However we do know of one situation in which less service is better service and that's when a passenger on a long flight wants to sleep undisturbed through drink and meal service For infrequent travelers the cocktail and dinner routine is often an important feature of the trip, but airline surveys have shown that a great number of their passengers are sophisticated travelers for whom a transatlantic or transcontinental flight is no great adventure Many of them have long since learned that the best way to pass the time on a long flight and to arrive refreshed at their destination is to take a sleeping pill, pull a sleeping mask over their eyes and stay unconscious until they have to move their seat backs upright for the landing But this often entails a certain amount of argument to convince the stewardess that they really don't want to be awakened for drinks, dinner or the movie

It can be done, but it's usually an uphill struggle ##

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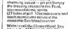

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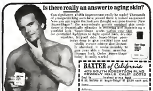
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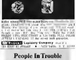
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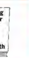

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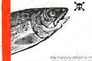

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Johnny Carson, page 31
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Gant, page 73
Jantzen, page 30
McGregor Designs, page 43
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[illegible], page 46
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Sears Men Shop (shirts), page 78) (slacks, page 167)
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Travel Information

Wonderful Trips to Mexico, page 168

Editorially Featured Fashions

Astran Shoes by Dexter, page 136
Canvas jacket by Ralph Lauren for Polo, page 129
U-neck sweater by Pendleton
Cotton knit shirt by Pan West, page 140
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